The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

September
25c

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...OLLYWOOD Fears
...allulah Bankhead—her life story

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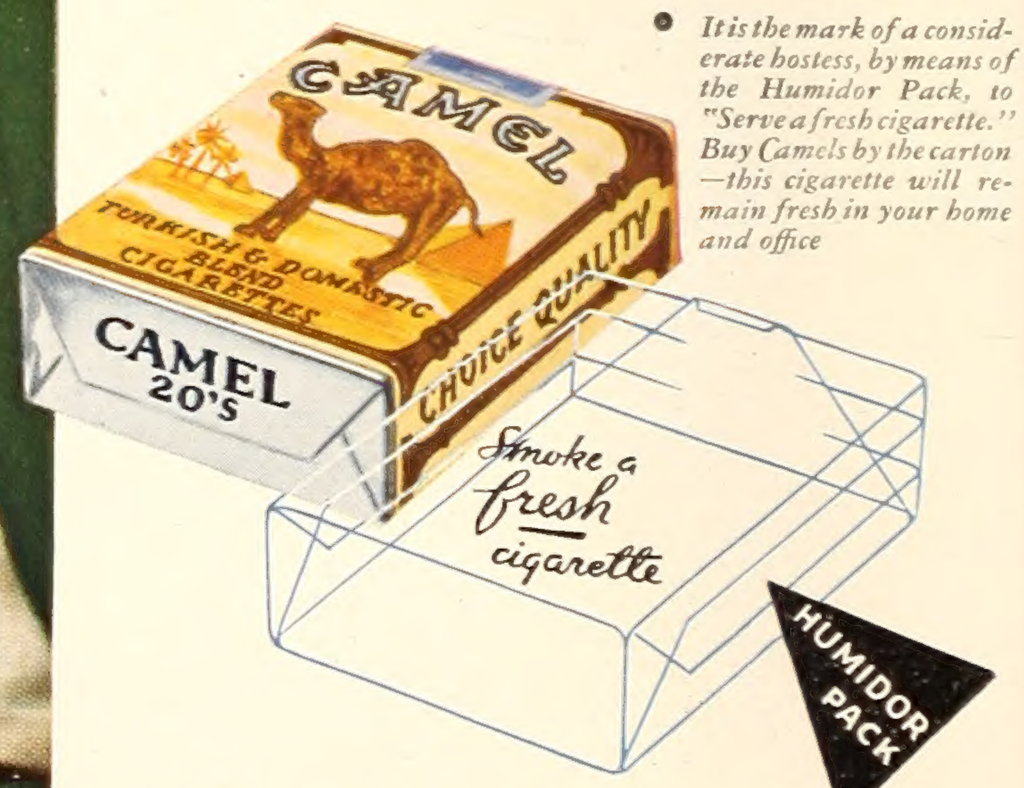
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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor* Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

September, 1931 Vol. XXIII, No. 5

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JOAN CRAWFORD

Speaks Her Mind on Modern Marriage

And Joan, most modern of all modern girls in or outside of Hollywood, knows what she is talking about! Her frank views on the problems of love and marriage in our day make interesting reading.

CONSTANCE BENNETT

in "BOUGHT"

A fascinating fictionization of Connie's sensational new film! You won't want to miss a word of it. Illustrated with stunning scenes from the picture.

THESE FEATURES, AND MANY OTHERS, IN OCTOBER ISSUE OF SCREENLAND ON SALE SEPTEMBER FIRST!

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REVUETTES

In a movie it's entertainment—let these Revuettes be your guide to the cream of the crop

Class A:

★ **A FREE SOUL.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Another hit for Norma Shearer. A modern, adult picture with Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Leslie Howard supporting the star.

★ **ALEXANDER HAMILTON.** *Warner Brothers.* George Arliss scores again with his remarkable portrayal of Alexander Hamilton. The story is well directed and Doris Kenyon, Dudley Diggs and June Collyer are excellent.*

★ **CHANCES.** *First National.* An interesting war picture. The theme—two brothers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Anthony Bushell, in love with the same girl, Rose Hobart. Young Doug does good work.*

★ **DADDY LONG LEGS.** *Fox.* A pleasant relief from racketeer films is this Cinderella story. Fun for the whole family. Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter play their rôles with great sincerity.*

★ **FAME.** *Warner Brothers.* Don't miss this nicely acted and directed picture about nice, human, homey people. Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon are perfectly cast.

★ **SEED.** *Universal.* An intensely human mother love and triangle drama with John Boles, Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin doing brilliant work.

★ **SKIPPY.** *Paramount.* Grand entertainment for the whole family. Jackie Cooper and Bobby Coogan are delightful. Don't miss this one.

★ **SMART MONEY.** *Warner Brothers.* Thrills—action—humor! Edward G. Robinson is grand as usual and Evalyn Knapp is the girl.

★ **THE MOOSE HUNT.** *Columbia.* Mickey Mouse, the best actor of the month in the best cartoon of the month. You'll love it!*

★ **THE SMILING LIEUTENANT.** *Paramount.* You'll like this but not as well as "The Love Parade." Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins are the sex-appeal and Maurice Chevalier, in a uniform again, is the hero.

★ **THE SQUAW MAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* You've seen this one in silent form and you'll enjoy it with speech. Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter, Eleanor Boardman and Roland Young acquit themselves admirably.*

SCREENLAND will help you select the best bets from the current screen offerings. Pay particular attention to our seal of approval films. See Page 93 for complete casts of current films

★ **YOUNG AS YOU FEEL.** *Fox.* Another hilarious Will Rogers classic. Will is teamed up with Fifi Dorsay again. Lucien Littlefield deserves honorable mention.*

Class B:

CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED. *Paramount.* Collegiate nonsense and an artificial story but a good cast including Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster.*

DAYBREAK. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Good work by Ramon Novarro and Helen Chandler makes this romantic film a treat.

DER GROSSE TENOR. *Ufa.* An excellent German comedy with Emil Jannings playing a philandering operatic tenor in great style.

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE. *Radio.* Robert Woolsey minus his side-kick, Bert Wheeler, tickles the customers occasionally with this one. Anita Louise and John Darrow are the love interest.

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE MAN. *Syndicate.* A good fast moving western with a good plot and Tom Tyler as the hero.

GOLD DUST GERTIE. *Warner Brothers.* A lightweight farce with Winnie Lightner and Olsen and Johnson receiving just a sprinkling of laughs.

HELL TO PAY. *Fox.* A modern western with many laughs and good acting by George O'Brien and Sally Eilers. Lots of out-door action.

I TAKE THIS WOMAN. *Paramount.* This is the one about the pampered society débutante who falls in love with the great big man from the west. However, the rôles are played nicely by Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper.

JUST A GIGOLO. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A sophisticated picture about a wealthy playboy, William Haines, playing at being a gigolo to get his girl, lovely Irene Purcell. Amusing.*

LAWLESS WOMAN. *Chesterfield.* A newspaper yarn with a smattering of gangsters, detectives and police-wagons and with Vera Reynolds as the girl.

LOVER COME BACK. *Columbia.* A trite talkie about a faithless wife, naughty villain, nice sweetheart and an unsuspecting husband.

MEN CALL IT LOVE. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* An amusing film about love among the married. Adolphe Menjou, Leila Hyams and Norman Foster are present.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* An out-moded yarn which has been filmed and re-filmed and which is saved by Leslie Howard's good performance. Conchita Montenegro is an interesting heroine.

NIGHT NURSE. *Warner Brothers.* Barbara Stanwyck, as a nurse, comes through again with a neat piece of acting. Ben Lyon and Clark Gable contribute good work.*

SHE-WOLF. *Universal.* The convincing performance of May Robson, as a cold-shrewd business woman, makes this film entertaining. Romance by Frances Dade and James Hall.*

** Reviewed in this issue.*

★ *These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of* SCREENLAND'S *seal of approval.*

(Continued on page 102)



A scene from "Movie Town" with Mack Sennett, second from left, who directs himself and the picture. This film contains a nice mixture of comedy and satire. The scene above shows maestro Sennett being approached by girls who "just know they can act if only given a chance." Marjorie Beebe, the girl with the big grin, is the heroine.



Sold!

"Love would have been such an honest reason.. But you sold yourself."

WARNER BROS. *presents:*

Constance Bennett in BOUGHT

A beautiful girl who takes but never gives!. . . loved but not loving! . . . engaged but not married! . . . bought but not paid for! . . . *JACKDAWS STRUT* from which this great production comes has created more talk than any other novel of modern life . . . And Constance Bennett more gorgeously gowned—more emotionally satisfying—more dramatically supreme—makes it the finest picture play of her career . . . Directed by ARCHIE MAYO.

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A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



YOU HAVE A DATE...

...and what a date! A date with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell and the golden world of sweetheart time...a date with Will Rogers and the laughter that sweeps you free of worries like a clean, strong wind. You have a date with a dazzling company of great stars, with the glamorous magic of great stories that will carry you out of a workaday world to a land of enchantment.

You have a date with Fox pictures, a date for night after night of thrills and tears, love and laughter—the biggest date on your calendar for some of the most marvelous hours of your life.



ONLY Fox with its matchless array of stars, directors and writers—only the incredible creative and technical resources of Movietone City—could fill so many hours with such superb delights. To make sure you don't miss a single one of these great Fox pictures, ask your favorite theatre when they will be shown—and the date is on!

Your favorite theatre will soon be showing

Merely Mary Ann, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell...a supreme romance of young love—the best picture this famous team has ever made.

Wicked, with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen... a terrific drama of a woman born to the underworld and longing for better things.

Skyline, with Hardie Albright, Thomas Meighan and Maureen O'Sullivan...the way of a man of the four hundred with a maid of the four million.

She Wanted a Millionaire, with Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy and James Kirkwood . . . lavish drama of a bathing beauty who got what she wanted...?

Young as You Feel, with Will Rogers going places and doing things with Fifi Dorsay.

Bad Girl...Vina Delmar's sensational novel pulsates with life itself as Sally Eilers enacts the title role with the newest screen find...James Dunn.

Over the Hill, with Mae Marsh and James Kirkwood ...epic of tears and laughter and the heart's deepest passions.

Sob Sister, with Linda Watkins and James Dunn.

Riders of the Purple Sage. Zane Grey's great story with George O'Brien and Virginia Cherrill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Elissa Landi, Charles Farrell and Lionel Barrymore.

The Brat, with Sally O'Neill and Frank Albertson.

FOX



The DISCOVERY of the Month

HERE'S a new red-head! Name, Peggy Shannon. When Clara Bow was forced by a breakdown to leave the cast of "The Secret Call" Peggy was lucky enough to be right on the Paramount lot —and she jumped into Clara's rôle opposite Richard Arlen and made good.



TAKE A LION WITH YOU ON YOUR VACATION!

WANT to make sure of a roaring good time this summer? Looking for thrills, adventure, romance, fun? Remember Leo, the M-G-M lion! Look him up wherever you may be—at seashore or camp, at home or abroad—you're seldom more than a few miles away from a theatre where the world's greatest motion pictures are being shown! Drop in to see Leo. He'll be delighted to introduce you to the greatest stars on the screen today—acting for you in pictures that represent the world's best entertainment.

More stars than there are in heaven

A Few M-G-M Hits Coming Soon!

Joan **CRAWFORD**
in "This Modern Age"

Greta **GARBO**
in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"

John **GILBERT**
in "Cheri Bibi"

Buster **KEATON**
in "The Sidewalks of New York"

Marie **DRESSLER**
and Polly **MORAN** *in "Politics"*
the funniest picture you ever saw

and many, many others!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Miss Vee Dee will answer your questions about screen plays and players in this department of SCREENLAND. But you must be patient and await your turn. Turn to Page 93 for the casts of current films. See Page 96 for stars' addresses. Please consult these services before asking your questions.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Beverly S. Where have you been hiding all this time? Yes, Richard Barthelmess has married again. Mrs. Jessica Sergeant, a society matron, is the second Mrs. Barthelmess. For a photograph of Dick write to Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.

I. Itow, Tokio, Japan. How are you and all the other cherry blossoms? Kay Johnson was born in Mt. Vernon, New York, U. S. A. but she doesn't give the date. She has blonde hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Her husband, John Cromwell, was a stage director and actor but is now a film director in Hollywood. Some of her notable pictures are "Dynamite" and "Passion Flower" with Charles Bickford, "The Spoilers," "Madam Satan," "The Single Sin" and "The Spy."

Gay from Ohio. Your smiles come natural, you say—but do you buy your blushes at the drug store, if I may be so bold as to ask? Gary Cooper and Barry Norton are not married, but many are the feminine hearts that turn hand springs over these handsome lads. Gary was born May 7, 1901. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. Barry Norton was born June 16, 1905. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Barry plays in English, Spanish and French talking pictures.

Miss F. S. E. So I'm to tell Gary Cooper to send you a photograph in his full aviator's attire and when you get your pilot's license, you'll take off for Hollywood to meet the hero of your dreams—what does that make me? One of Gary's latest releases, "City Streets," was with Sylvia Sidney, Wynne Gibson and Paul Lukas.

Boots T. You might try to strike up a correspondence with Anita Page but remember she is a very busy little lady and may not have time to strike back. Anita plays with John Gilbert in "Gentleman's Fate," and with Constance Bennett in "The Easiest Way."

Dimples. What a grand start for my column this month—Gay Boots Dimples! Just try scrambling those names and we'll have a new game for the kiddies or a bedtime story for the grown-ups. Philippe de Lacy's parents were French. Neil Hamilton, David Rollins and Arthur Lake are Americans. George Lewis and Dorothy Gulliver are not related. Dorothy has been playing in thriller serials for some time.

Dian M. Don't bet on an immediate reply in the magazine—sure to lose if you do. You'll have to await your turn. Gustav Von Seyffertitz was *Dr. Lindquist* in "The Canary Murder Case," and *De Nou,* the prison master, in "The Red Mark."

Curious Bertha. What do I do with my spare time when not thinking up easy answers for the hard questions I get by the hundreds? You'd be surprised if I'd tell you how many door bells I can ring in my free moments. Bert Lytell was born in New York City on Feb. 24, 1885, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall, weighs 155 pounds and has hazel eyes and brown hair. His second wife was Claire Windsor. They were divorced, and on March 16, 1930, he married Grace Menken. Vondell Darr was the little girl in "On Trial" with Bert Lytell, Pauline Frederick and Lois Wilson. John Gilbert was born July 10, 1897. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Ina Claire is his wife. Greta Garbo was born Sept. 18, 1906. Not married.



Richard Barthelmess and his daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess. Dick, having completed "The Last Flight," came to New York to get little Mary who spends half the year with her dad, and the other half with mama Mary Hay, the Broadway stage actress.

Helen V. G. You wish you were in my shoes, do you? That would be no small matter, let me tell you. Charles Rogers is Buddy's real name. His latest picture is "The Lawyer's Secret" with Clive Brook, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur. Clara Bow is on a vacation in the mountains and hasn't made any picture plans for the near future. Charles Farrell is 26 years old and was married on Feb. 14, 1931, to Virginia Valli. I couldn't say just how "steady" Buddy Rogers' and Ramon Novarro's girls are but we'll hope for the best.

Mrs. A. L. Mae Murray appears with Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne in "Bachelor Apartment." David Lee will be 5 years old on his next birthday, Dec. 26, 1931. Clara Bow is 26. Her last release was "Kick In" with Norman Foster and Regis Toomey.

Ray T. of Gananoque. Come on and ask me as many questions as you like—I'll promise to answer some of them. Anita Louise, real name Fremault, was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France, about 16 years ago. She is an accomplished pianist, an expert in the graceful art of fencing, plays tennis, swims and rides. Anita played with Eleanor Boardman and John Mack Brown in "The Great Meadow," in "The Woman Between" with Lily Damita and Lester Vail, and in "Millie" with Helen Twelvetrees. She has a five year contract with Radio Pictures and a letter will find her at that studio. Her latest release is "Everything's Rosie" with Robert Woolsey.

Violet G. I'm unable to say if Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. will make another picture together. Joan's new release is "This Modern Age." Neil Hamilton plays opposite.

B. Zeller. Ivan Lebedeff was born June 18, 1899, in Lithuania. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 150 pounds and has black hair and eyes. He was educated at the University of St. Petersburg, Russia, Imperial Lyceum of Alexander and Military Academy of St. Petersburg. He received his stage training from the Russian dramatic actor, Vladimir N. Davidoff. He has been on the screen for seven years, many of them spent in making films in France and Germany. Two of his latest releases are "The Lady Refuses" with Betty Compson, and "Bachelor Apartment" with Irene Dunne and Lowell Sherman.

Elskede M. How and where have you been not to see the beautiful full page picture of Greta Nissen in the June issue of your favorite magazine, SCREENLAND? She plays with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in "Women of all Nations" and will be seen soon in (*Continued on page 94*)





Spice!



There's more of it in your movie entertainment now, making every program better



Progress in better motion picture programs is shown by more short features this year. The better theatres are putting the punch of variety into every show, spicing them more richly than ever with the comedy, thrills, beauty and novelty of *Educational's* short features.

COMEDY
BEAUTY
THRILLS
and
COLOR
TOO

Educational Pictures are the product of the ONE BIG company specializing in short features. And this season they have been planned for the fastest and most diversified entertainment ever shown on the screen.

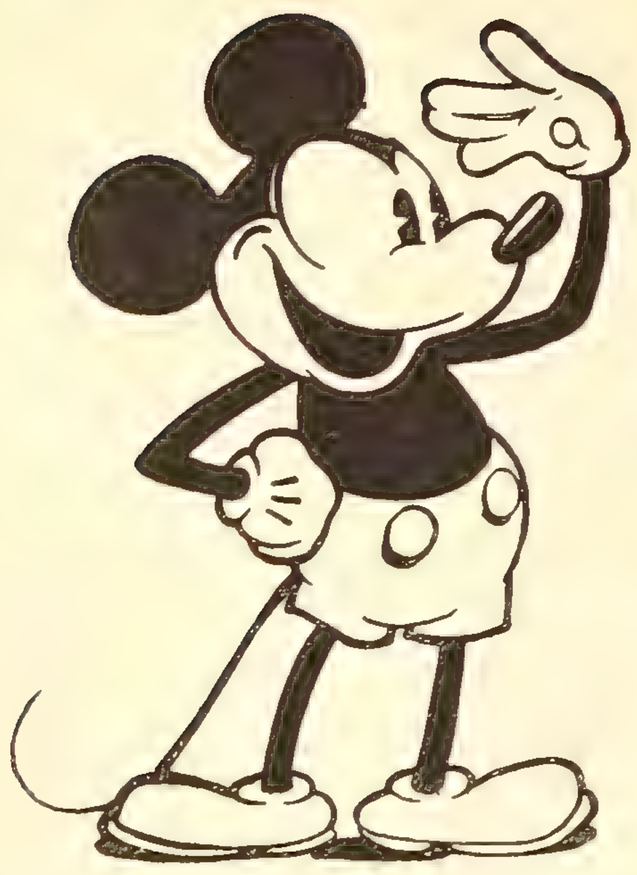




Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.

E. W. HAMMONS, President, **Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**



HOOTS *and* HOORAYS!



Speak your mind on the movies.
Prizes for the best letters!

Hoot, Mickey! You're the idol of the silver scream!

Mickey Mouse courtesy of Walt Disney—Columbia

Hooray! I made the ladies love a mouse!

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Now that America has a fulsome knowledge of sex appeal, wouldn't stories like George Arliss' "The Millionaire" be better for the blood pressure of movie fans? I have talked with several of my friends who saw this picture and, like myself, they found it a welcome relief to discover S. A. subordinated to the main theme.

To this writer it seems that the several motion picture producers must keep spies on each others' staffs. When one company is about to break out with a novel idea they all make a scramble to do the same type of picture. In that way we got girl and leg shows, war pictures, gangster themes and so on, *ad nauseum*. The spice of entertainment should be novelty; repetition gives me a pain.

If the spy system is a good guess, I hope that it will have one good effect in bringing out more yarns like "The Millionaire" provided, of course, they are not all about gas stations. No, I mean putting sex in subjugation, for awhile at least, just to vary the diet.

Mrs. Beatrice Engbeck,
749 23rd Street,
Ogden, Utah.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

I believe:

That "A Hollywood Theme Song" was one of the funniest comedies ever released.

That Mary Doran would rival the greatest, if given the right break.

That Chester Morris makes the most convincing screen gangster.

That gangster pictures are wearing themselves thin.

That SCREENLAND is right in calling Phillips Holmes "the fastest rising young man in motion pictures."

That Jack Oakie would go over bigger if teamed up with "Skeets" Gallagher again.

That Jean Harlow can't build up a lasting following that way.

That "Skippy" will be hard to equal for pure enjoyment.

That Paramount is importing too many new faces.

That Garbo is incomparable.

That Mickey Mouse is ditto.

That I may be wrong about all the above mentioned opinions, but that's my Motion Picture Credo—and I'll stick to it!

Helen Stappenbeck,
3171 Sacramento Street,
San Francisco,
California.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

Most of us do not like hash—even turkey hash! But the producers are evidently trying to force it down us nevertheless. They insist on capitalizing on their big box-office successes with warmed over encores thus weakening the star's prestige and leaving us feeling duped.

Because we appreciated Constance Bennett as the unwed mother in "Common Clay" we must see her in that rôle again in "Born to Love;" and because Lew Ayres went over big in "Doorway to Hell," he must linger near that threshold and look tough ever after!

I believe with others that different characterizations are just as necessary to a star's continued success as they are to our entertainment. Types soon become standardized and lose the charm of surprise.

We learn just what to expect of them and that spoils everything! Maybe I'm wrong but I believe that most of us prefer even bologna to—*hash!*

Franklin Brewer Ayer,
851 Park Avenue,
Springfield, Illinois.

You can write a corking letter every time if you really have something to say. Test your critical talents by writing to Hoots and Hoorays. Not just knocking for its own sake, but real, honest, constructive comment, is what we like to get from readers. And there's money in it—prizes of $20, $15, $10 and $5. Letters should be not more than 150 words and should reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Hoots and Hoorays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER

Hurrah! "Skippy" was adorable and has been the children's topic of conversation for many weeks. One little girl's criticism bears consideration. "I liked 'Skippy,' but I wish that they would make a picture with fairy godmothers, princes, and castles where they all dress up pretty and live happy ever after."

Why not a few little girls' pictures? Fairy tales, such as "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," "The Toad and the Princess." And with a children's picture a complete children's program—instead of an accompanying two reel picture of horror—an Our Gang comedy, a newsreel of foreign children including their mode of living, their amusements, games, toys and manners. How educational for the little tots!

With such a carefully planned program how many mothers will be eager to take and let their carefully trained children enjoy a pleasure which should be theirs! Mothers that today hold up their hands in horror at the mention of movies for children!

Marjorie A. King,
412 Main Street,
Danbury, Conn.

A BOW RAVE

Oh, give the kid a break! No screen girl has proved herself a better actress than Clara Bow. She is the only genius in Hollywood. All stars put on a big show or act unnatural, except Clara. She is the only real person in Hollywood.

Come on, you Bow fans—root for her and fill Hoots and Hoorays full of letters in appreciation of the gamest kid ever.

Lois Ferguson,
Box 637,
Yreka, Cal.

"RACY," BUT MORAL

Have just seen "Strangers May Kiss." What a picture! Smart! Sophisticated! Racy! Quite the most daring picture produced. What a lesson it teaches the modern girl with her grand ideas of "freedom!" That's the usual story of what happens when a girl dares to use her so-called "freedom"—but without the happy ending.

As Bob Montgomery said, "Men mix many things, but they take their women straight." And many of us have learned how sadly true it is.

(*Continued on page 97*)

Even Old Meanies Like Janet in "Daddy Long Legs"

She wins SCREENLAND'S Honor Page



YOU can't look at Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs" and not like her! The oldest, hardest, most crabbed audience in the world gives in when Janet does her stuff in her current film. You may prefer other more sophisticated types of entertainment; but you can't remain immune to the charm of this Gaynor girl, with her sweetness tinged with spice, her wholesomeness seasoned with humor. She has women saying "I love her!" and men thinking it. Janet Gaynor is an artist—though we are inclined to overlook that fact thanks to her big, wistful eyes, her tender mouth, and the rest of her complete cuteness.

Mary Pickford made "Daddy Long Legs" with Mickey Neilan back in 1921. Janet Gaynor is the 1931 Pickford, with modern sound effects and smart showmanship. Even surrounded by saccharine temptations, she remains real. Her scenes with the orphanage children bring gurgles and coos from delighted audiences. Janet makes it look easy to be the Pollyanna girl of pictures, but it's actually the hardest job in Hollywood.

The orphanage scenes in "Daddy Long Legs" have audiences choking and chuckling. Janet, as the little drudge, chaperones a gang of the naughtiest and nicest youngsters ever assembled on a studio set.





Irving Lippman

Pretty soft, Connie!

Isn't it just too tough on the little Bennett girl—earning her salary lying down! Don't mind all the gentlemen—they're the sound, lighting and camera men doing their stuff. Notice the glaring lights over at the left. And no, Rollo, that thing hanging over Miss Bennett's head is *not* a derrick to lift her on and off the Ostermoor; it's a microphone. **Turn to page 28 for more details.**

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

HELP, help!

In the July issue of this journal, on this very page, I bragged about the way we pick 'em—how we point to a promising newcomer and say, "There's a future star!" and—presto!—it happens. And I asked our readers to speak right out with any suggestions they might have and I'd guarantee to put over the candidate. And now—

Letters, letters, letters!

Here's a sample:

"I want to call your attention to a friend of mine. She dances, plays the banjo, and shows marked ability for handling even difficult dramatic or comic parts. I will appreciate anything you can do to put her over."

And another:

"I am a young man of twenty-two. I have been trying to break in to the movies for a long time, but no luck. Now I feel sure you will help me, as you promise 'Fame and fortune positively guaranteed in two years'. Please let me know what you can do."

I take it all back! I was only kidding. Little did I think when I frivolously penned those words that they would be acted upon in a big way. I can't put people on the screen. I wish I could. Then I'd be a great, big producer giving orders to Norma Shearer and Clara Bow and Clarke Gable—wouldn't I love to give orders to Clarke Gable! No. All I can do is to call the producers' kind attention to the talent that is running around right under their noses in Hollywood. And hope they will give that talent the break it deserves.

It isn't as easy as it looks, boys and girls. Once in Hollywood, once in the studio, once, even, under contract, it still isn't easy. There's Robert Allen, for instance. He's a handsome young man who screens like a million dollars in real, not merely movie money. He was posing for advertisements—you know, one of those dashing lads who is pictured gazing into space and pondering about his Dream Girl, who uses the right kind of rouge, powder, tooth-paste, and chewing gum—when a Warner scout saw and signed him. Allen screens well. He's a college graduate. An athlete. He has a pleasant, well-trained voice. He's in Hollywood. And yet the most you have seen of him on the screen is a glimpse here and there. He's been one of the boys surrounding the beautiful heroine. He's had a line or two to speak. But that's about all. I had a letter from him the other day thanking me for picking him as a possible winner. I hope he won't mind my quoting from it: "Am peering into a cloudy horizon at the present writing—about to perform a graceful hyperbola from this into some more favorable sphere of the nebular system, hoping en route to be transformed from a faint flickering satellite into a nice new bright shiny star."

I hope so, too. Robert Allen seems to have all that it takes. But meanwhile, he has a long pull ahead of him. I hope he makes it. But the "friend who plays the banjo," mentioned above, had better not count on me to help her be a movie star. She'd better not throw away her banjo—yet.

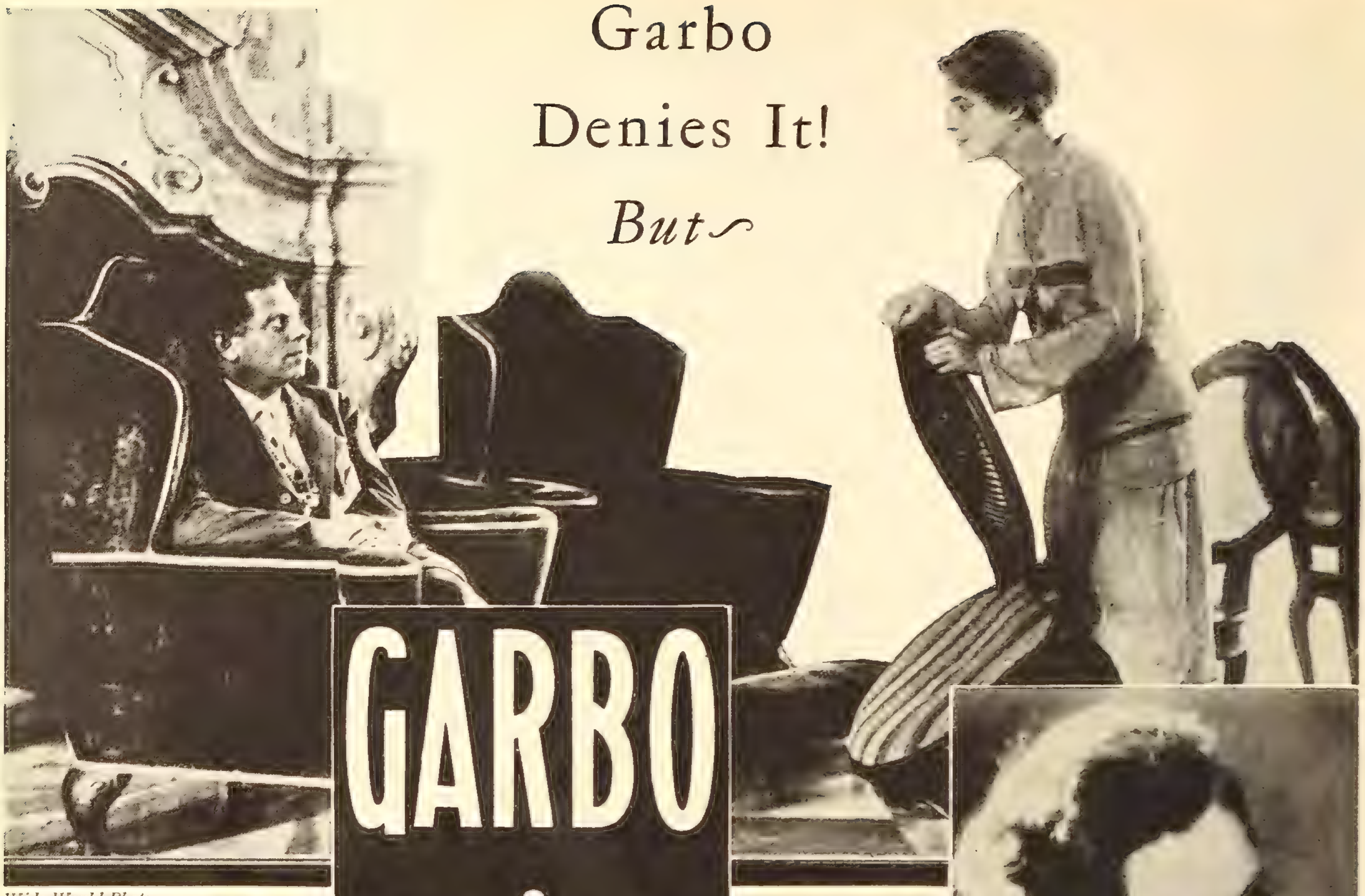
Delight Evans



Cartoon by Eliot Keen

Star's Maid: "Wait, Miss Lovely—you forgot your eyelashes!"

Garbo Denies It! *But—*



Wide World Photo.

GARBO going legit?

Will the Star of Stars leave the screen for the stage?

WILL the screen lose Greta Garbo?

Does the Swedish siren yearn for European stage triumphs? Will she leave the screen for an arduous career behind the old-world footlights?

Hollywood wonders.

And, wondering, recalls that Garbo is said to desire above all things a success on the stage as great as—and artistically greater than that she has won on the screen.

That, in spite of her gold and glory, Greta has never conformed to the Hollywood pattern. The more famous she became, the more aloof she grew. And what of her new picture? Has she been altogether happy making it? An American story by David Graham Phillips, "Susan Lennox—her Fall and Rise," was adapted for her. King Vidor was assigned to direct. Rehearsals started. And then—a change in plans. Vidor and Garbo couldn't, according to report, agree. And a new director was assigned—Robert Leonard, who has directed some of M-G-M's greatest hits, notably Norma Shearer's "Let Us Be Gay" and "The Divorcee." Hollywood knows that Greta and Clarence Brown, the director of her biggest pictures, agreed to disagree after "Inspiration." A new director—a new kind of story—and then, like a bombshell, the report from Vienna that Max Reinhardt, the German genius of the theatre, had offered Garbo the star rôle in one of his productions.

Reinhardt invited Greta, so the story goes, to play at

Max Reinhardt, German genius of the theatre, who invited Garbo to come to Austria. Here he is coaching Rosamond Pinchot, the American actress.



Right, Garbo as she used to look, when she first came to Hollywood.



Greta—the tall, shy Swedish girl as she looked not long after she came to America.



Wide World Photo.

Reinhardt, who is said to want Greta to come to Europe to play the star rôle in his new private theatre.

By Sydney Valentine



The Deutsches Theatre in Berlin, where Reinhardt stages many of his amazing productions.



Garbo today. Is she happy in her screen work, or does that wistful look express an unfulfilled aspiration to become a great stage actress? Greta's burning ambition, some say, is to be a famous star of the European theatre, á la Duse and Bernhardt.

the opening performance of his new private open-air theatre in Leopoldskron, his castle home near Salsburg. The rumor grew that Garbo had accepted. That she would leave Hollywood and spend a part of the summer in Leopoldskron, later visiting Vienna and Berlin, and playing as a tragedienne under Reinhardt's direction.

Austrian newspapers printed the story. The report penetrated to New York. SCREENLAND, checking up, asked Garbo point-blank if it were true.

The answer came: "Garbo absolutely denies it."

We wonder!

She can't go now—that's true. Her M-G-M contracts must be fulfilled. It isn't likely that the Metro Lion would let Greta slip out of his clutches easily. She's a box-office magnet. And although she is not the tract-

There's a brooding sadness in Garbo's eyes these days. Is Hollywood stardom stifling this daughter of the Vikings? For Greta, movie fame and fortune may not be enough. She must be true to herself and to her ideals as an artist.





How far Garbo has progressed according to Hollywood standards since she first appeared on the screen scene is best shown by this little informal glimpse of her. Not smart, and surely not the glamourous girl of today—but she does look happy, doesn't she?

GARBO'S DIVINE DISCONTENT!

able, shy Swedish girl that she was when she first descended upon Culver City—when she smilingly posed for publicity pictures just like any ingenue—she is worth more than her weight in gold no matter how often she says "No!"

She is one of the two stars in Hollywood who can have anything she wants. Connie Bennett is the other.

She refused a request for her autographed photograph from one of the highest executives in her company.

She steadfastly refuses to receive interviewers.

She poses for photographs only when she is ready.

And she gets away with it!

But there is no denying that Garbo, as precious a piece of stage or screen property as ever held audiences spellbound, must be handled with kid gloves. It isn't easy to find screen stories for her that at once express her unusual personality and still have the right exotic flavor without running afoul of the censors. It isn't easy to



An interesting study of the career of Garbo, told in pictures, and climaxed in the close-up at the left, when the Garbo who captured the world's fancy first emerged. And contrast the poised, smart figure below with the little girl at the lower left on the opposite page!





find the right leading man. The right director. Garbo must be wrapped in cotton wool before she can be delivered to the public. The responsibility of finding stories, directors, and leading men for the most sensational star in the picture business is no light one. It's not as easy as it looks.

Robert Montgomery, now a star in his own right, was not a success as a Garbo leading man, if we can believe the letters we received in this office about his part in "Inspiration." For that matter, not since Garbo teamed with Gilbert has the public really accepted any leading man for their Greta. But now comes Clark Gable—the vital young man whom you saw and liked with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"—as the new Garbo support in "Susan Lennox." Gable's powerful, almost primitive personality should make him a splendid foil for the langorous, alluring Greta. He is more nearly like John Gilbert than any of the other leading men Garbo has had. His love-making is tempestuous. Perhaps he can break down the Garbo reserve. Oh, only on the screen! There is a Mrs. Gable, you know.

We hope Garbo will be happy in her work. Because if she isn't, she is quite capable of throwing it all up and going back to Europe. Hollywood has not yet "got" Garbo. She seems immune. Impervious to all the glamor and excitement and scandal that have trapped others—turned them from normal human beings into creatures called "stars," bound by their own fame and entranced by their own glitter. Garbo, in the hurly-burly of Hollywood, has remained herself. She is not "a Hollywood star"—she is still Greta Gustaffson. She refuses to be typed. She declines to be spoiled. She has her own way—yes. But you don't hear about her minding other people's business; or walking away with other girls' husbands; or meddling in the romantic life of the colony. Her friends, since she has come to Hollywood, have been few. Marion Davies, they say, has tried in vain to get Garbo to her parties—to make her one of that gay and glittering group that's known as the "Davies set." Garbo, polite but firm, says "No." Even Mary Pickford found her adamant. She just won't play!

Someone recalls that when she and John Gilbert were what Mr. Winchell (*Continued on page 110*)

Read right up! First, Greta as she looked when she landed in America in 1925. Then in "The Torrent." Top, as she began to find herself.



Marion Davies is one of the eight women in motion pictures who have earned more than a million.

How to keep

Making a million in movies is easy compared to holding on to it!

$ $ $ $ $

By Ben Maddox



Mary Pickford has incorporated herself, just to handle her money. She is her own business manager.

$ $ $ $ $



Louise Fazenda, surprisingly enough, for she has never been one of the highest paid stars, has plenty.

SUPPOSE your luck and looks enabled you to collect a million dollars in pay checks. How long could you keep your fortune?

At least a dozen women have earned a cool, cash million apiece as a result of their acting in pictures. Making so much isn't impossible if you are extremely personable, have a talent for manipulating the right kind of contracts, and get the well-known breaks in the Battle of Stardom.

Spending money is a snap job for any actress. Connie Bennett can show you how to use your cash if you have a yen for Paris gowns. Those who yearn to live on the grand scale can get pointers from Marion Davies. And trust Clara Bow to tell you about expensive secretaries and love affairs.

But spending and making your million is a cinch compared to keeping the mazuma for solace in your middle and older age. Even a Scotsman's pittance is apt to be lured away from him by the superior salesmen of Southern California. What chance has a beauteous star to keep her hard-earned pile?

Believe me, she has to be cleverer than she is pretty. Many a lovely lass receives a marvelous weekly salary for a while. But you know the old theorem about easy come, easy go? It still works, and nowhere more effectively than with the ladies of the screen.

No matter how you figure, though, it takes a lot of hard winters and hot summers to amass a real million in your bank. Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Ruth Chatterton, Constance Bennett, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, and Dolores Del Rio have the edge on all the aspirants to such a fortune right now.

Some of them may spend all they make. Probably a few will reach the peak upon which eight Hollywood millionairesses now sit.

By long-term contracts and judicious investment of their salaries, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Ruth Roland, and Bebe Daniels have, in the first place, earned more than a million. What is more important, they have hung on to it. Despite the Rolls-Royces, Beverly settings, and Fifth Avenue shopping trips they still are worth a million dollars.

Four other women have had a million pass through their hands. Gloria Swanson has always lived up to her income. Mabel Normand found life a great playground for her fortune. Pola Negri and Mary Miles Minter cultivated regal habits, but they have good fortunes in store even yet.

Who furnishes the brains for the business dealings of these financially successful actresses? Colleen Moore and Norma Talmadge had husbands who harvested wisely. Marion Davies, Betty Compson, and Bebe Daniels have taken much personal interest in their affairs, bankers doing the choosing of securities for them.

$1,000,000 *in Hollywood*



A million from her own earnings is Connie Bennett's goal, to match her Phil Plant million.

Three of our beautiful stars have done all their business thinking themselves. I refer to Mary Pickford, Corinne Griffith, and Ruth Roland, who have spent almost as much time at their desks figuring on the relative values of bonds and real estate as they have before the cameras. They have husbands, but the credit for their financial success goes to them alone.

Mary Pickford and Ruth Roland have incorporated themselves, just to handle their money. Ruth's first husband is her manager still, a Hollywood quirk. Corinne's husband does with her earnings what she thinks best, and the orchid lady has never thought wrong. She even got a quarter of a million for relinquishing her First National contract!

$ $ $ $ $



Norma Shearer Thalberg is well on the way to a million dollar fortune from her screen earnings.

You wouldn't think these three women had the brains nor the ambition to attend personally to their investments. But they have—and that's why they are sitting so pretty today.

"Waste in any form irritates me," Mary Pickford told me when I asked for her formula. She has a business manager who follows out her instructions for, needless to say, Doug refuses to sit still and clip coupons on her bonds.

"I have never been extravagant. I buy things within reason but I don't spend money just to satisfy passing fancies. My mother taught me the importance of economy. I guess I have Scotch blood in me. I don't believe anyone can get along in business unless he does have!

"The kind of business people I hate," Mary emphasized as we discussed her dealings with them, "are those who think they can put something over on me because I'm an actress. They don't give a movie star credit for common sense. They try to pull the wool over my eyes. But I'm not fooled very easily."

So don't be alarmed at the report that Mary and Doug spend a hundred thousand dollars a year on the upkeep of Pickfair. It is true they entertain a great deal, but there are many estates in Southern California far more elaborate than theirs.

"Corinne has taught me everything I (*Continued on page 121*)

$ $ $ $ $



Ruth Roland is called the real-estate queen of Los Angeles. She believes in wise investments.



Betty Compson is one of the gilt-edged eight who has earned over a million—and hung on to it!

What happened when one of the six most beautiful girls in Hollywood made a bet with a strange young man

By
Walter Marquiss



He found the very pretty girl in the third car. "You know, I've got a picture of Julie and me together," he announced

WHAT'LL YOU BET?

WALLY LINDSAY ignored the chair which had been pulled out for him, and breezed on to sit down opposite the very pretty girl with the beautiful old-gold hair. There was no excuse for it, either, for the dining-car was almost empty.

The girl looked up with mild indignation. She saw a brown-haired young man with laughing-eyes, whose grin gave warning that he was about to get fresh.

"Do you know," he said, "you look an awful lot like Julie Gray, the actress?"

She blinked. There was frost in her blue eyes.

"Am I supposed to be—flattered?"

"Well—" he shrugged—"Julie Gray is one of the six most beautiful girls in Hollywood."

The girl tried to look displeased, but it was not easy to be angry after such a nice compliment.

"I think you're terribly fresh," she remarked, but the frost was out of her eyes.

"No, I'm not," he denied. "I know Julie so well I feel like I really know you, too."

She blinked again, and seemed to choke a little on a bite of her dessert. Wally's steak arrived, and he began to emulate a hungry man.

"Mighty nice girl, Julie," he volunteered. "I used to play around with her quite a lot."

She bit her lip, eyeing him.

"And you really think I look like her?"

"If you looked in the mirror, you'd see her!"

"Really?" Her eyes twinkled.

She paid her check. Anyway, he was not so fresh as to offer to do that!

"I'm awfully thrilled and flattered," she declared. And before Wally could reply, she had gone past him toward the string of Pullmans.

Leisurely finishing his dinner, Wally sauntered back through the train. He found the very pretty girl in the third car, and calmly sat down beside her, disregarding the austere stare she gave him.

"You know, I've got a picture of Julie and me together," he announced, smiling. He took a large black wallet from an inside pocket.

"I suppose you're going to New York purposely to see Julie Gray?" Her tone was a bit sarcastic.

"That's right. She'll probably be at the station—with a kiss for me!"

To be sure, a girl with such a lovely, dainty nose couldn't and wouldn't snort, but the sound which she produced was remarkably like a snort.

"Well, what'll you bet?" Wally demanded.

She bit her lip, eyes twinkling.

"What'll I bet?" She appeared to think. "I'll tell you what: if Julie Gray gives you a kiss, I'll give you another one myself!"

"It's a bet!" Wally said enthusiastically.

She sighed, obviously regarding him as hopeless.

"Next thing," she said, bobbing her head to emphasize the idea, "you'll be telling me you're engaged to Julie Gray!"

"Engaged!" He chuckled. "Why, I'm married to her."

A sort of green spark leaped alive in her eyes.

"That proves what liars some men are!"

"Oh, yeah?"

"Oh, yeah!" she snapped. "Because—it just happens that I am Julie Gray!"

Wally defied her glower with a slow grin.

"Sure! I know it!"

(*Continued on page 122*)

ANOTHER GIRL GOES GARBO!

Juliette Compton—of all people!—puts on a little mystery-and-glamor act



Would you take her for Garbo? Or wouldn't you?



Greta and Marlene will have to think up a new one. The dramatic negligée is losing a little of its lure.



There's a dash of Dietrich here—and Damita, too.

WHEN in doubt, do a Garbo. Or a Dietrich. Or maybe they are the same. (Now we'll get some more letters!) Anyway, there's no denying that Hollywood's favorite studio sport is understudying these two leading sirens. There are all kinds of imitations—good ones, including Bill Haines' of Greta, and Lupe Velez' of Marlene; and bad ones, which we'd better not mention. Then there's the "trend," exemplified by the dozens of Garbo-Dietrich gals who beset our screens— and audiences—fairly dripping languor and oozing "glamor" and "mystery."

We're not picking on Juliette Compton, who is a charming lady and a fine actress in her own right. There's a glimpse of her as the Ambassador's wife in "The Vice Squad," though, that does call forth buzzing and program-rustling, until everybody discovers that it's really Juliette in a somewhat Garbo-Dietrich mood and not Greta or Marlene on a conductor's holiday. And isn't it more fun?



DOUG

What Phil Holmes thinks of his best friend, Kid Fairbanks

As told to

Not easy to know—likes to appear slightly bad and blasé—imitative—impetuous—and the best of good fellows. That's Doug, Jr., as Phil Holmes, his pal since childhood, sees him.

CAN you imagine Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen* in a Beverly Hills setting?

Then you will know the real Doug Fairbanks, Jr. He is a romanticist disguised by an almost convincing mask of *savoir faire*. Firm as an old army mule, yet not at all stubborn if you can change his mind!

Now that he is married and we are grown up and work at different studios, we don't have so much time to pal around together. But we have been best friends ever since I attended his 7-year-old birthday party all decked out in a stiffly starched white sailor suit.

That was in New York City when both our fathers were stage stars there. Later, when our families moved to Hollywood, we went to school together, spent summers at the beach, and double-dated when we took out our girls.

Doug's marriage to Joan Crawford is a great success, and I'm glad that I am able to say I-told-you-so. Three years ago Doug and I were living at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Every night when he would come in from a date with Joan he would wake me up for a midnight discourse on love and the perfect girl. I was for their romance from the very start. Joan is the balance-wheel he needs. They are both idealists who pretend to be sophisticates.

Do you realize that Doug has been in pictures now for seven straight years? A veteran at 23! To me his outstanding characteristic is his determination to be a success, and I think Joan is the one who has crystallized his childish ambitions into a definite setness of purpose.

An amazingly versatile fellow! Acts as well on the stage as he does in the talkies. The Doug you saw in "The Dawn Patrol" is the closest to his real self that any of his portrayals have come. In his odd moments he writes, draws, plays the piano, and takes a fling at sculpturing. He has a passion for making speeches, and is an outstanding figure in any crowd.

Not an easy person to know, however. His flair for dramatization makes it hard for mere acquaintances to find out how sincere he really is. But once he recognizes you as a friend—well, you're set with him. Discreet with strangers, he is astonishingly frank when you have gained his confidence.

He likes to appear slightly "bad" and blasé. Obvious compliments are treated scornfully. This is just his defense, for of all things he hates being thought gullible. Underneath this surface pose is a strong current of (*Continued on page 111*)



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., when he went to military school. "He was always the fellow who got caught for cutting up," says his pal Phil Holmes. In the stories on these two pages Holmes and Fairbanks are brutally frank — about each other! They have been best friends ever since. Phil attended Doug's 7-year-old birthday party all decked out in a white sailor suit.

PHIL

"American Tragedy" Holmes as seen by his pal, Doug, Jr.

Ben Maddox



HE IS generally referred to as "that nice Holmes boy!"

But you can't wear wings and be a regular fellow. And Phil is the most lovable idiot you could ever know.

He is a marvelous companion. Ideal just to sit and talk to, as well as to have around when you are in a partying mood.

He is a diplomat par excellence. Correctness, graciousness, tact—your name is Holmes!

Phil always says the right thing at the right time. I always seem to say it at the wrong time. I have often wished I could trail him around and learn how he does it.

He hates to concentrate. His is the true artistic temperament. Although he is serious about his picture work, he prefers to let other details be sidetracked and drift. The fatalists have nothing on him. He's never been on time for an appointment yet. But no one objects to waiting when it's for him they're waiting!

Happy-go-lucky Phil! Calm, rarely blue or upset, he is positive everything always turns out for the best.

He is very extravagant with his money. At college he wanted to go all the places that were worth going to, and he seldom missed the best parties. Friends have always flocked to him, because he's nice enough to please older people, and sophisticated enough to be a leader for the younger set.

Phil is not a good student. At least, not in the accepted sense. His brain is excellent; his mind well stocked with the things he wants to know. But he absorbs rather than memorizes. He has attended Cambridge University in England, Grenoble in France, and Princeton in this country. Abstract philosophies lure him and exact definitions bore him. So in school his routine work was immaterial to his extra-curricular activities.



"Young Holmes" on his first horse. Whenever Phil was asked to a party in those days Doug would go along, too. Their friendship has survived Hollywood, where they are rival stars.

A lovable idiot—never on time—extravagant — modest — utterly irresponsible — no complexes — a many-sided person—and a swell guy! Says Doug of Phil.

He is charmingly modest. One of the best looking men in Hollywood, he has never indicated in any way that he knows it. Much of his appeal lies in this fact that he is cultured, handsome, interesting—and doesn't know it!

There's no chance of his becoming conceited. He's read all the novels on Hollywood's queer people and so takes adulation with a large grain of salt. Not a small-town *Merton* taking it big, but a cosmopolitan young fellow who has stumbled into a fascinating business. Though he has done things at the places he's been, he is mentally naïve. He personally doesn't know any of the odd souls the novels say abound around him. Or their oddity escapes him.

He does not conserve his energy. Whenever the spirit moves him, the flesh has to be willing. Nothing daunts him. I cannot picture Phil afraid of anything. Courage is an inborn characteristic, and he has more than the average person's share.

He is utterly irresponsible. (To say nothing of being the original for all those absent-minded jokes, but more of this vice later.)

He has a tremendous sense of humor. Just present your jokes in an orderly fashion and he will get a huge kick out of them. Maybe I shouldn't say so—he likes the less refined kind!

Music interests him only when it is a call to arms—I mean, er—to the dance. He plays no instruments and is, therefore, the ideal guest. Not even the ukulele, thank God! Clever boy to specialize on being a swell dancer and letting the girl (*Continued on page 112*)

"Two More Years and I'm Through"

"With hard work," says Constance Bennett. The only 23-year-old girl in the world earning $30,000 a week tells you how she earns it—and what she'll do when she has made a million.



"TWO more years and I'm through with hard work!" declares Constance Bennett. "I've set myself a definite limit—a goal—a money goal toward which I am working. I'm to make five pictures this year with six weeks' vacation and three pictures next year with four months' vacation, and then I'm going away!"

The other members of the foursome about the table in the players' lunch room at the Warner Studio, where Miss Bennett is now busy with her new picture, "Bought," didn't appear to take her statement seriously.

"You'll be back," said Archie Mayo, her present director.

"Certainly I'll be back if they want me," agreed the blonde and bronze Constance, "but just for a picture or so at a time. My hard-working days will be over."

Lunch hour is no rest period for this busy star this year. She has a delicate but firm hand in every major decision made concerning her picture. And she eats heartily.

There was a decision to be made during this particular noon hour concerning the casting of a minor but important rôle in her picture. The studio casting director was at another table in the corner, not far away. At the nearest table sat Richard Bennett, her father, who plays in a picture with his daughter Constance for the first time in "Bought." She had urged him, unsuccessfully, to make it a table for five but he had refused.

"It's supposed to be an interview," he said. "I would talk too much."

Between the three tables a circular argument developed over the person best fitted for the part. One was too young, one unavailable some not the type.

"Send for your mother," suggested Mr. Bennett gently from his point on the sidelines.

"We need someone tomorrow," Mayo said.

"I give it up," said Miss Bennett, returning to her avocado cocktail, "but it's important. The whole atmosphere of those scenes is governed by that one small part. She just better be good!"

I took this opportunity to ask her about the reasons for her excessive activity this present year. It is commonly known, I suppose, that she sold a half of her vacation from her own studio to Warner Brothers at a very fancy price. Her five weeks of work there will net her some $30,000 per week, and that scatters records in all four directions in Hollywood.

This brought forth the announcement that she will be through in two years—except for certain leisurely and no doubt profitable returns when just the right story and just the right cast is available.

By the time Miss Bennett was half way through a sizeable fruit salad and had sampled a corner of Archie Mayo's omelette there was another pause, long enough to get in another question.

"I am my own manager," she answered. "I make my own bargains. Of course someone handles detail work for me, but I make my own plans"—she grinned—"and prices!"

"And earns them," nodded Mayo. "Just follow her around the set some day and you'll find out."

"Don't you want to help build up a 'Bennett tradition' on the screen?" I asked. "Now that your father and your sister are both in pictures? No stage star would ever desert her career so early." (Constance Bennett is twenty-three years old.)

"You can't build a tradition on the screen," she



TIME TO RETIRE?

When she has made a million dollars in the movies, says Connie, she'll retire. "You'll be back," said her director. "Certainly I'll be back if they want me," agreed Constance. "But just for a picture or so at a time. My hard-working days will be over."

By Carlisle Jones

said positively. "The picture public is too vast, too fickle. The camera is too true. It's as much of an accomplishment, I think, to retire gracefully from pictures as to grow old gracefully on the stage." She paused. Then: "I think I'll have that chocolate eclair."

"How she keeps her figure is a mystery to me," groaned Mayo, who tips the scales completely around. "She never seems to worry or diet. Every other woman I know in pictures has lettuce and lemon juice for lunch."

"Not Constance," joined in her friend Eileen Percy, "she's one of those who never has to worry."

Certain it is that Miss Bennett does not have to worry about her figure. She boasts of ninety-nine of the most perfectly distributed pounds in pictures. She is the delight of studio dress designers and the despair of competitors.

"How do you go about earning thirty thousand dollars a week?" I asked her.

"Well, it keeps me very busy," she said. "I am living at the beach. I'm awake early, six-thirty generally. Breakfast is at seven-thirty. Sometimes I play tennis or swim before breakfast. I'm on the set at nine"—(with a quick glance at Mayo, who swallowed hastily but said nothing)—"well, somewhere near nine; and we generally work until six. Then I see the rushes, attend a story conference or talk cast or costumes, and drive home for a late dinner.

"With such a program it must be evident that I can't go out much. Next year I'll have time to go to Europe. After that I'll spend at least half my time there and in New York. But just now I'm working toward that goal."

There were no figures mentioned. Her friends say her objective is a million dollars saved from her own earnings to match a trust fund of a like amount received from her former husband, Phil Plant, at the time of their separation.

The motion picture million would build faster if Miss Bennett were content to live a little less luxuriously, and yet in this regard she has obviously been unfortunately publicized. The story that she spends a quarter of a million dollars for clothes yearly still arouses from her a vehement protest.

"I don't even want to talk about that story," she said with emphasis. "I almost sued the company which permitted it to go out as publicity. It was unfortunate and untrue, and ridiculous. And it broke just as the depression started, which made its exaggeration even worse."

I had heard stories that Miss Bennett was generally difficult to please with story, cast, and settings. But Mayo denied this.

"She is particular," he ad- (*Continued on page 101*)

WILL CONNIE STICK TO IT?

"I've set myself a definite limit—a money goal toward which I am working. I'm to make five pictures this year with six weeks' vacation, and three pictures next year with four months' vacation—and then I'm going away!"

Constance Bennett.

"Maurice and I have been married four years," says Yvonne Vallée, "and we always laugh at the same things. Our romance began with a laugh!" She tells all about that romance in this sparkling story.



Yvonne Chevalier tells What it's like to be Married to Gay Maurice!

By David Ewen

MARRIED to the screen's great lover! How would it feel? What would it be like?

Yvonne Vallée is that very thing and, to hear her say it, it is a superb adventure, a grand and glorious and exciting frolic. Yvonne Vallée has been married to Maurice Chevalier for four years, and they are still like two kids on a honeymoon. Marriages among movie-stars in general are looked upon by the public with skepticism; they are ephemeral, one hears. They cannot last. There are too many obstacles.

But Monsieur and Madame Chevalier have given the lie to this common belief. On the screen, the inimitable Maurice is gay and promiscuous to the point of abandon; his Gallic naughtiness has captivated two continents of women. Off the set he is a model husband, all his gaiety and glamor extended in the direction of the slim, dark, magnetic woman who is Mrs. Chevalier.

In their charming suite at the St. Moritz in New York, Yvonne Vallée—or Mme. Chevalier—gave me one predominant rule for success in marriage. A sense of humor!

"Maurice and I have been married four years," she said, "and we always laugh at the same things. Maybe that is because we are always laughing. Our romance began with a laugh.

"I was acting at the Bouffe Parisienne in Paris, and one evening, our theatre being closed, I decided to take —what do you call it so charmingly in America?—a



Yvonne and Maurice. She says: "Of course I know Maurice is a great lover. I knew it before anyone else. I knew it from the first moment we met!"

How about it, this job of wife to a great screen lover? You'll find the answer here

conductor's holiday. I went to see another show, which featured an obscure singer by the name of Maurice Chevalier, of whom I had never heard. As luck would have it, I sat right in the first row. Well, naturally, I was enchanted by Maurice, but I also felt something deeper, something one cannot easily define. Maurice noticed me from the stage and all during his performance he kept staring at me.

"At first it was embarrassing, because the rest of the audience soon noticed that Maurice kept singing and acting directly at me. But then the humor of it struck both of us, and we began to laugh—I in my first row seat and he on the stage. After the performance, a mutual friend introduced us and we were still laughing. We became friends, and later lovers, and now we are husband and wife—still laughing at the funny things in life.

"There is a funny American song," she went on, "which Maurice likes to sing when we are together. It goes something like this: 'I like what you like, you like what I like, everything we like we like alike!' It's charming, *n'est ce pas?*"

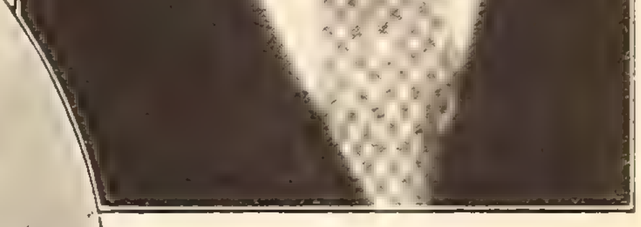
I mentioned something about his being a great lover on the screen and asked whether that created any difficulties.

She laughed that merry tinkle of a laugh, and I could appreciate how Chevalier could have fallen for that laughter. *"Bien entendu,"* she said, lapsing into French as she does when she speaks with emphasis. "Of course, I know Maurice is a great lover. I knew it before any one else. I knew it from the first moment we met!

"Yet, when Maurice and I began seeing each other regularly, my friends used to ask me what I saw in him. I asked them whether they did not love that merry smile of his. But of course I couldn't tell them of the charming, delightful, funny way he made love to me. You know, Maurice in everyday life is exactly the sort of person he is on the screen—that same sense of humor. Can you blame me for falling in love with him?"

"Well," I said, "I've never, naturally, fallen exactly in love with him myself, but I can see the point." She laughed and my regard for her sense of humor, of course, increased. No, I couldn't blame her for falling for Maurice, and, to tell the truth, I rather patted Chevalier on the back himself, for having used such darn good taste on his own account.

Mme. Chevalier is an exceedingly attractive woman. She has the same magnetism that has made her husband the toast of the civilized world. Gloriously dark hair, dark eyes of an appalling depth, a laughing mouth, and a witty nose, give her a magnificent Gallic beauty, as definitely French and as charming as her husband's renowned accent. She too speaks with an identical accent, in a voice that is nothing if not musical. Mlle. Vallée is herself an actress well-known in her native France. She appeared opposite her husband in the French version of the moving picture, "The Playboy of Paris." But, since her marriage to Chevalier, acting has only been an avocation and a recreation to her.



Jealous when Maurice makes love to other ladies, as he is doing in the scene below with Miriam Hopkins from "The Smiling Lieutenant"? "No!" laughs Yvonne. "I am just proud of him!" Those mash notes? The Chevaliers read them together!



"Marriage itself is a career," she said, thus endorsing the sentiments of many others.

"Don't you ever get jealous," I asked, "when you see M. Chevalier cavorting upon the screen, captivating young ladies of various shapes, sizes and shades of hair?"

She laughed again. "Jealous? *Mais non!* I am just proud of him. I always thought Maurice would be a great success. When I first met him, I went around telling everybody I knew that Maurice would be one of the greatest successes in the theatre some day. Most of the people were very nice about my opinion; they pretended to agree but I knew they just explained my enthusiasm for Maurice's talents by the fact that I was in love with him. But I knew Maurice had these gifts and that eventually audiences would adore him as much as I do—that is, almost as much!

"And so, now that Maurice has come to the heights he deserves, it makes me proud and happy. Happy in the success of the man I love, and just a little bit conceited myself for having been a good critic."

"How does it feel to be the wife of Maurice Chevalier?" I asked, getting down to brass tacks with the points up.

(*Continued on page 98*)





The first picture ever made of Tallulah, with her grandmother, for whom she was named. "Tallulah" means "love-maiden."

The Girl HOLLYWOOD FEARS



Ida Zeitlin, author of this story, whom we're proud to present as our star reporter. It seems to us that she is writing the most fascinating stories about screen stars appearing in any magazine.

Here she is—Tallulah, the Girl Hollywood Fears. Why? Because Tallulah is perhaps the most dangerous rival the Hollywood girls have yet encountered. She has youth and beauty—well, so have they. She's a gifted actress—so are a dozen established stars. But Tallulah has something more. She's an American girl—with continental sophistication. We've had one or the other on the screen—but never both before. It's a devastating combination. Born an Alabama Bankhead, Tallulah became the rage of London at 23. Played in "The Green Hat." Portrait painted by Augustus John. Could have married a count. Remained—Tallulah. She can play any part, because despite her Mayfair successes she still speaks the good old American language. "Tarnished Lady" failed to do her justice, but with the right picture she will be a sensation. Watch her—she's one of our own girls!

The Life Story of Tallulah Bankhead. From Alabama to Mayfair to Movies—with Glamor, Adventure, Excitement All the Way. Read this Great Story!

By

Ida

Zeitlin



In the oval, "Jean," Tallulah's mother, at 18, the year of her marriage. She died at 23, when Tallulah was born. Above, William Brockman Bankhead—Tallulah's father. Once he dreamed of being another Edwin Booth. His mother persuaded him to practice law instead. Now he is Congressman Bankhead. And Tallulah is achieving the stage success of which he dreamed!

TAKE as a base three fingers of the lazy, lovely, luxuriant South; add a strong dash of Park Avenue at its smartest and most audacious; filter in equal parts of caprice, recklessness and a burning thirst for life; of courage, generosity and basic kindliness; mellow with the graciousness of a duchess and spice with the pithy vocabulary of a street gamin; leaven the whole with wit and humor and a lively intelligence; shake the mixture and pour it, all fizzing and sparkling, into a frail, slender, golden goblet and call it Tallulah Bankhead. Take a sip, and you'll turn pleasantly dizzy. Take a long drink and you'll understand why this same Tallulah has stood social and theatrical London on its head and why Robert Sherwood, that restrained critic, has prophesied that if she isn't the year's knockout in the movies, he'll eat his hat and retire into brooding melancholy—or words to that effect.

I suppose that during the eight years of her sovereignty in London there wasn't a newspaper critic who didn't at one time or another try, without marked success, to analyze the secret of her spell. Beauty she had, to be sure, but so did others. Allure she had—the well-known sex appeal—but she hadn't cornered the market. About her acting ability there was hot argument. Some said yes. Some said no. Some said so-so. At any rate, there were others who matched, if they didn't surpass her in the art. Yet who but Tallulah became a legend in London? Who but Tallulah ever passed a miracle? Who but Tallulah ever raised up from the ranks of English girlhood an adoring host, clashing cymbals and shout-

What London thought of Tallulah, in the words of the famous critic, Arnold Bennett: "The play starts. Not a sound of welcome. Tallulah is not yet, and until she comes the play is reduced to a mere prologue. Tallulah, and nobody and nothing else *is* the play.... She appears. Ordinary 'stars' get hands. If Tallulah gets a hand it isn't heard. What is heard is a terrific, wild, passionate, hysterical roar and shriek!"

ing hosannas? The answer is, no one.

In case the story of said miracle hasn't yet reached your ears, it consisted of the following phenomena. In the English theatre the gallery seats are not reserved—the early birds get the pickings. At least 36 hours—and in some cases, much longer—before the opening of any play in which Tallulah appeared, a queue of girls, seated on hired campstools, would begin forming outside the theatre to wait their turn at the box-office. They waited, not like persons undergoing a necessary hardship, but like privileged votaries, performing a sacred rite. If they got in, they sang hymns of thanksgiving to heaven; if not, they had at least shared in the joys of the preliminary ceremonies.

Once inside, and safely ensconced in the seats of the blessed, you could hear them, according to one witness, "Cooing at her! Leaning over the rails, with their hands cupped around their mouths, they would call: 'Tal-lu-lah! Tal-lu-lah!'"

And when the curtain went up—well, let Arnold Bennett tell it. "The play starts. Not a sound of welcome. Tallulah is not yet, and until she comes the play is reduced to a mere prologue. Tallulah, and nobody and nothing else *is* the play. Her entrance is imminent. The next second she will appear. She appears. Ordinary 'stars' get hands. If Tallulah gets a hand, it isn't heard. What is heard is a terrific, wild, passionate, hysterical roar and shriek. Only the phrase of the Psalmist can describe it: 'God is gone up with a shout'!"



The little Southern girl with the mass of fair hair and heavy-lidded gray eyes, as she looked when she first descended upon Broadway. Below, the great white house in Alabama where Tallulah was born.



Tallulah's fresh-faced, low-voiced maid, Edie, has an explanation to offer that's as good as anyone's. Edie used to be one of Tallulah's "gallery girls," and five minutes' conversation with her will convince you that she is no hysterical addlepate, but a person of dignity, humor and common sense. Now, after four years of service and the closest kind of association, she worships her "lady" with a quiet intensity of devotion that is a tribute to them both.

"We loved her," she says, "because she was so different from the English actresses. They all hold themselves in. (*Continued on page 119*)



Eugene Robert Richee.

SPONTANEITY

Marlene Dietrich

Here Are Pictures!

Try to top these portraits, Mr. Beaton!

SCREENLAND has presented many beautiful pictures by Cecil Beaton, celebrated English photographer. Now it takes equal pleasure in boasting about the fine work of the Hollywood photographers—the camera artists of the screen studios, whose work you have admired in these pages in the past, but who surpass their own best efforts in this gallery of grand portraits. Each of the following camera studies is hand-picked, and reveals the outstanding quality of each photographer's work. The pictures were chosen, too, without fear or favor, simply and solely for their pictorial value, regardless of film company or star—and the photographer's credits were covered until after the selection had been made! *Therefore, if you find more than one picture by the same photographer, you will know he has earned the distinction. Now enjoy these amazing studies.*



Ernest Haschach

SIMPLICITY

Ann Harding



Eugene Robert Richee.

TECHNICAL EXCELLENCE

Sylvia Sidney



Eugene Robert Richee.

DRAMA

Lilyan Tashman



Clarence Sinclair Bull

NATURALNESS

Jean Hersholt



Elmer Fryer

BEAUTY

Loretta Young



GENRE

Elmer Fryer

Ona Munson



Burt Longworth

CHARACTER

George Arliss



SPIRIT

Otto Dyar

Clara Bow



George E. Arnell

DESIGN

Conchita Montenegro



ATMOSPHERE

Anita Page



George E. Hamell.

ART

Dorothy Jordan



Reality

KAHLE

Warner Baxter



Eugene Robert Richee

SUBTLETY

Ruth Chatterton



Bert Longworth

HUMAN INTEREST

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



Frankel

LIGHTING

John Boles

HOT TAMALE!

And Some Frijoles, Too

Caramba! Señor Carrillo throws a mean barbecue—guests go Hungary at dinner

By

Grace Kingsley



The sombrero'd señorita is Dorothy Burgess, going terribly Mexican at Leo Carrillo's ranch. And there's Juan Mack Brown, looking like "Sonny Spain."

OUR invitations to Leo Carrillo's barbecue had read, "Twelve O'Clock," and we innocently thought they meant what they said, forgetting all about the *mañana* spirit of these charming Spaniards.

So we arrived with José Crespo—who somehow had managed to be on time himself to call for us—at the hour mentioned, and we drove into Leo's charming Santa Monica Canyon ranch, shady beneath its ancient sycamores, live oaks and vines, with its rustic seats and bridges and tiny stream, to find ourselves the only arrivals save an embarrassed looking cook who was just cutting up the cow or whatever it was for the barbecue.

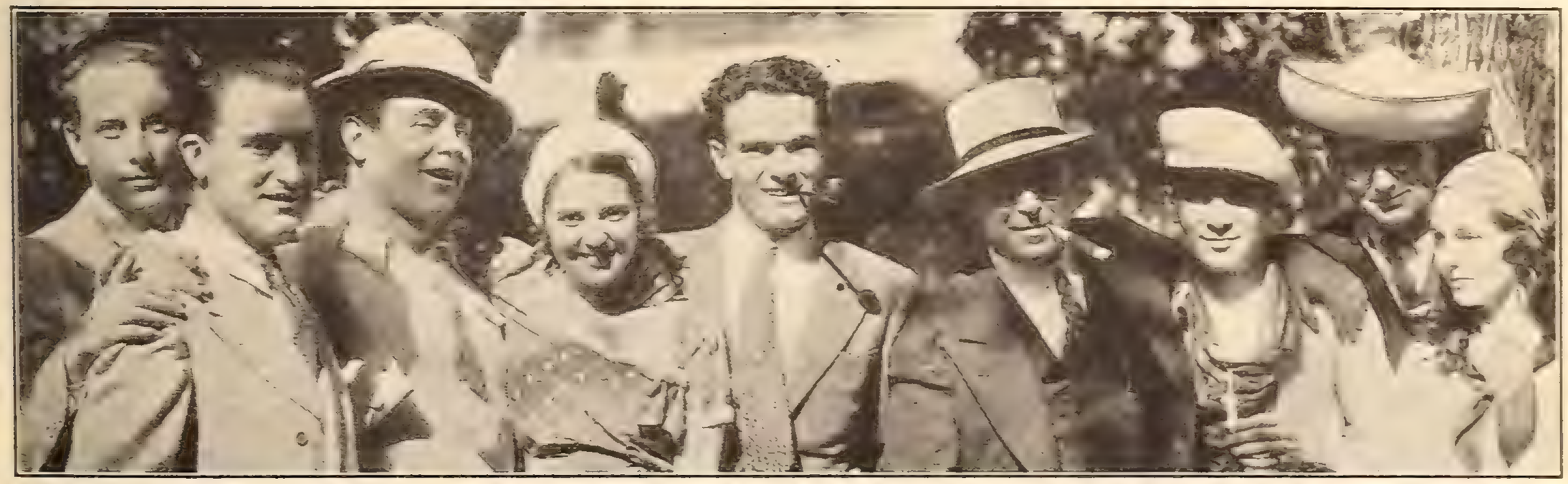
"Just indecently early!" exclaimed José. "Let's go and call on José Mojica, who lives near here."

We were thrilled at the suggestion, and we found Mr. Mojica in his lovely garden, with its rock-bordered swimming pool, its huge trees, its old-fashioned flowers, surrounded by a group of his friends, including Ramon Novarro. They were to have some friends in and some music in the afternoon, but in the meantime they were in the midst of an Eden of luxurious idleness.

José's mother is living with him. They have had built some beautiful pictures of the Virgin of Guadalupe into the house, so that she smiles down at you from above the huge fireplace in the living room, and also blesses you from a wall of the house which forms one end of the long, cool verandah. And everywhere in the house are flowers!

We heard Mr. Mojica sing—he is a Fox star in Spanish pictures, you know, and they are talking of putting him into English versions, too, if the musicals come back, inasmuch as his gorgeous voice, heard in grand opera as well as in pictures, is bound to win him millions of friends—and then we had a little chat with him and Ramon. Ramon, it seems, doesn't care to go to Europe this year, but is going to take a cottage at the beach during his three months' vacation. Next year, though, he says he wants to go to Norway and Sweden and Switzerland.

(Continued on page 98)



Not a bunch of bull throwers, exactly, but they're full of frijoles (beans to you); and they're having a Rio Grande time. Derek Fairman and José Crespo over there on the left are trying not to look jealous just because Leo Carrillo and Nick Stuart have appropriated Sue Carol. The man behind the cigar is Sam Behrendt, big-brothering Tom Patricola. Henry Henigson and Dorothy Burgess, over at the right, are ever so glad they came!



Harry Carey and his wife, Olive, believe in sane, sensible children. They have two, answering all the Carey requirements.



Jane Bannister, known to her intimates as "Pink." She's a flower-faced, happy-hearted cherub of three. And she has never been spanked!



Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore can walk and talk now, but this baby picture of her is so appealing that we are sure she won't mind if we use it.

Royal CHILDREN of

Are they spoiled? Do they ever get spanked? What are these million dollar babies really like, anyway?

OF THE blood royal they may be, but there is nothing even remotely suggestive of the "poor little rich" about the sons and daughters of filmdom's synthetic sovereignty. Rather, they are a lusty, spirited bunch of eager young scamps, soaking up the sunshine, stowing away the orange, the prune and the cod liver oil, and rebelling against a too frequent appearance of "that doggone old spinach" with the same vigor as every other "properly dieted" modern child. Spinach in a bowl of gold, 'twould seem, is just the same old spinach still.

I found all this out when I visited the nurseries of our royal domains, seeking to disclose the millionaire short-cuts to perfect children. Having received a diploma in motherhood from the University of Los Angeles I felt myself quite competent to analyze any such, and privileged to ask all sorts of personal questions. And this is what I found.

Not a spanking in a carload!

Nary a mother secures discipline with the red-hot side of a hair brush. Not because the hair brush has a silver back, either, but because modern child psychology as practised in Hollywood, America, forbids violence.

Neither did I find a single child isolated at home with a private tutor, although private schools of one kind or another are much in evidence. Jackie Coogan, the children of Victor McLaglen and Joe E. Brown, and the son of Doris Kenyon Sills have been enrolled in "progressive" schools, where



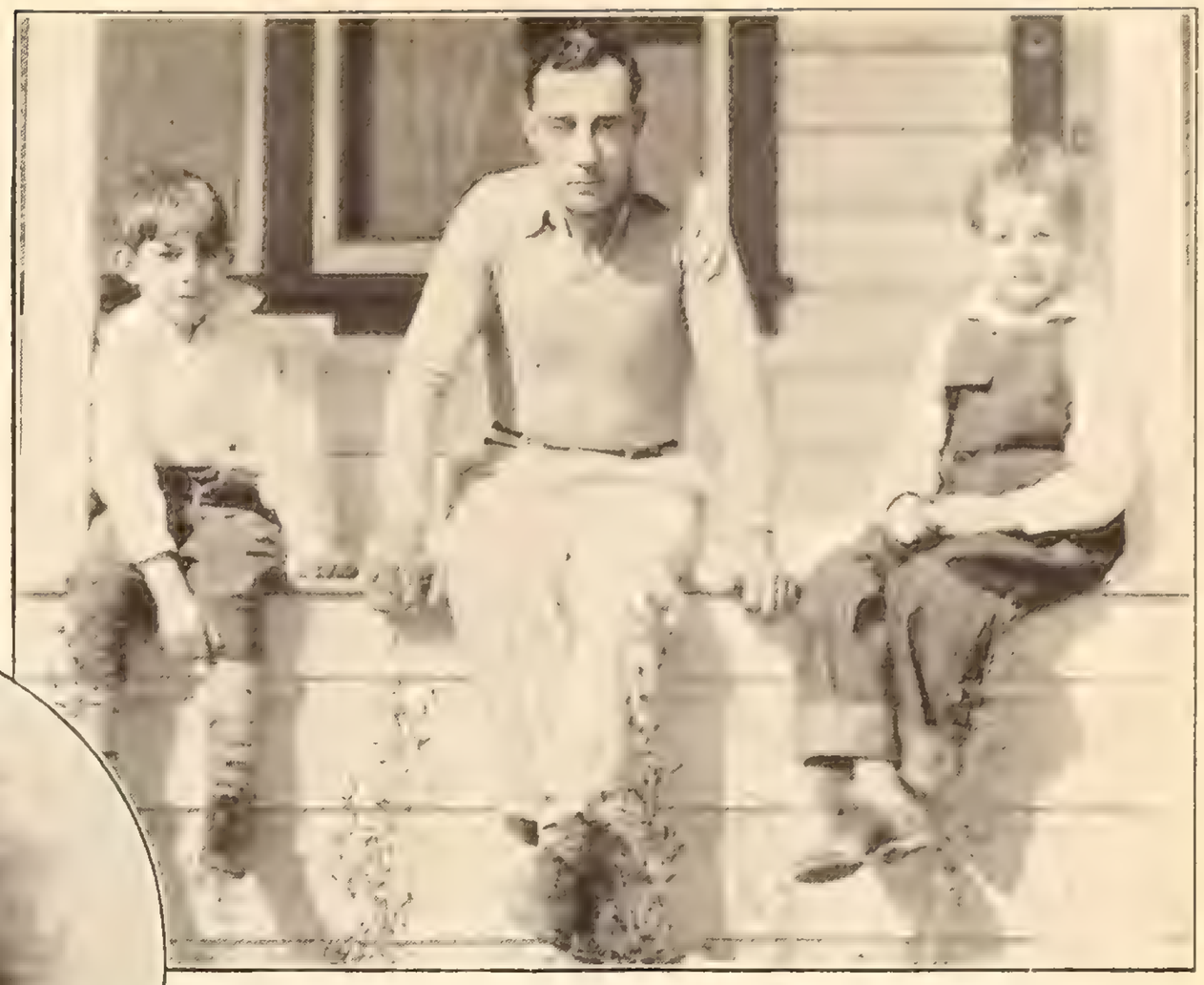
Irene Rich and her two charming daughters, Jane and Frances. The girls are in school, where they write mother 27-page letters twice a week!



The original tenant of the Lloyd nursery, Gloria, with her adopted sister, Peggy. They are waiting for permission to go in and play with their new little brother.



The daughter of a famous director—Miss Judith Niblo. Her father loves this serious expression. Judy is the youngest of the Niblo children.



Meet the Keaton boys—Bob, Buster, and Joe. Mrs. Keaton is Natalie Talmadge. Norma and Connie are the proud aunties.

Read how Ann Harding raises her daughters—what the Barrymores are planning for their baby—and more!

HOLLYWOOD

By Gail Hall Wright

children are encouraged to express their impulses freely, whether it be with pencils, paints, scissors or bricks.

It has cost Will Rogers, Sydney Franklin, Bill Powell and Conrad Nagel a thousand dollars a year that their offspring might learn ultra stylish A. B. C.'s at the strictly formal Carl Curtis school. Of course at this price the very latest thing in athletics is included.

Urban Military Academy, with its opportunities for riding in California's all-the-year-round-out-of-doors, has had a hand in the training of the sons of Harry Carey, Claire Windsor and Joe E. Brown. Fashionable girls' schools appeal to the Lloyds and to Irene Rich. And I understand that the daughter of Will Rogers is now being finished at Marlborough, the high-powered society school of hereabouts. Stanford may see young Bill Rogers in the Fall.

Then there are a few who can afford to send their children to the public schools. But that takes very obvious wealth indeed. For these young democrats go with a full escort of maids and chauffeurs (private schools send out busses for the whole kaboodle!) The American tradition of democracy must be lived up to, however, even though this shoulder-to-shoulder contact with the outside world only results largely in Gloria (Swanson) Somborn rubbing shoulders with Mary Barthelmess, Leatrice Joy the second hob-nobbing with the Keaton children, or Thomasina Mix exchanging secrets with Loris Niblo. All of these are public schoolers.

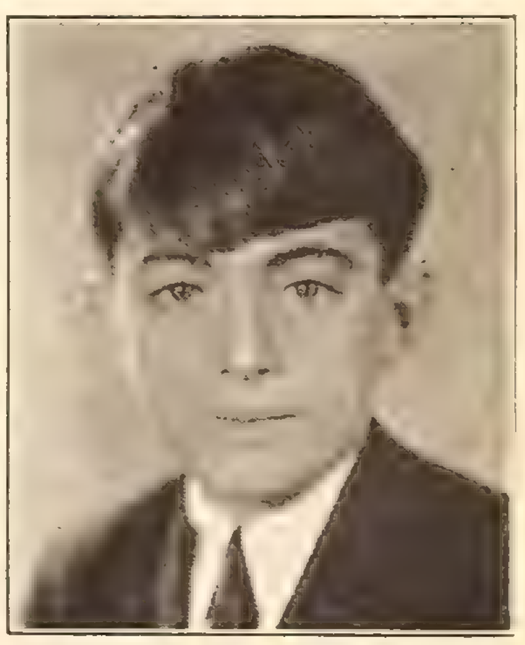
These celebrated children (*Continued on page 106*)



Master Peter Niblo, only son of Fred and Enid Bennett Niblo.



Loris, the dignified "oldest" of the nice Niblo family.



Andrew McLaglen, age ten years. Victor McLaglen is his dad.



WHAT'S a GIRL to DO??



"I would have 'It'," moans Zasu Pitts
"But ping pong put me on the fritz."

Carman Barnes doesn't care
Much about the outer air.

THE picture girls are in a quandary. If you put your ear to the ground you would hear something like this:

Oh mother, take the net away, the swimming togs must go!
Fling my racket in the bay, the golf sticks are *de trop;*
For I'm to be a siren and charm the millionaires,
And millionaires are tirin' of any girl who dares
Do anything but languish and anguish everywheres.

So I'll get hot and get a man, a million dollars if I can,
And not be energetic or anything athletic—
For languor is my cue and exercise taboo.
I'm going to be like Greta is, and Connie Bennett too!

We sat at the feet of the Oracle—The-Man-Who-Knows-Hollywood. The question at issue was Girls. That's one thing about Hollywood; it is the stock exchange of the girl market.

The oracle spoke:—

"The Hot Numbers are Never Athletic."

Does allure require that the charmer retain a secret and precious mystery, or is there just as much charm in a flying Helen Wills? The picture girls have decided against Garbo in action. Swim and play they will. But for all that they do not despair of allure.

It's a subject on which one could burst into song:—

Who says that if the cuties go to golf or swim or tennis
That they'll be out and just about as well be labelled Dennis?



Walter Pidgeon and Claudia Dell— Whatever it is they're doing it well!

Says Joan Blondell, "I like to play, It drives the gigolos away."

Edwina Booth showing why They used to chase the lorelei.

The dilemma of the talkie debs: Be athletic and get the air, or be an indoor sport and have man-trouble

By *Eliot Keen*

Connie Bennett gets them all— She never saw a basket ball.



Perhaps they haven't got a show—
But how about Miss Clara Bow?

They say if stupor overcomes a maiden in the pictures
That her reward will run to sums; she'll be among the fixtures,
She'll absolutely get to be a moving picture coryphée.

But I prefer the leaping stars, the shooting stars
And loud huzzars I utter in their praises.
I love to see them in their cars, in bazaars, hung on spars—
And he can go to blazes who vainly tries to say that the
Girls on the upholstery are half as fair as those I see
Where the sunlight blazes.

The hot numbers may not be athletic but who shall say that the athletic girls are not hotter; true daughters of the sun god, sparkling embers from the eternal fires? It seems likely—it's Hollywood!

So--Sue Me!

More pen pricks

By

Malcolm H. Oettinger



ANITA PAGE
Check-room girl crashing a Park Lane ball. Reynolds' "Innocence" by Nell Brinkley.



GEORGE BANCROFT
Elbert Hubbard wrestling with Harold Bell Wright. Thor autographing a thunderbolt.



EDWARD G. ROBINSON
Death-mask of a racketeer. Chicago version of *Fu Manchu*.



MAURICE CHEVALIER
Midnight on the Bois. Lafayette drinking his first side-car.



CONRAD NAGEL
St. Peter on a tight-rope. Teacher's pet. "The Rover Boys" in Hollywood.



ZASU PITTS
Symphony in hands. Duse mixing a batch of waffles.





WILLIAM POWELL
An actor's idea of a roué. *Simon Legree* with his tongue in his cheek.

JUNE COLLYER
A bisque doll without its lifelike expression.



JOHN BARRYMORE
Beau Brummel in a stock company, reciting *Gunga Din*. Profile of an actor's ghost.



HEDDA HOPPER
Brittle ice in a cloisonné vase. Laughter from a shower-bath. Park Avenue goes west.



HELEN CHANDLER
Teardrops in a glass vase. Our Nell. Impersonation of Bernhardt by the class valedictorian.



STUART ERWIN
Knut Hamsun singing "Laugh Clown Laugh." Victor Seastrom directing a Sennett comedy.

WHAT HO-HAINES!

By Ralph Wheeler





Likes to wear old sweaters. His socks always sag. Pouts when he's mad. Never engaged to anyone but Polly Moran. Left, in "Tell It to the Marines," his favorite part.

AN ANIMATED Billiken. Ought to have been a medicine show barker. Or a dance-hall professor. Born New Year's morning. A stone's throw from a lunatic asylum. But doesn't throw stones. Pouts when he's mad. Hollywood's most hopeless practical joker. Can dish it out and take it. Never wears suspenders except with full dress and hates that.

Antique dealers thought they had a sucker when he haunted auctions. They buy the stuff back from him now at double prices in his shop. Absolute authority on Georgian period and Colonial architecture. Makes even his best friends pay for what he knows. Loathes parsnips but eats Creoled tripe. His socks always sag. Can't stand union suits. Never drives his cars. Doesn't care a hang about dignity.

Never engaged to anyone but Polly Moran and lots of folk still think it's on the level. Favorite exercise is reading in bed. Never has a match and always needs one. How would he look smoking a pipe? Brought all his pals from Staunton, Va., when he struck gold in Hollywood. His chauffeur graduated from a Pullman diner. Needs plenty of room when he laughs. When he sulks, he sulks. Only two moods. One on top. Other mired in gloom. Always dissatisfied with his own performances. Yearns for drama. And can do it.

A hard man to shave. Sprouts stubble between breakfast and dinner. Surprise to find him so massive off screen. Stands over six feet. Tips beam at 185 pounds. Usually wears beret and shuns hats. Never carries a cane. Ought to see him ride a horse. Has most charming home in Hollywood. Designed, built and furnished by himself. Formal dinner parties, his social *forte*. Stunned everybody by exquisiteness of his début as host and Southern gentleman, suh!

Talks with more of a brogue than Ah-reckon dialect. Voice booming. The bane of photographers. Won't stand still and can't manage to sit down long enough. Sour on interviews. Likes to wear old sweaters. Never knows where to put used razor blades. Strange telephone calls worry him. Jots memorandums on backs of envelopes. Then throws envelopes away. Never has the keys to his house or dressing room. Started out as a bond salesman in New York. Worked in munitions factory during war. His rôle with Lon Chaney in "Tell It To the Marines" his favorite. Fond of going to Marion Davies' parties. Started to go to Mexico City last summer but looked at travelogue reels instead. Doesn't crave airplane trips.

Yachts give him *mal de mer* before they leave the dock. A beach fan. Won't go to sleep without reading a story or several chapters of a book. His bulldog tears up his house slippers. Loves to shock snoopy old ladies. Never goes to Hollywood openings. Delights in poking fun at high-hat colleagues. Goes to every circus that comes to town. Eats peanuts and takes in all the sideshows. Abhors his smart-alec reputation. Juicers and stagehands think he's a great guy. Doesn't have a swimming pool. Never wears bow ties.

Spare Saturday nights are filled in with door-bell ringing expeditions. Introducing divorced husbands and wives his favorite parlor trick. Has enormous library on antiques and period architecture. Also rare collection of porcelains. His wisecracks not always what they are cracked up to be. Mostly infrequent when away from studio. Started in pictures as country boy type but was mistaken for Charley Ray. That's howcome the city slicker characterization. A great window shopper. Chews gum. Rocks back and forth on his heels when talking. One hand always in pocket. Uncanny memory for names.

Plunges to depths of despair at every preview. Always walks between dressing room and sound stages. Trims his own fingernails. Can imitate (and does) anybody else in pictures. You ought to see his Greta Garbo!

You know him as Hollywood's official bad boy. But here's the lad himself, who yearns for drama and hates his smart-alec reputation.

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans

Six Best Films of the Month:

DADDY LONG LEGS — YOUNG AS YOU FEEL
THE MOOSE HUNT — THE SQUAW MAN
CHANCES — ALEXANDER HAMILTON

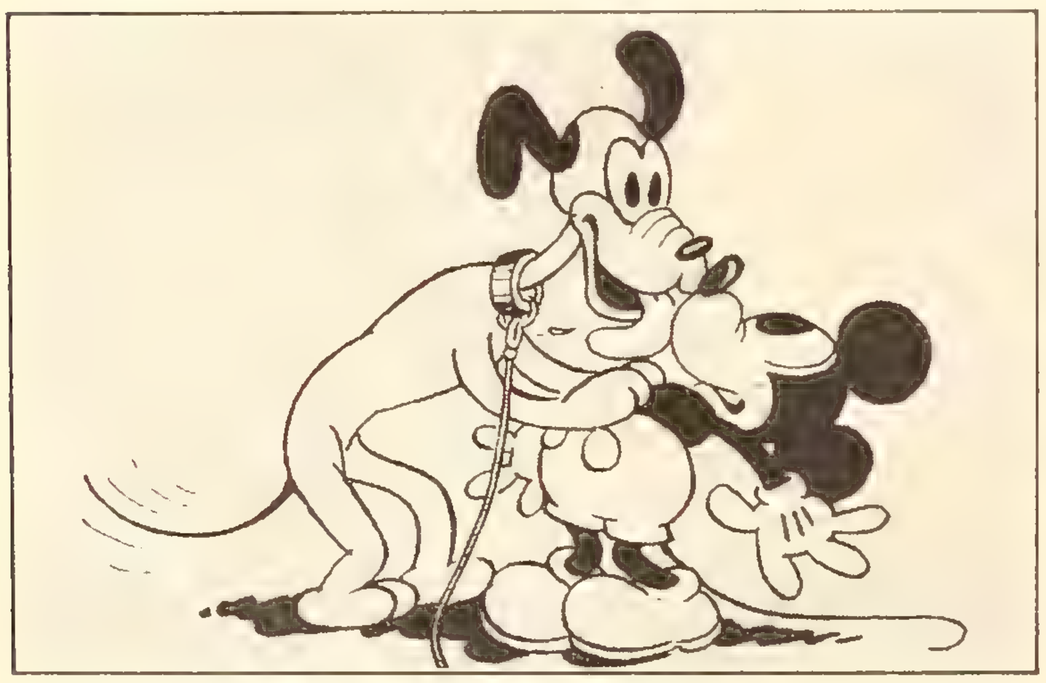
Turn to page 93 for casts of current films



Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs," the box-office smash of the month. Great entertainment.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "Chances" proves himself worthy of individual stardom. It's a good picture.



Don't miss "The Moose Hunt," starring that great little trouper, Mickey Mouse, at his funniest.

Daddy Long Legs

Fox

THIS box-office smash of the moment is a picture you can take the children to see. But be big and take the old folks, too. They'll enjoy it even more. Held over at Roxy, New York, for three weeks, "Daddy Long Legs" is great entertainment. It's also clean and censor-proof, but thanks to the humor of director Santell its 100 percent purity is mildly spiced. Santell—or the scenarist—saves it again and again from going too Pollyanna, as in the nursery scene when the tough baby yells "Boloney!" Janet Gaynor as *Judy*, the famous Jean Webster orphan adopted by Prince Charming, is, to borrow a phrase from an enraptured lady sitting beside me at the Roxy, "Just too adorable." Warner Baxter, Una Merkle, John Arledge, those kids—all grand.

Chances

First National

HERE'S Doug, Jr.'s first starring picture, and it's good. Yes, I'll break down right now and confess it is a war story—but it's not just *another* war story—there's a difference. Not so much nasty booming of great, big guns, but a lot of human interest. The conflict is incidental to a pleasing story in which Junior gives an appealing performance, as a gallant young British officer who loves the ladies lightly until he stumbles on to that hateful little girl who lived next door—now grown into a beautiful woman played by that interesting actress, Rose Hobart. There's a self-sacrificing younger brother, acted, and nicely, by Anthony Bushell. The actors, I'm happy to say, act more like real Englishmen than college sophomores on a spree.

The Moose Hunt

Disney-Columbia Pictures

MICKEY MOUSE has been in line for the Six Best List for a long time. Now he makes it with "The Moose Hunt." This may not be the best Mickey Mouse cartoon Walt Disney ever drew. I only know that Mickey never seemed so funny to me, and that ridiculous dog nearly knocked me off my seat. This may be a lean month—in fact, I'll be fearless and admit it *is* a lean month, with movie masterpieces scarcer than Garbo interviews. But Mickey is always fresh, always funny. He watches audiences come and go, pretending to buy tickets to see the latest gangster epic or hot romance—when all the time we're not fooling him; we're coming to see him and he knows it. And why not? Mickey is the greatest trouper on the screen. (Ouch, Mr. Arliss! I mean *one* of the greatest.)

Best Pictures

SCREENLAND'S Critic Selects the Most Important Screenplays of the Month

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Evelyn Brent in "The Mad Parade"
Fifi Dorsay in "Young as You Feel"
Una Merkle in "Daddy Long Legs"
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "Chances"
Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs"
Will Rogers in "Young as You Feel"
Mickey Mouse in "The Moose Hunt"
Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs"
George Arliss in "Alexander Hamilton"
Charles Rogers in "The Lawyer's Secret"

Alexander Hamilton

Warner Brothers

A GEORGE ARLISS picture never disappoints. And the reason for that is—Mr. Arliss. This fine actor has his own way about his pictures, and his intelligence is so keen and his taste so good that he never goes wrong. Here is no dreary costume drama, but splendid, spirited entertainment, revealing Alexander Hamilton, the man, against a background of political intrigue that is never boring. The flawless art of Mr. Arliss makes the great financial genius of Washington's time a sympathetic, always human figure, who, despite his problems passing a financial bill to relieve his country, manages to have a private life. June Collyer plays the charmer who beguiles the great man. Doris Kenyon is a lovely Mrs. Hamilton. Put this on your "Must" list.



"Alexander Hamilton" is one of George Arliss' finest pictures. June Collyer plays a pretty charmer.

Young as You Feel

Fox

WHY, Will Rogers! What will the boys back in Claremore, Oklahoma, say? They won't know their *Lightnin'*, their *Connecticut Yankee* in this comedy. Will steps out and into excitement as a middle-aged business man who suddenly wakes up and finds himself feeling younger than his own sons. A little champagne, a lot of Fifi Dorsay, snappy dialogue—and Mr. Rogers comes right up to date—in fact, he is well into 1932 with this show. It's mostly funny, and Will's own lines, since he wrote them himself, are always pat. The effervescent Mlle. Dorsay is at her best bedeviling Will. Whoever had the inspiration of teaming these two grand clowns deserves the Academy Medal. Lucien Littlefield earns a large portion of the laughs on his own account.



Will Rogers and Fifi Dorsay are a grand team in Will's latest comedy, "Young as You Feel."

The Squaw Man

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

YES, it's your old friend, the same "Squaw Man" you've met before; but this time he is directed in the Cecil DeMille manner and wired for sound; and he puts on a pretty good show. Warner Baxter plays the part and does his customary splendid job. He's the noble Englishman who loves the beautiful lady who is married to a cad, the cad! Eleanor Boardman plays *Lady Diana* and you'll be sorry the rôle didn't give her greater opportunities. She looks perfectly charming, too. But guess who plays the Indian squaw! None other than Lupe Velez—and Lupe is so subdued and restrained you won't know her. She deserves credit, at that, for submerging her own vivacity in her rôle. It's good movie and always will be, so watch for the 1941 version!



Cecil DeMille directs the revival of "The Squaw Man," with Charles Bickford and Warner Baxter.



The saddest face in all Hollywood belongs to the oddest man!

Mrs. Butterworth's Boy—*Charles*

By

Brian Herbert



THE saddest face in all Hollywood belongs to the oddest man. This is as it should be. It would never do for Charles Butterworth to be either sane or normal, two very ordinary conditions which would spoil the illusion the public has of him from his usual screen rôles.

Do you remember Butterworth? He was the bewildered colonel in "Life of the Party," the horse lover who rode his pet into the hotel lobby; he was Joan Blondell's boy friend in "Illicit," the one who built the 1931 model baby carriage, equipped with bumpers, horn, spare tire and flask; he is the author who writes a tragedy and finds it jells into a best-seller as a comedy in "Fame"; he is the half-wit accomplice with John Barrymore in "The Mad Genius." No, sir—there would be no point in Butterworth being either sane or normal. It wouldn't become him the least bit.

To meet Butterworth in private life is a treat. For one thing he smiles, and very often, which is what he does not, ever, do on the screen. For another, he's very funny offstage—a quality attributed to all our comics and possessed by very few. Charles, dear boy, writes his own lines; in fact, Warner Brothers have that much confidence in him that they give him a story and ask him kindly to put in his own character, let alone mere lines.



On the screen Butterworth's age is uncertain, but he's only thirty-one. He is a little over five feet seven, a thin, sad man whose great-great-grandfather undoubtedly was Don Quixote, with sandy hair and blue eyes as ingenuous and misleading as sin. (*Continued on page 113*)





Butterworth brought a new brand of humor to the screen. He's a droll fellow—a thin, sad man whose great-great-grandfather was undoubtedly Don Quixote. He writes all his own lines for the comic characters he plays in pictures. His hobby, he swears, is watching water go over a dam!

Siren - - *with freckles!*

She's a dangerous gal, is Myrna Loy—but only on the screen

By

Julia Gwin

MYRNA LOY, epitome of romance, breath of exotic perfume, mystery of all created things; Myrna Loy, symbol of girlhood, indefinite charm of a rain-drenched April garden, simplicity. This is the foremost siren of the screen as the public sees her and as she actually is.

Very few people realize that this girl who creates types of every land and of every clime, who portrays characters vested with a languorous, colorful appeal or daringly sophisticated, is really something quite different.

"I think Myrna will surprise you," a well-known leading man said to me a short week before I met her. "She is just an ingenue, sweet and unassuming to the *nth* degree."

That sums her up pretty thoroughly. I spent an afternoon with her and we talked about everything under the sun, from the picture on which she is working to our favorite brand of cigarettes. She is entirely unspoiled, absolutely unaffected and completely devoid of mannerisms. A large order—but she fills it.

Myrna's exotic appeal is due to the startling difference between her green, gray, blue—take your choice—eyes and the titian hair which photographs black; to her complexion (*Continued on page 115*)



Temptress? Charmer? Not Myrna Loy! Between pictures she's just a natural, unaffected young lady of normal tastes and ideas.



Not clothes nor intrigue, but the sculpturing of her talented nineteen-year-old brother, David, is Myrna's chief interest. David, despite his youth, shows great promise as a chiseler (the better kind). Here he is showing Myrna one of his latest busts. Atta Loy, David!

KEEPING

How to achieve lasting loveliness

By

Anne Van Alstyne



Hedda Hopper is a lovely illustration of the lasting charms of mature beauty. Beauty, the philosophers say, is a triumph of the mind and the soul.

MOST of the time beauty articles are written to youth. And yet that is rather silly. For youth itself is beauty, and every girl at sixteen, no matter what her face or her figure, has about her a sort of spring-like loveliness that is completely enchanting.

It was, however, a very wise—and also a very kindly—philosopher who pointed out that no woman had the right to be proud of her beauty before the age of twenty. But for her beauty beyond the age of forty, she deserved respect and worship, since such beauty was a triumph of the mind and the soul.

Now it seems to me that the woman of forty who realizes that her beauty is gone faces a dreadful but not an absolute fact. Beauty is much more than skin deep, as you've often heard told. Lasting beauty comes from good living, good care and good thought—and I don't care what any one else tells you. The woman of forty who wishes to regain her beauty must do one kind of beauty work and the girl of twenty, who wishes to be beautiful at forty, must do another. But both can achieve the same result.

There is one glorious example in the movies of the kind of beauty one can create for oneself—where originally beauty didn't exist. That glorious example is Marie Dressler. I know as great a woman as Marie will not mind my saying she was one of the ugliest young girls imaginable. In fact, Marie herself is the first to bring that up, though she would also be the last to point out that she is beautiful today. Yet she really is beautiful, not in the empty, flawless sense which is prettiness, but in the true sense of a face full of character, emotion and intelligence. Look at her eyes sometime and watch the sparkle in them; watch her smile and see how it warms your heart, and if you could only have the privilege, as I've had it, of knowing her off screen and seeing how magnificently she can wear smart clothes, you'd even forget that rather too-heavy figure she has!

Ninon d'Enclos, the famous Frenchwoman, had men in love with her until she was eighty. She was a great beauty in her youth but she was a greater one in her old age. But you can be sure that her beauty-of-age was no accident.

What, then, should you do—the young girl who would be beautiful when mature, and the mature woman who must rediscover her lost loveliness?

Well, let's talk about the youngsters first. The older girls will wait more gracefully since they have learned patience.

BEAUTY FOR YOU!

Ask Anne Van Alstyne to solve your beauty problems for you. She will point the way to the achievement of charm, careful grooming, lovely skin and hair and eyes. Address Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for personal reply.

Your Youthful Beauty

Since youth is the time of the most vitality, it is usually the time when we squander it the most. But just as the wise mother of a baby makes her child sleep hours and hours, not for the immediate present but for strength in the future, so the young girl should guard her rest. I don't mean for her to be fussy about it, but do try to get your eight hours' sleep a night. Don't do things that are going to be continually exhausting. An occasional very late party will not harm you very much but several of them crowded into too short a space of time, will put shadows under your eyes and wrinkles in your face, make your hair lose its gloss and your eyes their lustre, long before such troubles should appear.

Diet next, that all-important diet! Surely you know the rules by now, so I'll list them only briefly. Three meals a day. Does it seem stupid to point out three meals to you daily—three, no more and no less? Well, if it does, stop to think of the girls you know who eat one and a half or two meals a day and those who eat about eight, if you count their in-between meal nibbles. Both factions are wrong. Both of them are undermining their health in a way that will eventually affect their beauty. The one and a half or two meals a day girls may be doing it to retain their slender figures. But they are wrong just the same. Meals should be arranged so that they are eaten five hours apart. The food should be plain and nourishing. Every balanced daily diet should contain butter, milk, green vegetables and meat or a meat substitute. And remember it is not the *amount* you eat that makes you fat but what you eat. You could eat a whole pantry full of cabbage and get less fat from it than you would from six chocolate creams.

The girls who eat all the time, a bite here and a bite there, can care nothing for their figures and less for their skins. For both under such tactics will be ruined. Such eating is usually nervousness, due either to having too much to do or not enough, and either way shouldn't be encouraged.

Third, exercise. I'd like to write about a dozen times —*keep your body limber. Keep your body limber.* The Greeks, who knew more about living and more about beauty than any people before or since, had one great slogan, "A sane mind in a sane body." Being very sane people themselves they knew one wasn't possible without the other. Lots of very brainy high-brow girls look down more than a little on beauty care and physical culture. But they are misguided just the same. Even the greatest intellect will work less brilliantly if the body is tired or neglected or worn out. And when the body is in fine condition, the most stupid person thinks more clearly, more directly. So exercise for your health's

(*Continued on page 104*)



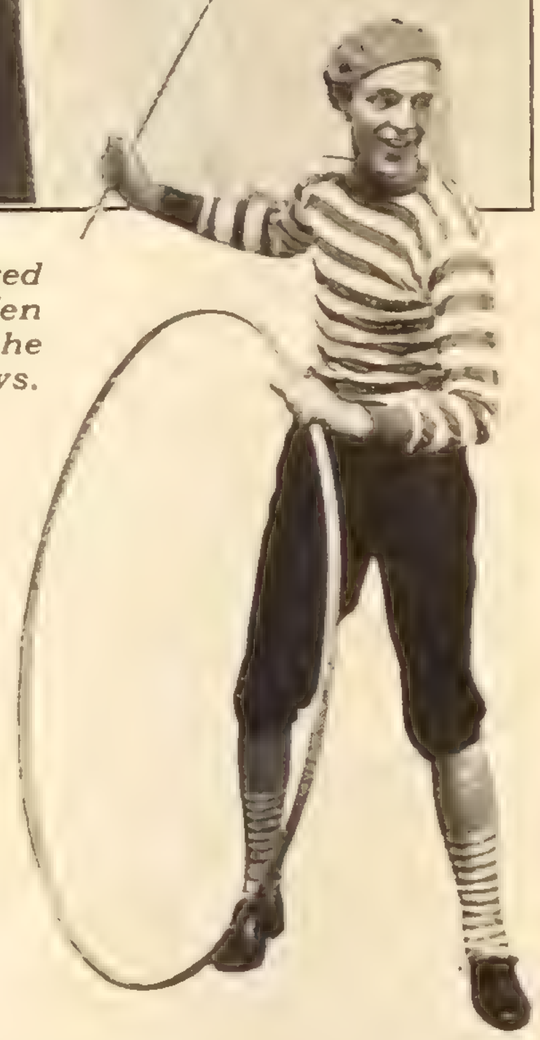
"Yes—I am 39 years old!" says Irene Rich. But Irene doesn't worry about birthdays—why should she, when she looks so charming and so youthful? Lasting beauty, points out Anne Van Alstyne, comes from good living, good care, and good thought.



Some of the merry madwags—Adele and Fred Astaire, Tilly Losch, Frank Morgan and Helen Broderick—who ride "The Band Wagon" to the front rank among current song-and-dance shows.



Making hoopee. The nifty and nimble-toed Adele Astaire in a hoop song, one of the high spots of "The Band Wagon." George S. Kaufman and Howard Dietz wrote the book.



Rolling his own, and evidently liking it, is Brother Fred, the male half of the delightful Astaires, who joins Adele in the hoop song and other numbers.

The STAGE in REVIEW

By Benjamin De Casseres

"The Band Wagon"

GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, under the angelic protection of Max Gordon, got together and turned out about the neatest and Ritziest whirligig of satire, music and dancing that has been seen hereabouts for some time.

Here are brains, taste, restraint, Gallic delicacy and a will-o'-the-wisp with that I hope spells an end to those blown-in-the-bottle and dried-in-the-sun concoctions of tawdriness and vulgarity that pass under the name of "revues." And here's a big hand for the settings of Albert R. Johnson, something new in settings.

Fred and Adele Astaire are never underdone or overdone. Their hoop song is a gem. Frank Morgan bears the burden of the satires, and he, with his cracked Stuart Robson voice and his assumption of mock-idiocy, carries away most of the laughs. Tilly Losch pirouettes like a top and Helen Broderick, a choicy humorist, helps to piece out the high spots.

The Dietz doggerel is at its Dietzean best. If there were Nobel prizes for musical comedies, I say "The Band Wagon" for the forty grand.

"The Third Little Show"

Beatrice Lillie is the First Lady Clown of the world. There are a neatness, a clarity, an *insouciance,* a hanged-

Banging a drum for "The Band Wagon"—Lillie is a lulu in "Third Little Show"—Other entertainment for eye, ear and jocular vein

—I-know-what quality about her verbal and physical tumblesaults and spoofing that make her what Darwin called *sui generis,* which is Latin for *hors concours,* which is French for *ne plus ultra.*

She is the bright morning and evening star of "The Third Little Show." She has also with her that inimitable and versatile Ernest Truex, and the amusing Walter O'Keefe.

They do things in a Noel Coward sketch called "Cat's Cradle" which made a big dent in my naturally serious mug. Then Lady Lillie spoofs the late-comers in the audience in her own manner, while Truex eggs himself on to more comicalities.

It's a good show, especially, Lillie and Truex. And what a *clean looking* pair they are!—must bathe and scrub every hour.

"A Modern Virgin"

This sex-cocktail by Elmer Harris—who knows the art of seducing the public to the box office—hits the spot with a minimum splash when you have exhausted all the other sex-angles in town. "A Modern Virgin" is a cook-over of a lot of old sex hokum.

Teddy Simpson is a kind of tomboy. She has stood off the Male Menace until the ripe age of seventeen. She's got a lot of men friends who take a kind of fatherly (see the word *applesauce* in any dictionary) interest in her. They want to cure her of making engagements over the 'phone with men she's picked out of the telephone book. (If *Teddy* were classy, she'd have picked "Who's Who in America.")



Walter O'Keefe, who warbles his way through "The Third Little Show."



The delightfully dippy carryings-on of Beatrice Lillie alone are enough to make "The Third Little Show" a reservoir of risibles.

Well, anyhow, they frame up a trick on her in a country house, and *Teddy* gets married. The play is anemic in ideas but strong in libido-appeal.

Margaret Sullavan as *Teddy* put it over on her audience. She's a newcomer, and therefore still brazenly amateurish.

"The Gondoliers"

Gilbert & Sullivan (those syllables never bore us!): aristocratic sophistication, exquisitely pat and perfect English, subtly shimmering innuendo, satire like a blade of sunlight opening the cantaloupe of the brain, an aerial daintiness, music that gurgles, burbles and breaks like baby tidal-waves on the mossy beaches of the coco—

Well, anyhow that's "The Gondoliers," the third of the revivals by the Civic Light Opera Company. *The Duke of Plaza-Toro* (whence comes our "throwing the bull" and "it's all bull") was done by Frank Moulan. All was goody-goody when William Danforth came forth, in his black suitings, of *Don Alhambra del Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor.*

Danforth's every gesture is Chesterfieldian, Brummelesque and Beaunashish. And maybe he doesn't lay it on! But he's the greatest of Gilbert and Sullivaneers, and may his strut never shuffle!

"Unexpected Husband"

In this play, "Unexpected Husband," by Barry Conners, there is one tremendous, Gargantuan, cosmical, Brobdingnagian or what-have-you drunk who carries everything in the play before him. When he's not on the stage this play of speakeasy and hotel bedroom leaks, totters, wabbles and crawls.

The name of the man who plays this drunk is Hugh Cameron. He crashes the dome and puts the pits of our stomachs to shaking with laughter like an earthquake in a tapioca pudding.

It's a funny show—sold out completely on Hugh Cameron's cannonading. A picture? A killing—if Uncle Will will shut one eye and the Moralic Mamas can be chloroformed.

"Patience"

"Patience" is one of the most perfect satires ever written. It will rank in the (*Continued on page 122*)

Sartorial Strutters

By
Alma
Whitaker

Boy, our smoked glasses!



Ivan Lebedeff, one of filmdom's most careful dressers, is said to wear out half a dozen tailors or so in the exacting process of fitting his clothes just right!

EVER since wigs, satins and ruffles went out, the male of the species has been suffering under a grave repression. How he yearns to strut in sartorial glory, the while he is hedged about with a tyrannical uniformity!

"What the Well-Dressed Man Should Wear" is the dreadful dictum that casts a shadow o'er his life. He longs to defy the edicts and burst forth with splashful glory, but—but could his *amour propre* survive the ridicule of critical hide-bound *confrères?*

In Hollywood, however, numerous reckless males are defying the apparel ordainers. They strut. There is a triumphant glint in their eyes. They are free—free—free! Well they know the envy with which their ribald colleagues really regard them!

For instance, see Sam Hardy dashing down Hollywood Boulevard in his loud cream and silver sports car, with his name emblazoned in full on the running board! See him in all the glory of a loud-checked overcoat with huge buttons, and the noisiest tie to be found in all America! Note his giddy shirts, usually with daring stripes, and those utterly dazzling waistcoats that set the girls to blinking! Sam has shed every sartorial repression he ever had, and succumbs only to drab masculinity when he has to be a big executive in a picture like "The Millionaire" with George Arliss.

Then there's Lawrence Grant, the big Welshman, 6 feet 4 inches of him. Lawrence favors a little Tyrolean hat in greens and dark reds, always with an impudent little highly colored feather in the band. He has them made in Austria especially for him, flaunts them on all social occasions even unto the opera, and wears them at a most *distingué* angle. Just once in a way he will vary this with a grey topper—which is Sam Hardy's envy. In this Lawrence is the cynosure of all eyes, and even Sam must stand aside. In fact, when any male gets something particularly startling it is promptly dubbed "Hardy's Envy."

Auguste Tollaire, the little Frenchman who has figured in so many war pictures, flaunts a square-topped derby hat and a braided coat which, with his flowing whiskers. form a compelling outfit. No chance of Auguste sallying forth to his club unnoticed by the masses!

Albert Gran panders to his (*Continued on page 100*)

Sam Hardy in that checkerboard overcoat. Sam's scholarly stoop is caused by the weight of those buttons.



None of your choking collars for Roland Young. He sports a snappy scarf instead. How about a flowing beard, Roland?





William A. Fraker, Columbia Pictures

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

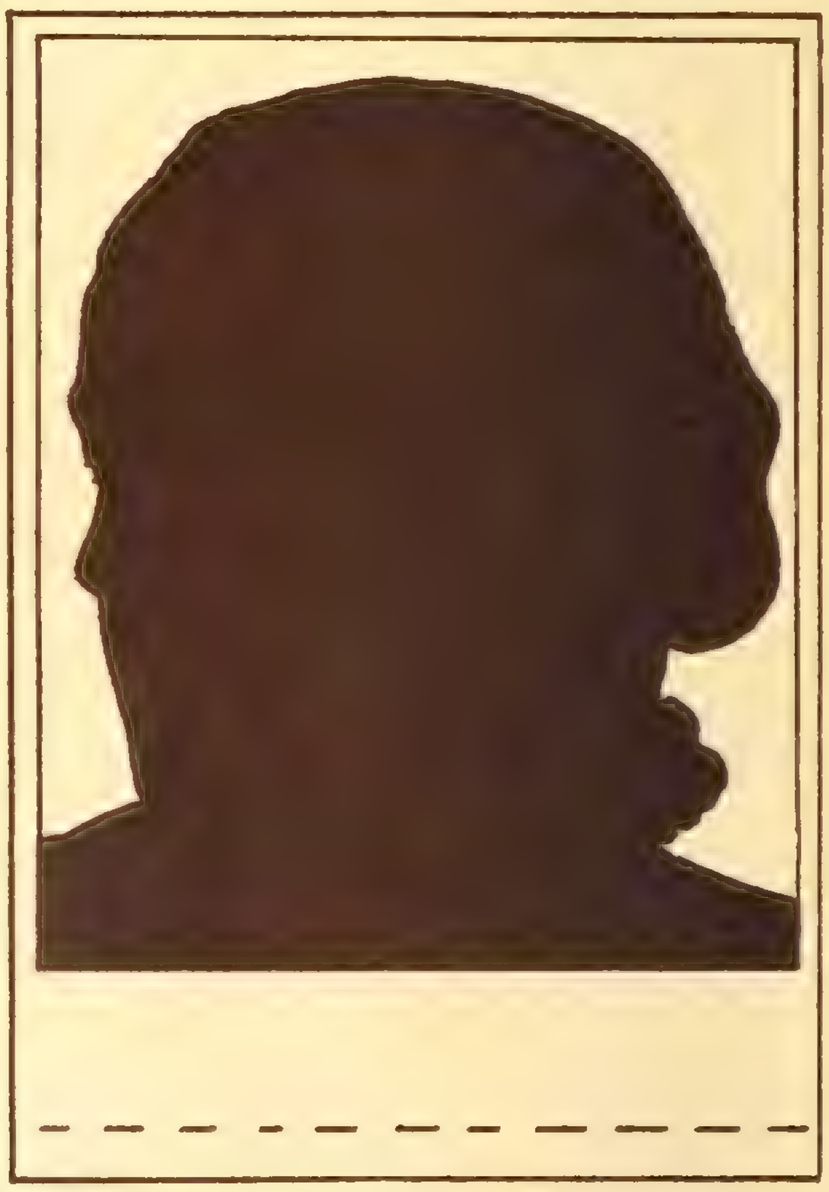
RICHARD CROMWELL *and* LORETTA SAYERS *in* "FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP"

See Next Page for Star Shadow Contest



$2,500.00

First Prize	$1,000.00
Second Prize	500.00
Third Prize	200.00
Fourth Prize	100.00
Fifth Prize	$75.00
and	
Ten Prizes of	$50.00 each
Five Prizes of	25.00 each



Stars—and their shadows! Combine them according to the conditions of SCREENLAND'S Star Shadow Contest and you will be eligible to be considered for one of the twenty prizes. Here are the Shadows before you. To whom do they belong? Elsewhere in this issue are photographs of well-known screen actors and actresses which are exactly the same size and shape as the shadows.

Spot the original of each shadow. Arrange it with its shadow, as directed. It's a fascinating way to spend an evening—and the prizes are generous. Now listen carefully so that you will be able to get right to the pleasant task of fitting the stars to their shadows.

After you have studied the four shadows on these two pages, look through this same issue of SCREENLAND and find the heads which are the right matching size and shape. Then put them neatly upon the shadows. The pasted heads with their names underneath must be sent in to this office. Don't rush in your answers until the contest is completed. The entire set of 16 Star Shadows must be sent in at the same time. The July, August, September and October issues of SCREENLAND contain this contest. Back numbers of the July and August issues are available.

In filling in the name of the shadow—that is, the name of the star to whom it belongs, you may typewrite the name or you may write it in, but remember—correctness, neatness, and taste will count in the selection of the prize winners.

Read the rules. Consider all the requirements. This Star Shadow Contest is a test not only of your intelligence, but of your skill. The prizes will be won by those possessing accurate vision, and the winners may feel that they are clever as well as keen.

After you have selected each photograph and fitted it to its shadow, filled in the name and prepared your solution for mailing, you will have had to use good sense and skill as well. Your complete collection of the 16 Star Shadows will constitute an exhibit to your accuracy and good taste. In contests of this character it is sometimes interesting to make a tracing of the shadow to use in making the selection of the star whose photograph will fit it. There is no rule against this practice, so spare no effort to secure a place among the fortunate twenty who will receive the prizes.

If a photograph which you decide upon does not fit the shadow, don't give up. Continue your quest until your patience is rewarded. Then comes the test of your skill, which is also important in this competition.

Seek the substance for the shadows—the substance in this case being $2,500.00 in prizes! Be sure to read the rules, then read them again, before you start your search among SCREENLAND'S star-strewn pages Now go ahead and have your fun!

Find the Stars to fit these shadows.

IN PRIZES!

SCREENLAND'S STAR SHADOW CONTEST

The Rules of the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest:

1. Twenty cash prizes will be paid by SCREENLAND Magazine as follows:

First Prize	$1,000.00
Second Prize	500.00
Third Prize	200.00
Fourth Prize	100.00
Fifth Prize	75.00
Ten prizes of $50.00 each	500.00
Five prizes of $25.00 each	125.00

2. In four issues—July, August, September and October numbers—SCREENLAND is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Four complete cut puzzle pictures will appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of a silhouette, or shadow. In the same issue of the magazine with this shadow will be a photograph of some actor or actress which will exactly fit the silhouette or shadow. When the photographs are properly located, and pasted upon the shadows, and the names added, there will be sixteen separate portraits. $2,500.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged sets of sixteen portraits.



3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures have appeared in the October issue. Assembled pictures on the shadows must be submitted in sets of sixteen only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each complete portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all solutions should be sent to The Star Shadow Contest Editors, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Be sure your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of SCREENLAND Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in SCREENLAND Magazine, and assemble the copied portrait with the copy of the shadow. Copies of SCREENLAND Magazine may be examined at the New York offices of the Magazine or at public libraries, free of charge.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of SCREENLAND Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household or anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying the cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The sixteen cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on October 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on October 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with SCREENLAND Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the October issue, which will be on sale on the newsstands on or about September 1st. The prize winners will be announced in the February, 1932 issue of SCREENLAND.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them.



You're all eligible!

They're New—



Terrence Ray and Rosalie Roy sounds like a couple of good cheers. 'Ray, 'Ray, Roy!



Elda Vokel—her name has that foreign twang but she's good old American home brew



Metaxa—he looks like he has that Certain Thing Elinor Glyn made popular



Ruth Selwyn was a Broadway star and theatrical producer. (And so young!) Now she's looking for talkie tributes.



Why so solemn, Bette Davis? You've made the grade in pictures and everyone likes you.



Susan Fleming—Ziegfeld glorified her and now the movies will monopolize her

And Good!



Vivienne Osborne already is almost a veteran.



Right, James Todd is still grinning over that Fox contract.



Lucille Browne and Donald Dillaway seem to be on their way.



Sweetly pensive is Sue Conroy. Cheer up, Sue! It's a nifty gown, anyway.



Tamara Geva—there's a saucy gleam in the little lady's eye.



James Dunn, all set to make a lot of screen heroines happy!

New Ones



Frances Dean. Is she really so demure?

Lenita Lane. Eyes right? Heck, they're perfect!



Gene Raymond, strong and silent. What, in the talkies?



Fay Pierre is a home product, raised right in Hollywood.



"Be right over!" is the correct answer to this gesture of Dita Parlo's.



Janet Currie. If she acts as well as she looks she's here to stay.



Watch Them Grow!



Adrienne Ames. Quiet, limpid loveliness. Looks rather soulful.

Patricia Farr. Well, why not say it? so dear and yet so Farr!

Robert Young has that "Glad-to-see-you-Pal" expression.





Shirley Grey. Demurely devilish; nicely naughty.

Erin O'Brien Moore, lovely and languorous. Not another Garbo—say it's not so!





Ralph Bellamy. Strong but sensitive. A potential he-man lover?





Bull

MARION DAVIES gets a chance to do some straight dramatic acting in her picture, "Five and Ten." How do you like her—smiling or serious? It's all up to you!



Fraker

YOU'D be feeling pretty gay, too, if you had made a comeback in the talkies like Laura La Plante's. And now she's sitting right on top, as you can see for yourself.



Lippman

WHEN a feller doesn't need a friend—he has a good one right with him! Young Leon Janney and his pal share their close-ups—no professional jealousy here! Wouldn't this go great in the "snories?"

HERE'S a newcomer—and as far as we're concerned, she's welcome. Loretta Sayers was plucked from Larchmont and placed in the Columbia studios—and she's making good. Blonde, blue-eyed and petite, she looks something like Vilma Banky. You'll be seeing her!

Fraker



The Stars Lend Enchantment



Constance Cummings wearing a chic dress which may double as a suit on demand. Trimmed with black caracul and black accessories. Like it?



Introducing a new girl, Ethel Kenyon, who introduces the new formal pajamas. The pajamas are of ivory chiffon appliquéd with a flower design. (P. S. The pajamas are lined—with satin!)

Satin is smart or Hedda Hopper wouldn't be wearing it! Note the scarf effect in the back which also forms a cape sleeve effect over the left shoulder. Most effective, Hedda.



The red-haired Constance Cummings displaying a new coiffure for long-haired girls. Large, loose waves with a low butterfly knot. The jewelled comb is for formal wear. Of course



to These New Fall Fashions

Black is always smart and so is Constance Cummings, and here's the stunning combination—black chiffon embossed in a metallic design, high waistline and long, full skirt and a cape to match.



Hedda's gown—front view. It is of beige satin with a novel form of the cowl neck and a draped waistline. No fashion layout is ever complete without Hedda Hopper and her gowns.



Mary Duncan's beige suit is designed by Adrian. A trimly buttoned jacket is worn over a bell-flared skirt. The chinchilla collar trim is put on in an interesting manner.





Side view of Miss Cummings' coiffure, which is parted on one side and which reveals the ears. The little ring lets give a piquant expression to Connie's face.



Russell Ball

LOW and behold! Is Helen Twelvetrees giving us the cold shoulder? She's one actress who can't complain about her lines!



Russell Ball

TOO many blondes? Well, here's a dashing brunette for contrast. Pola Negri is back in Hollywood to brave the microphone.

Demand to know

what complexion soaps are made of

Palmolive tells you

Read why these beauty experts—and 20,000 others—advise Palmolive



CARSTEN *of Berlin*
"The olive and palm oils in Palmolive Soap leave the surface of the skin in the best possible condition."



SEILER *of Geneva*
"We advise Palmolive because of its safe, soothing vegetable oil content. It provides thorough cleansing."



ECHTEN *of Budapest*
"Palmolive Soap is the finest natural skin cleanser known and, at the same time, a valuable emollient."



EUGENIO *of Milan*
"Vegetable oils — as embodied in Palmolive Soap — are your best protection against skin irritation."



MASSE *of Paris*
Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing."



BERTHA JACOBSON *of London*
"I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils. Use Palmolive to retain beauty."



HELEN MILNER *of Cleveland*
"Soap and water? Of course, every skin needs them. But be particular. We specify Palmolive."



HEPNER *of Hollywood*
"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing."



ROBERT *of Paris Washington, D. C.*
"Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest help."

Palmolive Soap is made of olive and palm oils

MADAM—just a moment before you buy that soap. Is it for your complexion? Then by all means ask what it is made of. Use no soap on your face until you *know*.

Don't let "beauty" claims confuse you. Many soaps promise to "beautify." But analyze their claims. Any of them. Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No.—Olive and palm oils? No.—Vegetable oils? No.—Few soaps tell you what they are made of.

Palmolive tells you

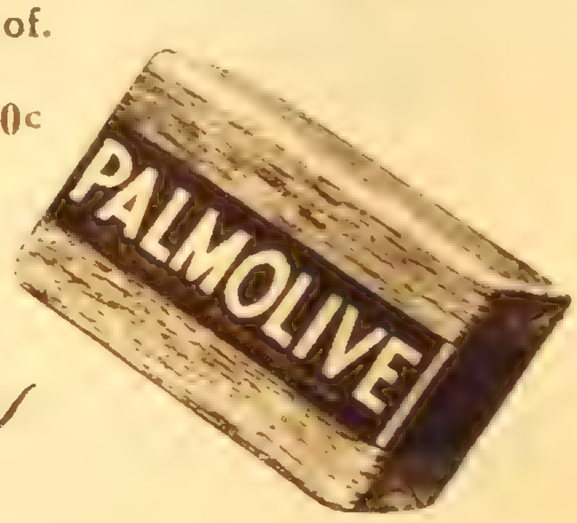
Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils. That is very important in facial care. Palmolive contains no artificial coloring. No heavy "masking" perfume. Palmolive has no secrets.

It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united in recommending it.

Because these experts—20,000 of them—*know what Palmolive is made of*, they recommend its use. They believe in Palmolive Soap. They *know* it is made of vegetable oils — no other fats whatever. They *know* it is different — in cosmetic effect — from inferior soaps merely "claimed" to be beautifiers.

Guard your complexion. When tempted to use ordinary soaps — remember — ask *first* what they are made of.

Retail Price 10c



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Gibson Girl ~1931

Introduction to Wynne, one of our brightest potential stars

By John Engstead



With only five pictures to her credit, Wynne Gibson is already known as a fine actress and a grand person. She's popular even on her own lot!

HOLLYWOOD'S favorite indoor pastime is not ping-pong, bridge, or backgammon—but conversation. And almost every conversation runs along in a certain groove. The first thing brought up is gossip—what's happening to everybody else in the colony. Next, talk about new pictures, box-office figures, good notices in newspapers, and how "they" suggested some good bit of dialogue that turned a picture from failure to success. And then the conversation, if the time still permits, drifts into "picking the winners"—that is, the actors who have good chances of becoming stars.

Which is where the heroine of this story enters the picture. Four out of five conversations within the last few months have found a new name, Wynne Gibson, to place among the winners. They all agree. She is a potential star. And they are right.





When Wynne was eight she had to hand herself her own bouquets!

Wasn't she a pretty four year old? Making her own applause!



Right, Miss Gibson at the age of one, with her father.

She is beautiful. She is an actress. She is very well liked. And, most important of all, she has the winning creed which she calls "I seen my duty and done it noble!"

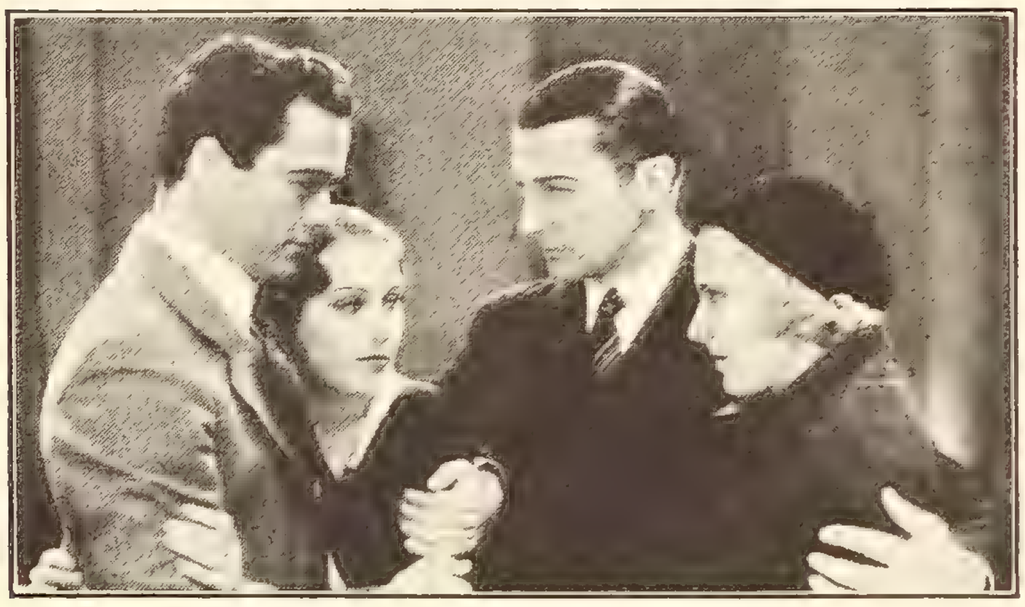
Wynne Gibson's beauty and talent are really side-issues because many persons, who will never have success, have those assets. But this new redhead has great strength of determination. She does every rôle given her—whether the part is big or small, good or bad—to the very best of her ability.

Many stars before her have won success on the same principle. Maybe Wynne has noticed how Paul Lukas and William Powell forced their ways to starring rôles by putting everything they have into small parts.

It is an odd fact that Wynne Gibson never thought of being a motion picture actress even after she had appeared in one film production in the East. She saw beautiful pictures of beautiful and talented women in motion picture magazines and thought

(*Continued on page 117*)

Critical Comment



THE LAWYER'S SECRET

Paramount

An absorbing drama, splendidly enacted by a cast composed of most of your Paramount favorites. Especially interesting is Charles Rogers in his first serious rôle, that of a weakling involved in a murder—unsympathetic, but ex-Buddy puts it over—big. Clive Brook and Richard Arlen are excellent. Fay Wray and Jean Arthur appeal.



WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS

Fox

The boys—*Captain Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt*—are back again, this time in a comedy Cook's tour, visiting Sweden, Nicaragua, France, and Greta Nissen. But the McLaglen-Lowe adventures in *amour* are beginning to bore. It's all old stuff now. El Brendel supplies some laughs, Greta the beauty. Too rough for family trade.



UP FOR MURDER

Universal

The talker version of the silent film, "Man, Woman, and Sin," in which the late Jeanne Eagels appeared with John Gilbert, has its big moments, with Lew Ayres as the artless cub reporter and Genevieve Tobin as the worldly society editor whom he idealizes. Mostly good, with Ayres appealing and Miss Tobin exquisite.



NIGHT NURSE

Warner Brothers

Or, behind hospital doors? Not at all. "Night Nurse" is a nice nurse (thrilling Barbara Stanwyck) who stumbles into dark doings in a sinister household, and devotes herself to saving the kiddies and shaming mama and papa. Clark Gable is an exciting menace, Ben Lyon an heroic bootlegger, Joan Blondell the comedy relief—and what a relief!



NIGHT ANGEL

Paramount

The star and director who made that grand "Devil's Holiday" have failed dismally to do it again. Nancy Carroll, in unbecoming moods and costumes and coiffures, can't help being unconvincing in this stagey melodrama, which Edmund Goulding, believe it or not, wrote and directed. Even that good actor, Frederic March, fails to register.

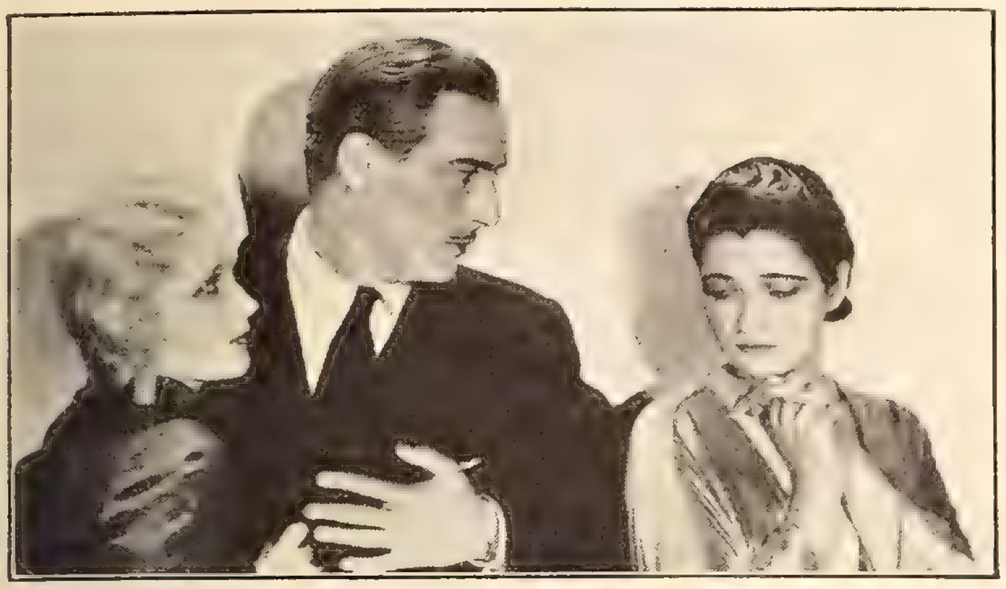


THE SHE-WOLF

Universal

May Robson, grand old lady from the stage, dominates this film and makes it worth-while. She plays a shrewd business woman, hard-boiled even with her children, neglecting their happiness in her great thirst for power, but eventually softening. Crammed with hokum! Lawrence Gray, Frances Dade and James Hall are pleasantly present.

on Current Films



THE VICE SQUAD

Paramount

Paul Lukas—Paramount's new Bill Powell—plays a stool pigeon and makes him appealing! To save an innocent girl who has been "framed" he exposes himself and the crooked cops he worked with. It's a sordid story but Lukas manages to retain sympathy. Here's an actor! Kay Francis is good, too, and Judith Woods is an interesting newcomer.



THE MAD PARADE

Liberty

Here's that all-woman picture you have heard about. It's a human, stirring film of the women's side of the war, and it is crowded with good performances. Evelyn Brent, the star, is more appealing than she has been in several screen seasons. Louise Fazenda has her best comedy chances in months. Pretty June Clyde will surprise you.



JUST A GIGOLO

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Nothing risque, nothing gained. So Billy Haines plays a wild young bachelor chasing Irene Purcell in the guise of a gigolo, trying to find out if she is a yes or a no girl. Some of it is fun, though not, decidedly not, for the young folks. Miss Purcell, from the Broadway stage, is Bill's new leading lady. She's sweet if not hot.



WHITE SHOULDERS

Radio Pictures

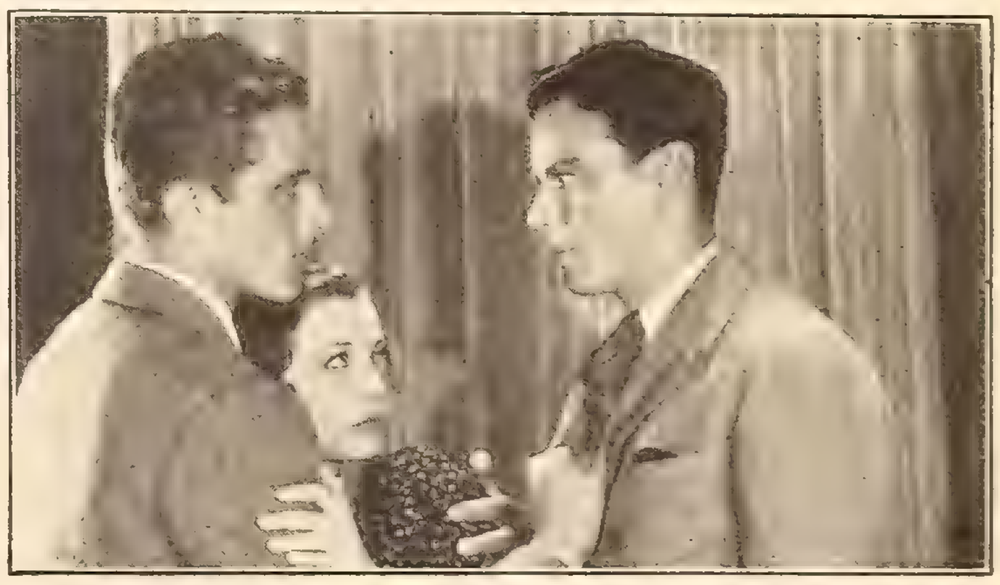
They're Mary Astor's, and very pretty, too. But the story? Well, it's a fable of a poor but not too proud actress who married Jack Holt in a hurry only to repent when Ricardo Cortez appears. Jack's revenge is long-drawn-out but not particularly sweet. The principals do everything possible—but it isn't, alas, enough.



TRANSGRESSION

Radio Pictures

If it's a good story you're after, this isn't it. But if you want modes and emotions displayed by Kay Francis, come right in. The plot? Paul Cavanagh leaves the missus, played by Kay, for a business trip to India—of all places! Meanwhile, Kay interests herself in the handsome Ricardo Cortez—what a boy he turned out to be! All ends well.



CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED

Paramount

Sensational? No—just rather dull. Three nice young players—Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes, and Norman Foster—struggle through a three-cornered collegiate romance, involving freshman indiscretions which are never interesting enough to excite you. It's slow in spite of the noble efforts of the talented trio. Holmes is best.

SCREEN NEWS

What's happening in Hollywood? Read this department for the latest news and gossip of the screen colony

GARBO denies!

There was a rumor emanating from Scandinavia to the effect that Greta Garbo would marry a merchant named Anderson there. It doesn't mean a thing, according to Greta! There are as many Andersons in Sweden as there are Smiths in America, she commented.

Greta's other denial-of-the-month concerned a report that she was going to play at Max Reinhardt's new open-air theatre in Austria. For more dope on Garbo read our story in this issue, beginning on Page 18.

It was a gala night for the good old legitimate stage when Doug Fairbanks, Jr., between pictures, opened in "The Man in Possession" in Los Angeles. That boy proved himself a draw *par excellence,* with a more glamorous audience than even a grand screen *première* can command these days. Doug and Mary, Marlene Dietrich and Von Sternberg, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, William Powell and Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Loretta Young, Mary Brian, Rupert Hughes, Wesley Ruggles, Bill Haines, and, of course Joan Crawford herself all contributed to the glory of the occasion. Joan had to watch her Doug do some very sizzling love-making to this new siren, Nora Gregor, in the course of the play.

Next to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Marlene Dietrich created the greatest excitement upon her arrival. When she appeared in a daring red gown, with flowing sleeves edged with fur, on the arm of little Von Sternberg, the crowd which had gathered for hours beforehand outside the theatre, went wild with ecstacy.

Emphatic tans are again the vogue this year. Joan Crawford appeared as a slim little brownie, and Lilyan Tashman was dark tan, beneath revealing evening gowns.

Very exciting behind the scenes after the show, with Doug, Jr., surrounded by world famous admirers and relatives, and Nora Gregor trembling in an ecstacy of excitement at the personal encomiums accorded her. But just for a few minutes, Nora was in danger of suffering the same fate that Janet Gaynor suffers in "Daddy Long Legs," after her graduation speech triumph. Remember how all the girls have fond relations bustling round them, while the little orphan girl is left alone with her triumph? Well, Nora is so little known here and has so few acquaintances, that for the first ten minutes after the show, while young Doug was swamped in congratulations, she had to be content with the congratulations of a newspaper woman. But, of course, things soon adjusted themselves and Nora came into her own. The first thing she did when she left the theatre was to send a happy cable to her husband in Vienna.

Ronald Colman is just aching to snatch a European vacation before the summer is over. One of the penalties of fame is constant industry in Hollywood and Ronald is feeling quite a martyr. But the general effect on his appearance is as enticing as ever.

Myrna Loy is also preparing to flit to Europe. She will take her brother, David Williams, along to study sculpture in Paris.

Kent Douglass now becomes Guy Douglas professionally. Circumstances have required this young man to change his name so often that he is forever being introduced to himself as it were. When he was on the stage originally his name was Douglas Montgomery. Then when he went into pictures, he used his very own name, Robert Douglass Montgomery; but that proved confusing with the other Robert. His name was then officially changed to Kent Douglass, but now the studio has decided he is to be Guy, so every morning he says, "How do you do, Guy Douglass?" to his mirror, just to get used to answering to the latest moniker.



Query: On the screen in "Rebound"—or off? According to the tongue-waggers, it doesn't make much difference to Ina Claire and Robert Ames, who are thinking of adopting this as a life career!



"It's a swell idea!" seems to be the mutual verdict of a lot of couples after falling in love on the screen. So then they decide to make it permanent. Take Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, for example—but wait! they've just taken each other! And now they're honeymooning in Honolulu—a perfect happy ending for a screen romance!

Sally Phipps, formerly a screen charmer, has married into the plutocracy and is now Mrs. Benedict Gimbel, Jr., the marriage having taken place with full parental blessings at the home of the Gimbel, Srs. Sally was a find of 1926 who rose to stellar rôles in "None but the Brave," "Why Sailors go Wrong," and "Joy Street." She left Hollywood to join the stage "Once in a Life Time" company—and there you are.

She's always on time at the set, isn't a bit upstage, never misbehaves off the screen, can sing, dance, play, ride and swim, and combines the simplicity of Mary Brian, the subtlety of Norma Shearer, the fire of Garbo, the sweetness of Joan Bennett and the allure of Dietrich. You'll never guess who! It's Betty, new leading lady for Bimbo in the Fleischer Talkartoons!

Just to show the other side of the picture, the California State Industrial Commission has adopted a new ruling for those thousands of women in motion pictures who "do not act, sing or dance or otherwise perform," *i.e.*, the dressers, film cutters, script writers, office girls, etc., to prevent their being worked overtime unfairly and to see that they receive a minimum wage of $40 a week. They often get much less than $40 a week and work much longer hours than might be supposed. Indeed, $22.50 a week for most kinds of office work is about the average. It sometimes works out at about 40 cents an hour, slightly less than we pay for day housework.

When little blonde Connie Bennett is working, she receives $12 a minute. Yes, sir! If she stops to powder her nose, argue with her papa (who gets a mere $5000 a week in the same picture), or to talk to a writer, can't you imagine the studio's tummy-ache? I reckon my last chat cost her about a couple of hundred!

Constance is the highest paid of all movie stars. She gets $5000 a working day, or $30,000 a working week of six days—no Saturday afternoons off. This fabulous salary, however, isn't all from Pathé, where she receives $150,000 a picture—which usually takes about five weeks to make. She told me her contract with Warner Bros. is quite separate, since she was clever



Ring out, wild Bells—but whoa! not yet! Still, "It's Rex if it's anyone," Clara Bow admits. And how do you like the new, blonde Clara? She will take a long rest on Rex's Nevada ranch.



Cock-eyed but classical! Polly Moran playing opposite the bull in that good old Spanish opera, "Carmen." Isn't she toreadorable?

enough to have her contract written that way. Hence she has a third contract with R.K.O., under which she will draw $7,500 a week on a fifty-two week basis! Connie, you see, vowed she would make a million in Hollywood to balance the million she received when she divorced Phil Plant. This was, in some queer way, to settle some idea of self-respect by which she could prove she was worth it.

Anyway, she will make much more than a mere million on her present contracts alone, and the rest of starry Hollywood gasps with envy. In times of depression, too, if you please!

But the little girl works very hard and is in a high state of nervous tension all the time. She is likewise inundated with begging letters, sarcastic letters, impudent letters galore. Many suggest that she should forego her salary that the rest of the studio employees may keep their jobs instead of being laid off. "So silly," says Connie. "I am making it possible for ever so many people to keep jobs who otherwise wouldn't have one now."

We sort of tried to get Connie engaged to Jack Gilbert. "Absurd," said Connie. "I hardly know the man."

Perhaps it is just as well Ursula Parrott has left for New York for a spell. Saw both Robert Montgomery and Reginald Denny actually kneeling at her feet in the studio restaurant out at M.G.M. One each side of her, gazing up ever so soulfully into her brown eyes.

Ursula is the young woman who hopped into fame with "Ex-Wife" after trying in vain to get a newspaper job. So M.G.M. annexed her for scenarios *à la* "Strangers May Kiss" for Shearer. She hasn't got used to her glory yet—still dresses a bit small-townish. She has an 11-year-old boy whose picture we must all admire.

Renewed friendly relations with Pola Negri at her beach cottage at Santa Monica, and found her triumphant in a pirate effect pajama outfit, very piquant. Manservant, maid, secretary, cook and gorgeous car.

She has a three-year contract with R.K.O., and her first picture will be a screenized version of "The Dishonored Lady," Katherine Cornell's stage play. Pola acted it out for me and had me all tense. She bristles with ideas for her own stories and acts them for the boss. Marvelous salesmanship!

Leading men? "Oh, a serious problem. The actors are so handsome and so very dumb," she says, dismissing them with a gesture.

Pola says her two former husbands, Count Dombski and Prince Serge Mdivani caught her in the rebound from other great loves. Her three greatest loves died, she said—one when she was fifteen, after which the Count caught her. Valentino later, when Serge caught her, and now the aviator who died trying to make a non-stop flight to Africa. This time, she insists, there will be no rebound. "My career is my all now."

Pola has acquired a charming singing voice and has just turned down a fancy radio offer, she tells us.

Jimmy Fidler, publicity writer, and Dorothy Lee, who were married last November, have decided to call it



"When I was one I had just begun." Old Bobby Coogan, photographed when he was little, while Big Brother Jackie looks protecting no end.

quits—at least for the time being. There may be a divorce later, though Jimmy says there are no hard feelings. Sorry, Jimmy! Too bad, Dorothy!

Foreign actresses holding the fort these days, *n'est-ce pas?* Garbo of Sweden, Dietrich of Germany, Pola of Poland, Shearer of Canada, Mackaill of England, Anna May Wong of China, Fifi Dorsay and Lily Damita of France, Elissa Landi of Austria, Maureen O'Sullivan of Ireland, and so on *ad infinitum.* And when the girls are American, they are imported from the stage in so many instances. Bona fide American screen actresses must be almost starving!

Rita Le Roy went to the dog pound and got a Russian wolf-hound for $3. Now she is cast for "Strange Women" at R.K.O., and her doggy draws $25 a day as a screen actor.

P. G. Wodehouse, famous English humorist, says he received $104,000 for his year at M.G.M. and cannot imagine what they paid him for. All that has been required of him was to touch up a little dialogue on a couple of finished scenarios and to lick a musical comedy into shape which it has been decided not to use because music is out. Never used a single thing of his own, although he is the author of twenty successful books, twenty-five profitable plays and scores of hilarious short stories. Everything he worked on was done by studio staff writers, as before.

"But they were quite charming to me. I am merely amazed that one can receive so much money without working for it."

We rather suspect that a romance is developing between Johnnie Darrow and Rochelle Hudson. All the signs point that way.

And now Lily Damita comes back to the screen! R.K.O. is having a great time annexing all the former screen stars and promoting them to profitable success. It began when they rescued Bebe Daniels for "Rio Rita" after she had been dropped by Paramount. Since then, except for Irene

"Keep Carmen Collected" is Polly's name for her version of the Bizet opera. Whoever's at the other end of that look, we hope he recovers.



There's been "Murder By the Clock," but one look into those pretty Irish orbs and you just know Sally O'Neil is innocent.



H-s-s-t! It's Johnny Mack Brown in a desperate mood and even more desperate scenery!





Remember Florence Britton as that swell sister of Ronald Colman in "Devil to Pay"? A long-term contract was the result.



Thinking studio! Aileen Pringle's writing room in the tower of her home, with its autographed photos of her friends among the great. Note the pictures of Carl Van Vechten and Henry L. ("Boobus Americanus") Mencken.

Dunne of "Cimarron" fame, nearly all their stars have been former screen successes, including Richard Dix.

Lupe Velez informed the world that she was not going to marry Gary Cooper, no, siree! Just a nice little friendship. All the same, by the merest coincidence, of course, they just happened to go to New York from Hollywood on the same day.

Dorothy Mackaill has never invested her money in showy houses and other expensive luxuries—although of course, she has a good car and loves frequent trips to Honolulu. But Dorothy is a canny girl, knows screen popularity doesn't last over-long, and so has arranged with great acumen to be nice and rich when retirement comes. In the meantime she announces her latest *fiancé* as Horace Hough.

Janet Gaynor looked perfectly adorable when she made a personal appearance at the grand opening of "Daddy Long Legs" in Los Angeles, in the self-same party gown she wears in the picture. The applause was almost as thrilling as that on the night of "Seventh Heaven" three years ago, when Janet broke into stardom. She says now that both she and Charlie Farrell are married they can settle down to a comfy friendship without everyone wanting to tie them up with each other.

Yola D'Avril says there won't be any divorce—it was all a terrible mistake. It seems her spouse, Edward Ward, composer, slipped off to the mountains for some needed quiet and when he failed to return Yola took his absence much too seriously. So she filed suit for divorce. When Edward read the startling news in the papers, he wired promptly. It seems he had left a message for Yola, which she had failed to receive. Allee samee movie misunderstandings!

You may have heard about cuts in studio salaries. A naughty wit says it will take this form: Brothers of executives 5%, brothers-in-law 25%; executives one-half of one-half per cent.

Betty Compson says, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, her romance with Hugh Trevor really is dead. We don't believe it. even if Grant Withers does like Betty's company a great deal, too. Oh, well! Nothing to do but wait and see!

The breaks are coming Sally O'Neil's way again. This attractive Irish lass, after a long go of screen discouragement, gets the lead with Fox in "The Brat," right after a rôle with Paramount in "Murder by the Clock. Here's hoping it's permanent!

Sally has been through everything, including bankruptcy, all brought about through her loyalty to her large and exacting family of brothers and sisters. But you can't keep these Irish down.

The courage of her! Louise Fazenda played golf with Bobby Jones at the country club. Can you imagine what an utterly hilarious game that was? Bobby had a hard time maintaining his form, he laughed so much!

Caught Ruth Chatterton fast asleep on the set between rehearsals. Ruth says, yes, it's her clear conscience, she can fall asleep any old time.

Rudolph Valentino's brother fondly hoped he could fill the vacancy left by his famous kin, and to ensure beauty had his nose re-vamped. But it takes more than a nose. In the meantime Brother Alberto hasn't even paid the doctor his $200, according to a court case.

Russell Gleason is a favored escort these days. Sometimes it's Mary Brian and sometimes it's Lola Lane. And he's quite capable of taking 'em both out to lunch together.

When Groucho Marx was busy planning a party for his little



Snappy landings! Ann Harding's lovely head is among the clouds these days. Whoever would have thought of Ann as a high flyer?

daughter's fourth birthday, he inquired archly whether she would let him attend the party.

"Oh, no, you'd scare the children," she replied.

A little red-breasted oriole built its nest in Joe E. Brown's grand new patio lamp at Beverly Hills. So the entire household is watching the progress of the bird family, and the light is never used.

The rumor persists that Charles Chaplin will not only remain to direct a picture in England, but will accept a knighthood from King George into the bargain. Charlie once said he would decline an offer of peerage honors, but the temptation may be too strong. Charlie has never renounced his British citizenship.

John Gilbert's "Cheri-Bibi" may restore the situation. In the meantime, it is said that Jack has been receiving $10,000 a week on his contract right along, pictures or no pictures. So he should worry!

During the interval, Jack has absolutely declined to be interviewed. Said quite enough unfair things had been written about him already, and he won't talk for publication again until he has appeared in a successful talkie.

Aileen Pringle, once a proud and distinguished brunette selected by Elinor Glyn to play the princess in "Three Weeks" because of her patrician bearing, and for which she received $6,000 a week, has not only turned blonde, but will next be seen as a very disreputable person in "Lullaby." She plays the rôle of former mistress, painfully *declassé,* to Lewis Stone, and will receive a mere $600 a week this time as second lead to Helen Hayes.

Which just goes to show the treachery of picture fame. Aileen is as attractive as ever, but stage stars inexperienced in picture work are crowding out the former glorious ones. Aileen is, however, a good sport about it. She says she wanted work and is grateful to have it, since she has a great interest in eating regularly. In the meantime, however, she owns her own very beautiful home in Santa Monica, which, the day I called, the sister of Andrew Mellon was negotiating to rent. Aileen has the sweetest little 92-pound mamma, who insists upon doing all the worrying Aileen herself declines to do.



It's a wow—in fact, a bow-wow! Zelma O'Neal doesn't have to bite him to get into the news. Anthony Bushell, her husband, is cast in "Chances" and "Expensive Women." Nice kids.

Which reminds me, Charlie Pringle, Aileen's spouse, whom she has not seen for seven years, has written asking Aileen to divorce him. She says she will be glad to oblige at the close of "Lullaby." And at Reno, too, where his freedom may be hastened.

In the meantime, Aileen is taking airplane trips with Lloyd Pantages, young bachelor theatre-owner of Hollywood. It may not mean a thing, of course.



The Dove has wings! Billie is another cloud chaser—and nobody knew a thing about it until she nonchalantly applied for a full fledged pilot's license!

When the Clarence Browns were divorced a couple of years ago it seemed unbelievable, because Ona, his wife, had been so socially prominent and zealous on his behalf. Ona still holds her social position in Hollywood. But Clarence is often seen in the company of Mona Maris.

"It must have been the lack of that M. in my first name that made me seem inadequate," sighs Ona.

Advice to mothers of soaring young screen actors: learn to make hooked rugs. Mrs. Bernice Janney, mother of young Leon, makes whole housefuls of 'em, sitting off in a corner of a set where her young hopeful is working. The height of her ambition is to finish a rug on the same day Leon finishes a picture.

Never a dull moment on a set where Constance Bennett is working. You see, every day Connie brings along her hair-dresser, her maid, and the young woman who "stands in" for her, and these three have evolved an elaborate sign language by means of which they carry on a spirited conversation. Bets fly furiously on what they're talking about. And they'll never tell.

(*Continued on page 127*)



Mme. Helena Rubenstein's products are always interesting. Here is an assortment of her Valaze lipsticks.

The Truth About Cosmetics

By
Mary Lee

AS A cosmetic shopper and experimenter, I've always had a weakness for Helena Rubinstein's preparations. It's not alone because I think they are unusually good. I know they are unusually fine, and that they live up to the claims made for them. But my personal interest in them goes further than that. I think it is because I believe that Madame is sincerely interested in beauty, not only feminine beauty, but beauty in all its manifold forms.

Everything about this amazing woman proves this. She started her career, as you probably know, just a poor girl in old Russia, with a recipe for making face cream, a good mind and not much else. Today she has millions. She made her face cream. She made herself a personality and power, but she has never stopped there. She has branched out into every angle of beauty. Her shops are little treasures of loveliness. Her home, which I've had the privilege of visiting, is glorious with art treasures, from the earliest Greeks to the most modern Frenchmen. You get this sense of a woman constantly growing, constantly developing, constantly improving. And you get that very same sense in her products.

So when Madame Rubinstein telephoned me that she had a new line of products ready, I gave a whoop-la and asked to see them.

She had tons of things but those I fell for particularly were the new lipsticks and cream rouges and a new compact. They all seemed just elegant to me.

Of course, I've never understood why girls with any sophistication about make-up should want to use powder rouge. First of all, rouge should be under your powder, not on top of it; and, second, it should be blended into the skin in such a way that it can't blow off in the first zephyr that touches your face. So the answer to that is obviously cream rouge, that goes on after the dash of liquid cleanser or cold cream which you use for a make-up base.

Madame's new Waterproof cream rouge is exactly what its name implies. It comes in shades that are particularly flattering to after-summer tanned skins and it resists sun, surf or perspiration in a way that is little short of miraculous. It comes in a metal box, either in a cool, summery green or a charming rose shade, and the price is one mere dollar.

The compacts come in those color schemes, too, with the great, big dandy advantage of holding loose powder with the softest, thickest puffs I've ever spied in mere compacts. Same price on those also—one dollar, unless you want the double powder-and-rouge compact which is one fifty. I think you'll find these newcomers worth "geeving a look."

Coty, who is never for long without something exquisite and new to give to the beauty market, has advanced with a new beauty kit. It's a darling! I can think of nothing nicer for the girl going back to school, and who wants to maintain her chic appearance on her train journey! Also it would make a dandy gift for any small occasion.

The box is very handsome, a simulated lizard-calf skin, in a monotone tan. It is very compact and very light and yet it holds everything the skin needs for protection against that cindery grime no one can escape even on the finest Pullman. The cover contains a swell big mirror, large enough to catch your whole face all at one look. There are four compartments, two of which contain jars of Coty's Liquefying cleansing cream and their tissue cream, and two which hold bottles of skin tonic, which is nice and stimulating, and their skin lotion, which I recommend highly for a make-up base. If you prefer a cream for foundation, you can have that substituted for the skin lotion. Besides this, there is a nice package of cleansing tissues and all this may be had in exchange for two dollars and fifty pennies at your favorite drug or department store.

A firm new to me, the Culver Laboratories, seems to have a bright new idea for home manicuring. In very smart black and gold packages they send you a whole set of things to make your nails beautiful at home. One package contains liquid polish, and that oh-so-necessary polish remover. The two of these cost seventy-five cents. Another little box contains the Culver Nail bath and a bottle of Culver Nail liquid. These cost one dollar. So for one seventy-five you can be all set for some twenty manicures, or if you prefer to (*Continued on page 129*)

Casts of Current Films

*Reviewed in this issue

"A FREE SOUL." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From novel by Adela Rogers St. John. Adapted by John Meehan. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Jan Ashe,* Norma Shearer; *Stephen Ashe,* Lionel Barrymore; *Ace Wilfong,* Clark Gable; *Dwight Sutro,* Leslie Howard; *Eddie,* James Gleason.

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON." *Warner Brothers.* Based on the play by George Arliss and Mary Hamlin. Adapted by Julian Josephson and Maude Howell. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: *Alexander Hamilton,* George Arliss; *Mrs. Betsy Hamilton,* Doris Kenyon; *Senator Roberts,* Dudley Digges; *George Washington,* Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Reynolds,* June Collyer; *Mr. Reynolds,* Ralf Harolde; *Chief Justice John Jay,* Charles Middleton; *Thomas Jefferson,* Montagu Love; *General Philip Schuyler,* Lionel Belmore; *James Monroe,* Morgan Wallace; *Count Talleyrand,* John T. Murray; *Martha Washington,* Gwendolin Logan.*

"CHANCES." *First National.* From the story by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Alan Dwan. The cast: *Jack Ingleside,* Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Tom Ingleside,* Anthony Bushell; *Molly Prescott,* Rose Hobart; *Mrs. Ingleside,* Mary Forbes; *Major Bradford,* Holmes Herbert; *Jr. Archie,* William Austin; *The General,* Edmund Breon; *Private Jones,* Harry Allen; *Lieutenant Wickham,* Edward Morgan; *Ruth,* Mae Madison.*

"CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED." *Paramount.* Directed by David Burton and Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Dan,* Phillips Holmes; *Patricia,* Sylvia Sidney; *Hal,* Norman Foster; *Peggy,* Claudia Dell; *Adelaide,* Florence Britton; *Lucille,* Martha Sleeper; *Mildred,* Dorothy Libaire, *Sally,* Marguerite Warner; *President,* George Irving; *Dean Winslow,* Winter Hall; *Dean Marbridge,* Eulalie Jenson; *Mark,* Bruce Colman.*

"DADDY LONG LEGS." *Fox.* From the novel and play by Jean Webster. Adapted by Sonya Levien. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Judy Abbott,* Janet Gaynor; *Jervis Pendleton,* Warner Baxter; *Sally,* Una Merkle; *Jimmy,* John Arledge; *Riggs,* Claude Gillingwater, Sr.; *Wykoff,* Edwin Maxwell; *Mrs. Semple,* Effie Ellsler; *Freddie Perkins,* Kendall MacComas; *Mrs. Pendleton,* Kathlyn Williams; *Mrs. Lippett,* Elizabeth Patterson; *Miss Pritchard,* Louise Closser Hale; *Katie,* Martha Lee Sparks; *Gloria,* Sheila Manners.*

"DAYBREAK." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the novel "Daybreak." Adapted by Ruth Cumming. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: *Willi,* Ramon Novarro; *Laura,* Helen Chandler; *Herr Schnabel,* Jean Hersholt; *General von Hartz,* C. Aubrey Smith; *Otto,* William Bakewell; *Emily Kessner,* Karen Morley; *Von Lear,* Kent Douglass; *Franz,* Glenn Tryon; *Josef,* Clyde Cook; *Emil,* Sumner Getchell; *Frau Hoffman,* Clara Blandick; *Herr Hoffman,* Edwin Maxwell; *August,* Jackie Searl.

"EVERYTHING'S ROSIE." *Radio.* From the story by Al Boasberg. Adapted by Tim Whelan. Directed by Claude Bruckman. The cast: *Dr. J. Dockweiler, Droop,* Robert Woolsey; *Rosie,* Anita Louise; *Billy Lowe,* John Darrow; *Mrs. Lowe,* Florence Roberts; *Mr. Lowe,* Frank Beal; *Oberdoff,* Alfred P. James; *Miss Van Dorn,* Chevret; *Sheriff,* Clifford Dempsey.

"FAME." *Warner Brothers.* From the play "You and I" by Phillip Barry. Directed by Alfred Green. The cast: *Nancy White,* Doris Kenyon; *Maitland White,* Lewis Stone; *Roderick White,* John Darrow; *Veronica,* Evalyn Knapp; *Geoffrey,* Charles Butterworth; *G. T. Warren,* Oscar Apfel; *Etta,* Una Merkle.

"JUST A GIGOLO." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the play by Alexander Engel and Alfred Grunwald. Screen adaptation and dialogue by Hans Kraly, Richard Schayer. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Lord Robert Brummel,* William Haines; *Roxana Hartley,* Irene Purcell; *Lord George Hampton,* C. Aubrey Smith; *Lady Hartley,* Charlotte Granville; *Lady Agatha Carrol,* Lillian Bond; *A French Husband,* Albert Conti; *A French Wife,* Maria Alba; *Freddie,* Ray Milland; *Gwenny,* Lenore Bushman; *Tony,* Gerald Fielding; *Pauline,* Yola Davril.*

"MEN CALL IT LOVE." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Based on Vincent Lawrence's play "Among The Married." Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: *Tony,* Adolphe Menjou; *Connie,* Leila Hyams; *Jack,* Norman Foster; *Helen,* Mary Duncan; *Callie,* Hedda Hopper; *Joe,* Robert Emmett Keane; *Brandt,* Harry Northrup.

"NIGHT NURSE." *Warner Brothers.* From the novel by Dora Macy. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Lora Hart,* Barbara Stanwyck; *Mortie,* Ben Lyon; *Maloney,* Joan Blondell; *Dr. Bell,* Charles Winninger; *Mrs. Ritchey,* Charlotte Merriam; *Egan, an interne,* Edward J. Nugent; *Dr. Ranger,* Ralf Harolde; *Miss Dillon,* Vera Lewis; *Mrs. Maxwell,* Blanche Frederici; *Nick,* Clark Gable; *The first interne,* Allan Lane; *The drunk,* Walter McGrail; *Nanny,* Betty Graham; *Desney,* Marcia Jones.*

"SEED." *Universal.* Adapted from Charles G. Norris' novel. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Bart Carter,* John Boles; *Mildred,* Genevieve Tobin; *Peggy Carter,* Lois Wilson; *Jennie,* ZaSu Pitts; *Bliss,* Richard Tucker; *Bob,* Jed Prouty; *Junior Carter,* Kenneth Seiling; *Dicky Carter,* Don Cox; *Danny Carter,* Terry Cox; *Margaret Carter,* Helen Parrish; *Johnny Carter,* Dickie Moore; *Junior Carter (older),* Raymond Hackett; *Dickie Carter (older),* Jack Willis; *Danny Carter (older),* Bill Willis; *Margaret Carter (older),* Bette Davis; *Johnny Carter (older),* Dick Winslow; *Nancy,* Frances Dade.



Picture fads may come and go, but Westerns go on forever! Buck Jones' next "horse opera" will be "The Fighting Sheriff."

"SKIPPY." *Paramount.* From the story by Percy Crosby. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Skippy Skinner,* Jackie Cooper; *Sooky Wayne,* Robert Coogan; *Eloise,* Mitzi Green; *Sidney,* Jackie Searl; *Dr. Herbert Skinner,* Willard Robertson; *Mrs. Ellen Skinner,* Enid Bennett; *Harley Nubbins,* Donald Haines; *Mrs. Wayne,* Helen Jerome Eddy; *Dog-Catcher Nubbins,* Jack Clifford; *Dad Burkey,* Guy Oliver.

"SMART MONEY." *Warner Brothers.* Screen story and dialogue by Kubec Glasman, John Bright, Lucien Hubbard and Joseph Jackson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Nick,* Edward G. Robinson; *Irene,* Evalyn Knapp; *Jack,* James Cagney; *Sleepy Sam,* Ralf Harolde; *Sport Williams,* Boris Karloff; *District Attorney,* Morgan Wallace; *District Attorney's Girl,* Margaret Livingston; *Marie,* Noel Francis: *Greek Barber,* Maurice Black; *Hickory Short,* Ben Taggart.

"THE LAWYER'S SECRET." *Paramount.* From the story by James Hilary Finn. Adapted by Lloyd Corrigan and Max Marcin. Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin. The cast: *Drake Norris,* Clive Brook; *Laurie Roberts,* Charles Rogers; *Joe Hart,* Richard Arlen; *Kay Roberts,* Fay Wray; *Beatrice Stevens,* Jean Arthur; *"The Weasel,"* Francis McDonald; *"Madame X,"* Harold Goodwin; *"Red,"* Syd Saylor.*

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Fox Films, Pages 8 and 9; Paramount, Page 5; Warner Brothers, Page 7; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Page 11; Educational, Page 13.

"THE MAD PARADE." *Liberty.* From the story by Doris Malloy and Gertrude Orr. Adapted by Doris Malloy, Gertrude Orr and Henry McCarthy. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Monica,* Evelyn Brent; *Janice,* June Clyde; *Dorothy,* Marceline Day; *Fanny,* Louise Fazenda; *Lil,* Lilyan Tashman; *Mrs. Schuyler,* Irene Rich; *Snoop,* Fritzi Ridgeway; *Rosemary,* Elizabeth Keating; *Bluebell,* Helen Keating.*

"THE NIGHT ANGEL." *Paramount.* From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Yula Martini,* Nancy Carroll; *Rudek Berkem,* Frederic March; *Theresa Masar,* Phoebe Foster; *Countess von Martini,* Allison Skipworth; *Biezel,* Alan Hale.*

"THE SHE-WOLF." *Universal.* Based on the stage play, "Mother's Million." Adapted by Winifred Dunn. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Harriet Breen,* May Robson; *David Talbot,* James Hall; *Tom Breen,* Lawrence Gray; *Faire Breen,* Frances Dade; *William Remington,* Edmund Breese; *Maria Peppy,* Lillian Harmer; *Mrs. Talbot,* Leah Winslow; *Peggy,* Elinor Flynn; *Detective Burke,* William L. Thorne.*

"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT." *Paramount.* Screen story by Ernst Vajda and Samson Raphaelson. Based upon "Waltz Dream" by Leo Jacobson and Felix Doorman and also the novel "Nux Der Prinzgemaht" by Hans Muller. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Niki,* Maurice Chevalier; *Franzi,* Claudette Colbert; *Nanne,* Miriam Hopkins; *King,* George Barbier; *Orderly,* Hugh O'Connell; *Max,* Charles Ruggles; *Adjutant Von Rokoff,* Robert Strange; *Lily,* Janet Reade; *Emperor,* Con Macsunday.

"THE SQUAW MAN." *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* From the play by Edwin Milton Royle. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Captain James Wynnegat, Jim Carston,* Warner Baxter; *Natchurich,* Lupe Velez; *Diana,* Eleanor Boardman; *Cash Hawkins,* Charles Bickford; *Sir John Applegate,* Roland Young; *Henry,* Paul Cavanagh; *Shorty,* Raymond Hatton; *Sheriff,* DeWitt Jennings; *Big Bill,* J. Farrell McDonald; *Hal,* Dickie Moore; *Tabywanna,* Mitchell Lewis.*

"THE VICE SQUAD." *Paramount.* From the story by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Major Stephen Lucarno,* Paul Lukas; *Alice Morrison,* Kay Francis; *Magistrate Morrison,* William Davidson; *Madeline Hunt,* Helen Johnson; *Detective-Sergeant Mather,* Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Josie,* Esther Howard.*

"TRANSGRESSION." *Radio.* From the novel by Kate Jordan. Adapted by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Elsie Maury,* Kay Francis; *Robert Maury,* Paul Cavanagh; *Don Arturo,* Ricardo Cortez; *Honora Maury,* Nance O'Neil; *Serafin,* John St. Polis; *Julie,* Adrienne d'Ambricourt; *Countess Longueval,* Cissy Fitzgerald; *Paula Vrain,* Doris Lloyd; *Carlos,* Augustino Borgato.*

"UP FOR MURDER." *Universal.* From the story by Monta Bell. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Robert Marshall,* Lew Ayres; *Myra Deane,* Genevieve Tobin; *William Winter,* Purnell B. Pratt; *Herk,* Richard Tucker; *Collins,* Frank McHugh; *Maid,* Louise Beavers; *City Editor,* Frederick Burt.*

"WHITE SHOULDERS." *Radio.* From the story by Rex Beach. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Norma Selbee,* Mary Astor; *Gordon Kent,* Jack Holt; *Lawrence Marchmont,* Ricardo Cortez; *William Sothern,* Sidney Toler; *Marie Fontaine,* Kitty Kelly; *Head Waiter,* Nicholas Soussanin.*

"WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS." *Fox.* Story and dialogue by Barry Conners. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Flagg,* Victor McLaglen; *Quirt,* Edmund Lowe; *Elsa,* Greta Nissen; *Olsen,* El Brendel; *Fifi,* Fifi Dorsay; *Pee Wee,* Marjorie White; *Captain of Marines,* T. Roy Barnes; *Hassen,* Bela Lugosi.*

"YOUNG AS YOU FEEL." *Fox.* Based on the play, "Father and the Boys," by George Ade. Adapted by Edwin Burke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Lemuel Morehouse,* Will Rogers; *Fleurette,* Fifi Dorsay; *Mr. Marley,* Lucien Littlefield; *Billy Morehouse,* Donald Dillaway; *Tom Morehouse,* Terrance Ray; *Dorothy Gregson,* Lucile Browne; *Rose Gregson,* Rosalie Roy; *Lamson,* C. Henry Gordon; *Colonel Stanhope,* John T. Murray; *Robbins,* Brandon Hurst; *Mrs. Denton,* Marcia Harris; *Secretary,* Otto Hoffman.*

"YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID." *Radio.* From the novel "Big Brother" by Rex Beach. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Jim Donovan,* Richard Dix; *Midge Murray,* Jackie Cooper; *Kitty Costello,* Marion Shilling; *Father Dan,* Frank Sheridan; *Cokey Joe,* Boris Karloff; *Burke,* Dick Rush.

ASK ME! —Continued from page 12

"Transatlantic." John Loder was born in London, England. He has brown hair and hazel eyes. Has been in pictures since 1927, playing leads in ten important films produced abroad. He is one of the officers in "Seas Beneath" with George O'Brien and Larry Kent. Judith Voselli appears with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration."

Lenore. You have been a picture fan for eighteen years and have just asked your first question—hurrah and how do you do? "They Had to See Paris," starring Will Rogers with Irene Rich, was produced with the following cast; Marguerite Churchill, Fifi Dorsay, Ivan Lebedeff, Rex Bell, Owen Davis, Jr., Edgar Kennedy and Gregory Gay. Interesting to note that you are a near neighbor of Billy Bevan, the clever comedian. What do you say we trade positions and let me hang over the barb wire fence and watch Billy plowing and cultivating his citrus and avocado ranch?

Mrs. F. E. G. Here's a round of hand clapping for Alice White from one of her sincere admirers. "The Widow from Chicago," a First National production, was one of Alice's last releases. Appearing with her were Edward G. Robinson and Neil Hamilton. Alice comes back in a Tiffany production, "The Monster Kills." Clara Bow has severed her connection with Paramount by mutual agreement and is taking a much needed rest so I'm afraid your letter would not reach her.

Pat. So I get a big hand for the way I conduct my department—thanks and a merry hi-le-hi-lo. Now for the high hat with the fluffy what-do-you-call-it and a baton, all gold and shining. Janet Gaynor played with Barry Norton, Charles Morton and Nancy Drexel in "Four Devils." In "The Return of Peter Grimm," Alec B. Francis, John Roche, Richard Walling and Mickey McBan appeared with Janet. She played with George O'Brien in "The Johnstown Flood" and in "Sunrise." In "Two Girls Wanted" her leading man was Glenn Tryon.

Anonymous. Kane Richmond was born Dec. 23, 1906, in Minneapolis, Minn. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. He is an athlete of no mean ability, having played professional football and on the basket-ball team during his college days. He has been appearing in "The Leather Pushers" series. Greta Garbo leads a very quiet life outside the studio. She uses no powder or rouge, only for film reasons, and loves to whistle.

Ben J. Even if theme songs have had their day, musical screen comedies passed away, there are a few of us who still love our music; but believe it or not, they'll all come back. In "The Blue Angel," Marlene Dietrich sang *Falling in Love Again,* and in "Dishonored" she played on the piano an old Viennese composition, *Danube Waves Waltz.*

R.F.B. of Syracuse. Look out for "Stell of the Circus," a serial (not a breakfast food) with your favorite player, Alberta Vaughn in the title rôle. Fred Thomson died Dec. 24, 1928.



George Barbier must have caught that genial smile playing with Chevalier.

George S. How do you know you'd be a good actor? I should tell you fairy stories about the grand chance for untrained youths to crash the movie game! Stick to your job, George.

Brooklyn Belle. Will I give you a ring? Sorry but I've outgrown that prank and my favorite amusement now is tripping waiters. Nils Asther is 30 years old, the husband of Vivian Duncan and the proud father of a baby daughter. He has had stage experience in Sweden, his native country, and later made pictures in Germany. You will see him in American-made talkies before very long, so look out for your handsome hero.

Justafan. Richard Arlen will be 32 years old in September. Gary Cooper and Lane Chandler are 30. Joan Crawford was 23 on March 23, 1931. Richard Arlen gave a good performance in "The Lawyer's Secret" with Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur. Joan scores another round of applause in "Laughing Sinners" with Clark Gable, Neil Hamilton and Marjorie Rambeau. Thomas Meighan is swell in "Young Sinners," but don't get your sinners mixed.

Curious. You're anxious to know if a letter addressed to a star will fall into their hands—well, that depends upon how unusual or interesting a letter you send them. It is said that Billie Dove personally looks over every letter she receives and often answers them—but many stars do not take that time. If you want to make a hit with your favorite, go ahead and write as you've never written before. If Gary Cooper has a brother, he is not in pictures to my knowledge. Of course Gary uses make-up for the screen but don't hold that against him.

M.M.J. Pelham Manor. Elsewhere in this department I have given the name of the composition Marlene Dietrich plays in "Dishonored" but in case you overlook Ben J.'s reply, I'll be glad to tell you. It was *Danube Waves Waltz,* an old Viennese number, published by Carl Fischer, and right well did Marlene play it, too. Gloria Swanson sings *Come to Me* in her latest release, "Indiscreet."

Mary G. To be your *Sweet Consolation* is indeed very flattering but when I tell you I'm not able to give you advice on scenario writing, I may be put in the discard. Each cinema company has its own scenario writers and even an experienced writer would have a hard time selling them a story. I have no record of a film called "Flower of Paradise."

Ann of Montreal. Are you sure you can pronounce Lupe Velez's real name if I tell you? All right, here goes! Guadeloupe Velez Villalabos. She was born July 18, 1910, in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Her latest emoting is done in "The Squaw Man" with Warner Baxter. Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tenn., Aug. 9, 1910. She has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 99 pounds and is 5 feet 2 inches tall. Phillips Holmes was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 22, 1909. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has blue eyes and blond hair. He plays in "Confessions of a Co-Ed" with Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia was born Aug. 8, 1910 in New York City. She replaced Clara Bow in "City Streets" with Gary Cooper. You will see Miss Sidney with Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy."

Havana Admirer. You want me to tell you the truth about Jeanette MacDonald. That's the thing I tell the most of. Do I think Jeanette is beautiful? Mark me well, friend, I think she's lovely—what a voice, what red gold hair, such sparkling sea-green eyes and dazzling teeth. Whew! I'm not her press agent either. She was born June 18, 1907, in Philadelphia, Pa.; is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and is engaged to Robert Ritchie, who is her business manager. She has two sisters, Elsie and Blossom. I don't know their ages. Blossom dances in musical shows.

Joan K. Donald Cook was Ruth Chatterton's brother *Terry* in "Unfaithful." He also plays with Dorothy Mackaill in "Party Husband." I'm sorry I haven't any personal information to give you about him except that he is from the New York stage, but I promise you, I'll keep on the lookout for him and may have his life in my hands in a forthcoming issue of SCREENLAND.

Novarro Fan. No, positively, Ramon Novarro hasn't been fired by M-G-M. He may be fired by enthusiasm though, for his rôle in his new film, "Son of the Rajah." Have you seen him in "Daybreak" with Helen Chandler? You'll like him as the dashing young student prince.

Miss A. W. All the fans have gone *air* minded, judging from the number of in-

quiries I have received about the music played and sung in several late releases. Please refer to Ben J. and M.M.J. for music used in "Dishonored." I'd suggest a visit to your local music dealers for copies; they may be able to get what you want. I'm sorry I haven't the words of Marlene Dietrich's *Apple Song* to send you. Greta Garbo's next picture is "Susan Lennox, Her Fall and Rise."

Fay. In "The Grand Parade" with Helen Twelvetrees, *Polly,* the vamp or "other woman in the case" was played by Marie Astaire. Helen has made considerable progress since that picture, hasn't she?

Ambitious Fan. So you saw "The First Kiss" made in Talbot County, Maryland, with Gary Cooper, Lane Chandler, Leslie Fenton and Fay Wray; no wonder you were thrilled. I do not know who taught Gilda Gray, Lina Basquette and Joan Crawford their first dancing steps—but Joan developed a fondness for dancing at an early age and after finishing school, went on the stage as a chorus girl. She was dancing in "The Passing Show" when she was given a screen test. She made her screen début in 1925 in "Pretty Ladies" as Lucille LeSeuer, and after a national contest was held to provide her with a screen name, she became Joan Crawford.

Philly-Fan. Greta Garbo's intimate friends call her G.G., her co-workers call her a sphinx, her mother calls her Greta Gustafsson and you and I would like the chance to call her many times if we dared. In her next release, "Susan Lennox, Her Fall and Rise," Clark Gable will be her leading man—oh, what a break for both of them.

Carmalita C. A house-warming to you and all your friends—come as often as you like and may every moment you spend with SCREENLAND be a pleasure. Grant Withers was born about 25 years ago in Pueblo, Colo. He is 6 feet tall and has dark curly hair and blue eyes. Hollywood at one time turned him down flat but what sometimes happens to the movie-struck youth, happened to Grant—his family refused to support him after he ran away to show the world what a good actor he could be. After trying newspaper reporting, defending the law as a policeman, freight handling and various other work, he succeeded in landing a rôle in a series of fight pictures. This lead to more important parts and that brings Grant up to date.

Doris H. You'll see Mary Brian in "Waiting at the Church" with Johnny Hines and Marie Prevost—Mary won't have to wait long. Jack Oakie is rushing Mary these days. She is 22 years old, is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has naturally curly brown hair and alluring hazel eyes. She has a nice rôle in "The Front Page." Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien from the stage, Edward Everett Horton, George Stone and Mae Clarke are in the cast with Mary.

Skoofies. Don't tell me I have an unusual name after *that* heading. Conrad Nagel's wife is Ruth Helms, a non-professional. They are one of the happy married couples in Flickerville. In "The Redeeming Sin," a silent film of 1929, Nena Quartaro appeared with Dolores Costello, Conrad Nagel and Phillipe DeLacy. Nena, whose real name is Gladys, was born March 17, 1910, in New York City. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 108 pounds and has black hair and eyes.

H. C. You want some one to register a knock about the new faces you see in pictures—tush, tush! The picture public are asking for new faces and new voices but many of the old favorites have made a glorious come-back. Paul Lukas and Paul Cavanagh had the principal rôles with Ruth Chatterton in "Unfaithful." Warner Baxter and Charles Bickford appear in "The Squaw Man" with Eleanor Boardman and Lupe Velez.

Bert. We welcome new readers and how are you? I'll pass along the favorable comment to the staff. Lillian Roth's first screen appearance was in "The Love Parade" with Maurice Chevalier. She was on the stage in Earl Carroll's "Vanities" before signing for films. Jeanette MacDonald was born June 18, 1907, in Philadelphia, Pa. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, and has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes.

Sara from Sunbury. Clark Gable is stirring up no end of interest if my last month's mail means much. Clark was born in Ohio about 29 yeras ago. He has brown hair, grey eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and has a smile that will go over in a big way with the feminine admissions. He has appeared in "Dance, Fools, Dance" with Joan Crawford, and in "The Easiest Way" with Constance Bennett.

E. M. B. Jean Arthur, whose real name is Gladys Green, was born in New York City about 23 years ago. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 107 pounds. One of her latest films was with Jack Oakie—"The Gang Buster." William Haines hasn't stopped making pictures; we hope he never will. His latest are "A Tailor-Made Man" with Dorothy Jordan, and "Dancing Partners."

Brooklyn Boy. You want me to help you and who else break into the movie racket? If I knew the proper approach, I'd be a star myself. Jean Harlow's new film is "Iron Man" with Robert Armstrong and Lew Ayres, produced by Universal. She was born March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. She weighs 116 pounds and is 5 feet 2½ inches tall and is she blonde? Platinum! Jean appears in "The Secret Six" with Wallace Beery, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, Marjorie Rambeau and Clark Gable, the interesting recruit from the stage the girls are raving and sighing about. Watch for a story about Gable in an early issue. He's a comer. Or you might say he has already arrived.

Norman R. What would a home be like without a Garbo fan? Greta is 24 years old, has golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 125 pounds. Her first picture was "Gosta Berling" made in Europe. Her first American film was "The Torrent" in which she gained a tremendous following. Constance Bennett is noted for her sophisticated rôles. She is 25 years old and has golden hair and deep blue eyes.

Virginia R. It's difficult to get information on the new stage stars who are appearing in pictures. Many have but two or three films to their credit but if I'm a good guesser, and I think I am, you'll see Lester Vail often. Call me names if I'm wrong. He played the American boy, *Otis Madison,* in "Beau Ideal" with Ralph Forbes.

Judy C. Jeanie Lang was the girl who sang *Ragamuffin Romeo* in Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz." Betty Bronson has not made any films lately. Lewis Ayres is 21 years old. Marilyn Miller was born in Evansville, Ind., on Sept. 1, 1900. She has been married twice. Phillips Holmes was born July 22, 1909, in Grand Rapids, Mich. Maureen O'Sullivan was born May 17, 1911, in Killiney, Ireland. Frances Dee and Genevieve Tobin do not tell their ages. Ann Harding was born in Ft. Sam Houston, Texas. Her father was Col. George C. Gatley. Elissa Landi, who plays with Charles Farrell in "Body and Soul," was born 24 years ago in Venice. She has had two novels published and has appeared on the London stage for several seasons. There was an amusing and "different" interview with Elissa in the June issue of SCREENLAND.



Here's Harpo Marx, the big dope, engaged in some of his "Monkey Business." Doesn't he just radiate "It"?



But she has modern ideas! And in spite of her 1895 get-up, Marie Prevost is perfectly wide-awake in "Lullaby."

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Lillian Bond
Edwina Booth
Harry Carey
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Gavin Gordon
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Ray Milland
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Karen Morley
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Ivor Novello
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Esther Ralston
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lawrence Tibbett
Lewis Stone
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail
Roland Young

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compson
Lily Damita
Bebe Daniels
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jobyna Howland
Arline Judge
Arthur Lake
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Pola Negri
Edna Mae Oliver
Roberta Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Hugh Trevor
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen
George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels
Claudia Dell
Irene Delroy
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Gladys Ford
James Hall
Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Fred Kohler
Laura Lee
Winnie Lightner
Lucien Littlefield
Lotti Lodi
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
David Manners
Marilyn Miller
Mae Madison
Ona Munson
Marian Nixon
Dorothy Peterson
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Polly Walters
H. B. Warner
Edward Woods
Loretta Young



Una Merkel went big in "Daddy Long Legs." If Una Merkel as I know Merkel—all right, we'll quit!

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
Luana Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
Warren Hymer
Richard Keene
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi
Marion Lessing
Cecilia Loftus
Edmund Lowe
Myrna Loy
Sharon Lynn
Jeannette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Conchita Montenegro
Lois Moran
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Will Rogers
David Rollins

Send Birthday Wishes to These Following September Stars:

Renee Adoree	September	1st.
Richard Arlen	September	1st.
John Mack Brown	September	1st.
George O'Brien	September	1st.
David Rolins	September	2nd.
Neil Hamilton	September	9th.
Bessie Love	September	10th.
Lily Damita	September	10th.
Glenn Tryon	September	14th.
Fay Wray	September	16th.
Dolores Costello	September	17th.
Esther Ralston	September	17th.
Greta Garbo	September	18th.
Paul Muni	September	22nd.
Antonio Moreno	September	26th.
George Bancroft	September	30th.

Rosalie Roy
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen
William Austin
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Norman Foster
Kay Francis
Skeets Gallagher
Wynne Gibson
Harry Green
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Miriam Hopkins
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Fredric March
Georges Metaxa
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Warner Oland
Eugene Pallette
Charles Rogers
Jackie Searl
Sylvia Sidney
Charles Starrett
Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James Gleason
Russell Gleason
Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres
Rex Bell
John Boles
John Mack Brown
Kathryn Crawford
Robert Ellis
Sidney Fox
Jean Hersholt
Rose Hobart
Dorothy Janis
Myrna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Mary Nolan
Eddie Phillips
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
Lupe Velez
John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado
William Boyd
Eddie Cantor
Charlie Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
William Farnum
Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor
Mischa Auer
Leo Carrillo
Helene Chadwick
Helen Chandler
Dorothy Christy
June Collyer
Marion Douglas
Robert Edeson
George Fawcett
Albert Gran
Ralph Graves
Carmelita Geraghty
Hale Hamilton
Neil Hamilton
Lloyd Hughes
Paul Hurst
Ralph Ince
Jeannette Loff
Wallace MacDonald
Ken Maynard
Blanche Mehaffey
Una Merkel
Geneva Mitchell
Charlie Murray
Sally O'Neil
Jason Robards
George Sidney
Bob Steele
Thelma Todd

(*Continued on page 129*)

HOOTS and HOORAYS!

Continued from page 14

Let's have more of these good old-fashioned lessons dressed up in smart clothes, sophistication, and the adorable Norma Shearer.

Eleanor Stewart,
327 Commercial Street,
East Braintree, Mass.

HOORAY FOR THE OLDSTERS!

There has been a great deal of well-deserved praise lately for our younger stars. Permit me to add some for O. P. Heggie and George Arliss.

I recently saw Heggie in "Too Young to Marry," and his portrayal of the father was so sweet and sincere that somehow all the sympathy you had went straight to him. And Arliss—there's an actor for you! When I left the theatre after having seen "Old English" I actually felt that Arliss *was* "Old English." These dear old men are worth seeing every time!

Evelyn Sample,
600 Emariland Blvd.,
Knoxville, Tenn.

TWO SWEET BOYS

Once upon a time a handsome, young, sweet boy came along, and to his gratification and astonishment, he was given the name of "America's Boy Friend." Now another young, handsome, sweet boy comes along, but he hasn't been given that name—*yet!*

The first boy used to play attractive, appealing parts, but the second plays sad, hard-boiled, baby-faced killer parts. You guessed it—they are Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Lew Ayres. I wish the first one to regain his success, and the second not to lose his.

Daphne Canoutas,
314 E. 41st Street,
New York City.

PÆANING GRETA

O Greta Garbo! O Greta G.,
You have captivated me.
Your pictures are a revelation,
You were superb in "Inspiration."

Your artistry has blazed a trail,
To imitate you there's a wail—
But you're the peeress of the screen,
No one just like you has been seen.

They come, they go, these artists all,
But then in time they get a fall.
Your name shall live, for aye resound,
Queen of the movies you'll be crowned.

You have reached the topmost rung,
Your praises are forever sung;
These facts stand out all alone—
We know you're on the movie throne.

Oh, Sweden's gift to us is treasured,
She gives us joy that can't be measured.
All hail to you, Garbo! the movie queen!
The glamorous lady of the silver screen!

Bertha Patterson,
647 W. 169th Street,
New York City.

AND PANNING HER

The cinema stars interest me greatly, but ye gods! I'm fed up on crude criticisms of Garbo and Dietrich.



"Dignified and stately," but extremely popular withal, is the lordly George Arliss. Especially since he won such wide acclaim in "The Millionaire." You'll like him as "Alexander Hamilton," a rôle ideally suited to his talents.

Greta, the solitary sphinx with white eyelashes and a voice that sounds like coal scuttling down a chute. Marlene, the vibrant and alluring creature with flawless legs—et cetera.

Why not give them both a recess?

L. R. Mackenzie,
Hotel Carlton,
Milwaukee, Wis.

STRONG FOR JEANETTE

Ever since I saw "The Love Parade" the one attraction for me in motion pictures has been Jeanette MacDonald. The success of this picture would have been nil had she not been in it. I know of no other actress who would have looked the part so well or given the dainty touches that helped without vulgarizing the situations.

Perhaps her greatest attraction for the large numbers who appreciate the higher type of comedy is the charm of her voice.

Jane S. Geiser,
14 Woodland Ave.,
Rutherford, N. J.

A RICH THEME

If all the wistful, fragile young newcomers were as talented and as sincere in films as Irene Rich, there would be fewer evenings wasted in viewing mediocre pictures. Who could refrain from admiring her excellent portrayals, notably in "Father's Son" and "On Your Back"? Her graceful, unaffected manner is deserving of more numerous and more prominent rôles. Let's get together, you loyal Rich fans, and make a worthy attempt to restore our goddess to her former glamorous position!

Paul P. Boring,
The Mary Lyon House,
Buckland, Mass.

(Continued on page 123)

Yvonne Chevalier—*Continued from page 31*

"Wonderful!" she said. "Naturally, I come in for a great deal of attention. People look at me, they write letters to me, they send me presents. They even interview me, eh? And that is all very pleasant and lots of fun. After all, I am an actress and where is there the actress who doesn't like to be in the center of things?

"And being married to Maurice is so much fun. As I said, he is the same in life as he is on the screen. Always singing and jumping around like a little boy. Always with a joke on his lips. People who know us ask us, 'What in the world do you always find to laugh at, you two?' We don't know. We just laugh, because we are happy, and because life is such a lot of fun. How do you say it in America? We get a kick out of life!

"Of course, we have our little arguments, naturally. But always, before they go too far, our sense of humor returns and we are soon laughing. Maurice, of course, is an irrepressible boy. He is always saying funny things, and finding funny things to laugh at. We both hate"—she struggled for the word and emerged triumphantly with it—"solemnity, and we both hate"—another struggle and another victory—"pretentiousness. But they don't make us angry. Why should they? We merely laugh some more.

"I think so it is in life with everything. A person, a happening, a place, can make you angry if you are that sort of person. But that is no good. The best thing to do is to laugh at it. In that way, even the things you don't like give you happiness, for you find them funny. That is the way Maurice is, and that is the way I am. Instead of getting peeved about something and acting grouchy, we laugh."

You have only to see M. and Mme. Chevalier together to behold the living proof of what she told me. Several times I have seen them in the Roosevelt Grill, where the Chevaliers like to go because of the quality of Guy Lombardo's music. Each time they were the very essence of gaiety. Insidiously, contagiously gay, captivating the good spirits of all the occupants of tables in their vicinity. Both Maurice Chevalier and his wife are effervescent, bubbling with good humor, and the unquestioned air of having a good time. A look or a word is enough to send them into gales of laughter. And when the orchestra plays something which appeals to the Chevaliers—which means almost every selection—both of them begin swaying and humming to the music, and sometimes breaking out into an audible duet that can be heard at most of the neighboring tables.

Again, at a prize-fight or wrestling match, which the Chevaliers are fond of attending, both of them are a delight to those who sit near them. They are always so obviously enjoying themselves that their spirit is inevitably caught by those in the vicinity. Often enough a slow and boring boxing match at Madison Square Garden has been made a delightful evening for the ringside seat holders by the flip and amusing *bon mots*—wisecracks to you—of Chevalier and the gay, uninhibited appreciation of Mme. Chevalier.

But now I am back at the St. Moritz, *tête-à tête* with Yvonne Vallée. (Go on. Maurice, get jealous and see if I care!)

"Do you have any trouble from aspiring damsels who are on the make for Maurice?" I asked.

"Mais non," she answer, "that, too, is lots of fun. Maurice always likes to meet his audiences face to face, whether male or female. And—oh, yes, the mash notes he gets!"

"Yes," I whispered with anticipation. (old bloodhound *Hawkshaw* keen on the scent!) "Does he show them to you?"

"Does he show them to me! Why, we always read them together. It is one of our greatest pleasures. Most of the letters are, naturally, from women and, of course, the greater part of them are just words of appreciation, of the joy that Maurice gives to them, both in the moving pictures and over the radio. But many of them are what might be called mash notes—protestations of love, offers of marriage, and so on. Some of them are very funny.

"Of course, most of those who write to him in that vein do not know that he is married, or else they wouldn't write that way. But some of them do and it doesn't make any difference to them. We even got one letter from a very wealthy lady who was kind enough to offer even to pay for his divorce."

"Don't they ever make you angry?" I inquired.

"Why, no. I suppose if I didn't have a sense of humor, I might get angry. But I have a sense of humor. How could I help having one, married to Maurice?"



Yvonne Chevalier—was a famous actress in Paris before she married Maurice, and recently she played with him in a French talkie.

Hot Tamale!—*Continued from page 51*

It was hard to tear ourselves away, but finally we said our goodbyes, hastened back to the ranch, and found the barbecue well under way, with delightful odors arising to our nostrils. Many guests had already arrived, including a bright array of Spanish entertainers in native costume, who were playing guitars, singing and dancing on the flooring that had been brought in.

Dorothy Burgess, looking as beautifully Spanish as a bright costume and large sombrero could make her, was one of the first people we greeted. John Mack Brown was there, and Tom Patricola, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, Edagr Allan Woolf, Mae Clarke, Ann Christy, Derek Fairman, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hall, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laemmle, Maude Eburne, Margaret Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Taurog, and many others.

Our host was a little late, but presently appeared bearing aloft triumphantly a huge boiler of tamales, while a Spanish orchestra followed, playing lustily.

But everybody had grown hungry by that time, and each had helped himself or herself to a little paper cup full of frijoles and a huge hunk of French bread, and was eating the beans by means of dipping bread into the cup.

"Here," exclaimed Edgar Allan Woolf, in pretended dudgeon, "I expected to find a bunch of sports, and I find a crowd of bean-sniffers!"

But soon Leo, aided by his trusty Chinese valet, Ling, and some other helpers, was seeing to it that all guests seated at the long picnic tables were being helped to the excellent barbecued meat and other delicacies, and we were a jolly crowd. Derek Fairman, we found, being just in from New York, didn't know how to break into a tamale!

After dinner somebody discovered in a hollow tree a great basketful of fiesta eggs, which means eggs that have been emptied of their contents, filled with confetti, and pasted together again, and there was a shout as the eggs were broken over people's heads and backs.

Sue Carol surprised Nick, but he retaliated shortly afterward when Sue wasn't expecting it.

Then we sighted a big *olla* up in a tree, and just beneath it a stout wooden staff made from a heavy tree branch. The *olla*, we found, was to be broken, in accordance with Spanish picnic custom, by a blindfolded person, and when broken would disgorge its load of gifts—candy, small presents, etc.

There was dancing and guitar playing and singing by the Spanish entertainers, with many old Spanish and Mexican folk dances given.

"How gay these Spanish people are!" Patsy remarked. "We Americans are noisy in our parties and in our fun, but we aren't really gay—haven't the gift of it as the Spanish people have."

José Crespo found a guitar and played and sang for us, and Tom Patricola played the piano.

Dorothy Burgess it was who finally, blind-folded, and after knocking Tom Patricola and Nick Stuart on the head soundly with the wooden bludgeon, thereby wringing yells from the victims and laughter from the rest of the guests, managed to break the *olla,* and then what a rush there was for the contents!

Edgar Allan Woolf drew as a prize a little silk handkerchief, and Tom Patricola captured a vanity case, which he handed over to one of the girls.

The shadows were creeping over every-

thing, and the sun had gone down behind the blue Pacific in the distance, when we finally said goodbye to Leo and his friends, hoping he would be inspired to give many more barbecues.

"Paintings," said Patsy, "do take one out of one's self so completely."

"And then," I said, practically, "there's the Hungarian dinner!"

Victor Varconi and his charming wife had invited us to be their guests at a Hungarian supper to be given at the home of Rodolfo Kiss, the artist. Mr. Kiss's studio home is perched high on a Hollywood hill, and it is here that he paints his portraits.

He and the Varconis greeted us warmly, and we viewed the artist's work. A picture of Mrs. Varconi in particular charmed us, and one of Billie Dove gave equal promise, though still uncompleted.

Billie Dove herself was there, looking pretty in a Paris gown, with a necklace two yards long made of twisted beads and silk, to match the dress, which knick-knack, she declared, was the very latest thing in French styles. Her hair she is wearing in a long, curly bob. It is growing very gray, but Billie isn't doing anything to it.

Billie told us about the tip-takers in Paris—how everybody simply must be tipped, even the train conductors! But being Billie, she excused them as underpaid.

Lupita Tovar was there with Paul Kohner, Universal official. The two have been going together a long time, and it begins to look serious. Paul has postponed his European trip; Lupita says she may go later, so who knows what may happen?

Estelle Taylor, beautiful in a black and white, skin-fitting gown, was there, witty and amusing as ever.

She reminded us of the time we were at a luncheon with Theda Bara, when Theda had kept on her gloves through the whole luncheon, and Estelle had wondered what would have happened if the sphagetti had skidded!

Robert Milton was also a guest, he and Miss Taylor being our dinner partners at the tête-à-tête table at which we ate, and as both are brilliant and amusing talkers, there was a lot of fun.

The food was wonderful. It had been prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Varconi, who herself is an excellent cook.

After supper there was dancing in a corner of the big living room, to radio music, with Victor Varconi waltzing and fox-trotting with Estelle Taylor, Billie Dove and Julia Faye in turn.

Julia Faye told us that she had just returned from Mexico City, where her grandmother had been visiting, and how she had brought her grandmother home to live with her.

As Billie Dove and I sat chatting on a sofa, Maria Corda came and joined us. She was going back to Paris to appear in pictures, she said. She has a little son in school here, who is to join his father and mother in Paris when he finishes here. Alexander Korda and his wife have lately been reconciled, you know, after a long separation.

We met Dita Parlo, the German actress, for the first time. She is a beautiful demi-blonde, and is being transferred to English versions, at which she is greatly thrilled.

We had a little chat with Mrs. Varconi before we left, and she said that she and Victor had crossed the ocean so many times that every fish knew her and waved its fin at her!

"What kind of a home do you imagine," Patsy asked me, "Conway Tearle and his wife, Adele Rowland, the concert artist and vaudeville star, will have?"

We were on our way to the party which Miss Rowland and her husband were giving.

"I think," I said, "it will be a bright sort of place, not too large, but reflecting Miss Rowland's taste."

"I think it may be one of these Spanish villa sort of places," suggested Patsy.

But as a matter of fact, we found our host and hostess dwelling in the house they have long occupied—a very old house in Hollywood, a sort of Italian palace, with inlaid floors, and a huge living room set about with pillars. The exterior is as picturesque as the interior, the house being set in spacious grounds filled with fruit trees and flowers.

We decided that the big living room was a very becoming room to everyone, somehow, its furnishings being restful and in quiet taste.

Our host, we found, had just returned from England, where he had been appearing both on the stage and in pictures. He was awfully glad, he said, to come back to his quiet home and his flower garden, but expected shortly to be on his way again, as he has an offer to go on the stage in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason were among the guests, and we had a nice chat with Mrs. Gleason, who tells us that a Show Boat is actually to be established somewhere in Los Angeles, possibly at San Pedro harbor, where there is much still back-water. The old melodramas will be given there.

We asked Mrs. Gleason where Russell was, and she said he had gone over to the home of Zelma O'Neal and Anthony Bushell for dinner, and to hear the new Gilbert and Sullivan suite which Zelma and Anthony have bought for their phonograph, bright children that they are!

"Those three love to sit and sing the scores of the operas, one after the other," she explained, "while the phonograph is playing them."

However, the trio couldn't resist Mr. Tearle's party, for they came in soon afterward.

Zelma said she had been playing golf that afternoon with Bobby Jones, and was so thrilled that she couldn't hit the ball!

Edmund Breese and Mrs. Breese were there, Mr. Breese dancing with one lady after another, to the music of the radio.

Edward G. Robinson and his lovely wife, Gladys Lloyd, were there, too. The vivacious Gladys said she had been in the dentist's chair nearly all day, but that the proceedings had been brightened by the fact that two gangsters came in to make dates to have their teeth fixed.

"And can you imagine a dentist daring to hurt *them?*" she asked gaily.

Among the guests, too, were William Beaudine and his beautiful wife.

We asked Mr. Beaudine how he was getting on with the direction of the children in "Penrod and Sam," and he answered, "Swell! I practice on my own children at home!"

Then he told us that two of his own children are playing in the picture.

"But the only member of the original cast," he said, "is a dog!"

Mr. Beaudine directed the silent version of the story, made about five years ago, and when he came to look for a dog for the picture he said that he spent five days trying to locate the original dog, and finally did. And the dog remembered him, and was just as good in the barkies as he was in the silents!

Leon Errol came in very late. He told a lot of amusing stories. One of the fun-



Leon Errol firmly believes that a golf club is a sort of spading tool—so he's just the boy to instruct Bobby Jones, isn't he! Leon's putting stance ought to be good with those collapsible knees of his.

niest ones was about the fight of the deaf and dumb man and his wife.

"Well, how did the fight end?" somebody asked.

"Oh," answered Leon, "the man turned out the light!"

Roland Pertwee, noted English author, was present, and was constantly surrounded; and there were Crauford Kent and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bolton, Charles Delaney and his wife, Lenore Coffee and William Cowan, Edgar Allan Woolf, Georgie Stone, Moss Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sloane; the noted composers, Herb Fields, Lorenz Hart and Richard Rogers, Tyler Brooke, and others.

There was a nice supper and afterward some wonderful entertainment.

Adele Rowland sang some songs as only she can sing them—*Love Is Like That, Love for Sale* and others.

Zelma O'Neal danced the Varsity Drag, and George Stone and Tyler Brooke improvised a dance, following which Mrs. Beaudine sang, and Crauford Kent played the piano and whistled.

Just one of the nicest evenings ever, as Patsy remarked when we left. "And we really mean all the nice things we said to our host and hostess when we left."

Sartorial Strutters—*Continued from page 66*

sartorial complex with spotless white buckskin gloves. They are as imperative to his welfare as his shirt. Doug Fairbanks, Sr. respects the "What-the-well-dressed-man-should-wear" edict, but goes it one better. All his clothes are made by a sculptor in Italy in the fond belief that none but an expert in anatomy could successfully fit a starry actor with his clothes. Mathew Betz is mainly notable for his huge diamond scarf pin, as large as a half-dollar, always worn in a brave tie, and with clothes of pale grey or pale blue, carefully padded for superior masculine effect.

Ronald Colman, who seemingly follows the uniform way in male attire, is actually, in the final analysis, so conspicuously modest that he shines forth in his conservative splendor.

Ivan Lebedeff is super-perfect in matters of dress, and the despair of the tailors, for every tiny detail must be meticulously right, unto dozens of fittings. Lebedeff always gives an impression of being darkly conscious of his caste and clothes. Lewis Stone is likewise perfectly tailored—but always in precise plaids and with a marked sense of propriety. Tony Moreno favors continuous blue—suit, shirts, ties, cuff links, socks. Once he broke into brown, but maintained the *en suite* effect. Tony says blue expresses the artist in him, and brown the good business man.

Andrea de Segurola is forever operatically resplendent, and is never seen without his monocle, boutonnière, bandana handkerchief, pearl tie pin, and a subtle aura of Jockey Club perfume. Adolphe Menjou goes in for the continental effect—his clothes usually vaunting a Parisian tang—and conscious superlatives. Bill Powell likewise affects the super-dandy touch, silky topper, ultra-high collar, very tight waistcoat, padded tail coat, and wide pleated trousers. Bill, on formal occasions, appears the essence of dignity.

John Gilbert follows the ordained styles, but has never been known to blossom forth in any but a snow-white shirt. Robert Montgomery, while reasonably formal, gets a lot of repression out of his system with gay-colored dress scarves and wild sweaters. Bob always wears collars attached to his shirts. Leslie Howard favors the Oxford tang—double-breasted coats of discreet grey. John Miljan contents himself with expressive collars—they always have long points. Lowell Sherman has a passion for two-colored sports shoes. Charles Rogers goes to endless trouble to match up his golf sweaters, socks, shirts and ties—the scheme of color must be irreproachable. Clive Brook has his clothes made in England, and always wears a cap instead of a hat. And Bela Lugosi likewise has a passion for sartorial rectitude so perfect that it is staggering. Claude Allister's plum colored hat held the Boulevard as Hardy's envy for a couple of days last week.

Now all the above-mentioned actors, in spite of their specialties, observe a certain regard for the masculine formalities. But now comes the other type, who favor the extremes in *negligé* effects, wishing to convey an impression that dandyism is beneath them. Gary Cooper was in this class until recently, breaking into formal functions in sweaters, with collar unfastened, etc., etc. But latterly Gary has been dressing up a bit, to the approval of hostesses. Now he takes out his sartorial dash in bright scarves with his evening dress overcoat, and on genuinely informal occasions still wears a scarf in place of a collar.

James Gleason hates to dress up, and particularly favors old caps in place of hats. He likewise saddens his wife with a passion for stretchy old sweaters. Lew Cody would really live in a fancy white dressing gown most of the time if the formalities permitted, but deigns to blossom forth in a dark blue suit, with light blue *etceteras* on suitable occasions. Bill Boyd loves to go around with his collar unbuttoned. Ann Harding has the dickens of a job getting her Harry Bannister out of slightly soiled white duck trousers—just as Wally Beery clings to striped flannel trousers for as many occasions as they will be tolerated. Charles Bickford scarcely ever buttons his collar or wears a coat if he can help it. Neil Hamilton is frightfully well groomed in his nonchalant *negligé* attire, which usually consists of a high-necked sweater *á la collegian*.

John Darrow and Jack Oakie belong to the sweat-shirt brigade—let 'em wear sweat-shirts and the world is theirs! Lew Ayres adores old clothes, hates to throw them away, and wears them to a shred. Edmund Breese shocks the formality brigade by wearing a frisky little beret on pretty nearly all occasions. Joseph Cawthorn hangs on to his old clothes lovingly. He has owned one frock coat for twenty-eight years, and a cutaway for fifteen years. Mrs. Cawthorn says she's going to have a royal turn-out soon if the Salvation Army has the sense to call when Joe is not at home. For that matter, George Fawcett has an overcoat which he bought in 1908 and it's still going strong.

Ah, yes, and speaking of coats, Norman Kerry has a woolly raccoon coat without which life would be too utterly-utter! And Walter Lang parades in a doeskin that he has treasured for six years now. Ernest Torrence prizes an overcoat that has befriended him for fifteen years, and proudly calls upon all and sundry to mark its still pristine charms!

Of course, we have our wild western boys who love to affect the big, wide-brimmed sombrero on the Boulevard. In this way Noah Berry, Tom Mix, Richard Dix, Ken Maynard, De Witt Jennings and Hoot Gibson can always attract all eyes at church parades, besides giving the tourists a glad time on Hollywood Boulevard.

Ramon Novarro's favorite costume around the studio is a white sweat shirt, with cream corduroy trousers and a slouchy old hat.

Roland Young hates collars and wears a colored scarf instead, but a concession to dandyism is the perpetual *boutonnière* in his lapel.

And last, but never least, comes Will Rogers, the wickedest sartorial sinner in all Hollywood. Will just don't care a whoop about looks, doggone it—and unless Mrs. Rogers burns it, he'll wear an old lumberjack coat until it shines with soiled accumulations. His hat is the last crime against Stetson, and his pants would make even Main Street shudder violently!



Lou Tellegen, author of "Women Have Been Kind," and Charles Reed Jones, author of "The Rum Row Murders," exchanging their books. Incidentally, Tellegen is playing the lead in Mr. Jones' story, "Enemies of the Law."



Lawrence Grant's sartorial extravagance is little Tyrolean hats always with an impudent little highly colored feather in the band. He has them made especially for himself and flaunts them on all social occasions.

"Two More Years and I'm Through"—*Continued from page 29*

mitted, "but reasonable. There is always a reason for her demands, and she will change her mind. She can be convinced she is wrong. That's more unusual than being particular."

"Once I accepted a story without studying it, even reading it," Miss Bennett said later, when the cast and crew were back on the stage ready to pick up the production where they had left it for lunch, "and the results were—unsatisfactory, to say the least. Now I know everything about a picture before I accept it.

"The crystal gazers and astrologers—I study those things more seriously than you probably imagine I do—tell me that until 1935 I am to be lucky, fortunate with my work, and that after that I will return periodically to the screen. Just now I am working very hard but that is only for this one year. Next year will be easier, and the year after that—"

The year after that is to see Constance Bennett's partial retirement from the screen. At twenty-five. With a million dollars of her own earnings, which makes two million altogether. Which, with the pin money she can make from one or two pictures a year, will keep the wolf from the Bennett door!

"Your business ability," I ventured, "is that inherited like dramatic talent? Do you get that from your father?"

"Perhaps it's inherited," she said, looking toward Richard Bennett, who with his putty nose, necessary for his part, was waiting for his daughter to join him to rehearse a scene, "but not from father." She laughed. "Certainly not from father!"

I ventured one more question, about the picture "Bought."

"I like the story, although some of my friends think the character is too unsympathetic. I've suggested some changes which help that. So many young girls face life with mistaken ideas of values, as does *Stephany* in this picture. It's a story that could be true.

"And also I'm having a wonderful time. Between Archie and Ben Lyon I have a whole new line of chatter. I'll remember this picture after I—'retire'!"

Miss Bennett, as I mentioned before, lives at the beach. By six-thirty in the summer the swelling Pacific, just outside her door, is either blue and golden in the sunlight or cold and grey under what is affectionately known to native Californians as a "high fog." If the sunshine predominates, Miss Bennett takes a half hour for a swim. If the fog is there and not too wet she plays tennis for a like length of time.

Then comes breakfast. According to her friends, Miss Bennett is no hand to yawn over breakfast. Neither is she a food nibbler. She is to be paid for a day's work and needs her strength. She has been known to eat bacon and eggs!

Here it is, eight o'clock already and work to be done. Household problems to solve, letters to answer, bills to approve, dinner plans to settle. The household gets along at full speed. Tell me the success a person has with servants and employees and I'll tell you something about the disposition of the mistress. Constance Bennett has kept the staff of people who help her to live well and to work comfortably, for a long time. That must mean something—but it's after eight-thirty and it's a long way to the studio and the call sheet out there says Miss Bennett is to be ready on the set at nine o'clock.

She'll make it; approximately. She greets the people of her own staff who are there ahead of her, drawls "Morning, father" to Richard Bennett, who beat her to the stage by a matter of seconds only; "hello's" Archie Mayo, her director, nods to the other members of the cast and crew busy with preparations for the first scene of the day and disappears into her own portable dressing room, closing the door behind her.

A minute later the sound of a phonograph record is heard faintly from the dressing room and the day's work has begun.

Fifteen minutes later she emerges ready for the scene, Mayo escorts her to the set, a tiny unattractive room with faded wall paper, nondescript furniture and an iron bed. Having been up and active for three hours about her own business, Miss Bennett goes back to bed for some hundred dollars an hour. And in very modest surroundings.

Ten more minutes are used up in adjusting the microphone above her head, focusing the lights and cameras, and the scene is rehearsed for another five minutes. Ten o'clock, and all's well at last.

"Let's take it," says Mayo.

"Yes, let's," agrees Miss Bennett without moving her head from the position which it has been decided is the most effective against the yellow of the hard studio pillow. Studio bedding is yellow to avoid too much light reflection and hilations, and studio pillows are hard as a matter of course.

The stage doors close. A bell rings twice. Mayo calls "Quiet." The assistant director calls "quiet" and adds an apologetic "please." There is a moment of deadly silence. A third light joins two already showing on the sound engineer's table and the attendant clicks a clicker.

Constance Bennett is apparently sound asleep. Slowly she opens her eyes wide. The script says she is to "sigh luxuriously and stretch." She does that, just that.

"Cut," says Mayo, "once again, please."

"Test, please," interrupts the cameraman and Miss Bennett goes obediently back to sleep again.

Now almost any actress could do what



Is there no justice? Why should Janet Currie (right) have to lug that big microphone around while Ruth Selwyn dangles the little one-pounder? Ruth's "mike" is the latest type, just one-fifteenth the weight of the old model.

Miss Bennett has just done in that scene. It's no trick to sigh luxuriously and to stretch plenty.

But it's the way she sighs and stretches and the way she looks when she sighs and stretches that puts her in a class by herself.

Warner Brothers believe that many thousand added people will go to see Constance Bennett sigh and stretch and emote and to hear her talk, extra people who wouldn't go to see this picture "Bought" with anyone else sighing and stretching and talking and emoting.

And almost before you know it is eleven o'clock and Miss Bennett is being photographed sitting up in bed, hugging her knees and giving a million prospective fans goose pimples of delight. It will take two days of filming and several thousand dollars in production costs to get Miss Bennett out of that uncomfortable studio bed whereas just a few hours ago she got out of a much nicer one and into the booming Pacific in a matter of minutes only, just for the exercise.

At two minutes to twelve Miss Bennett complains of hunger. No one pays the slightest attention. The fourth angle on the sighing and stretching scene is being filmed. The audiences will want to hear her sigh and see her stretch from all four directions. Such is fame, and beauty and box office value.

This afternoon Miss Bennett will have a scene with Dorothy Peterson, playing the rôle of Miss Bennett's mother. But Miss Bennett has had something to say about those lines, during pauses and between sighs and stretches during the morning. The lines are too unsympathetic. The girl she portrays has a false sense of values like many young girls, but she needn't be altogether unkind to her mother.

This has created some furore. Executives, writers, supervisors and others have visited the set and talked privately to Miss Bennett. One overhears her say:

"But I have to believe in the part. I can't say it that way if I don't feel it that way. Can I? Now I think she would say—"

That is what she eventually says, too, because winning arguments is part of her job, a part of it which she does very well indeed. When the decision is announced Miss Bennett suggests again that she is hungry.

"Lunch," says Mayo.

"Lunch," echoes the assistant director. "Everybody back at one-thirty."

Lunch hour is one of the very busiest hours for Miss Bennett. She is wanted in the wardrobe to approve or disapprove a gown she is to wear in a later sequence. She is wanted by the casting director to look at the screen tests of some bit player who is needed for a small rôle a week from next Wednesday. She is wanted on the telephone by the house-keeper at home who has news of unexpected guests for dinner. And she is hungry.

Back on the set and in bed again, Miss Bennett rehearses once for the scene with Miss Peterson. It is finally made. The script girl reports that the company now has six minutes of actual recording completed for the day. With luck they will end up with ten or twelve minutes, which, when edited and finally in the finished production, should total at least two minutes. There are thirty "shooting days" on the schedule to make a picture not more than seventy-five minutes long when finished. Two and a half minutes of finished picture a day is enough to complete "Bought" on schedule.

At five-thirty Mayo says: "I think we'll get you out of bed by tomorrow night, Connie," and the company goes home.

But not "Connie." She stays to see rushes and to talk story and to discuss a hundred details of the picture. She has more than a finger in her productions; she wields a spoon. She earns her money. Such a laborer is worthy of her hire.

Then the long drive home and dinner, perhaps with a guest. But no parties. Miss Bennett is a business woman and making pictures is her business. While she is doing that she does little else. If she could only be content to live a little less luxuriously, to be a little less generous, to be a little more economical that goal of hers would be reached sooner. But she will reach it soon enough. Too soon for the public's liking.

Of course there are Sundays when she doesn't make a dime!

Revuettes—*Continued from page 6*

THE LADY WHO DARED. *First National.* Feeble story about a neglected wife who gets entangled with a gang of smugglers. Billie Dove, Sidney Blackmer and Conway Tearle head the cast.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET. *Paramount.* All about a murder over gambling and an innocent man taking the rap. However, there's Buddy Rogers, Clive Brook, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur—which helps.*

THE MAD PARADE. *Liberty.* A thrilling all-woman war picture with Evelyn Brent, June Clyde, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda and Fritzi Ridgeway giving an interesting view of women's work in the war.*

THE MALTESE FALCON. *Warner Brothers.* Fairly interesting mystery melodrama with Ricardo Cortez, as a detective, walking away with the acting honors. Bebe Daniels is also pleasantly present.

THE NIGHT ANGEL. *Paramount.* A weak plot submerges the characterizations depicted by Nancy Carroll, Frederic March and Alan Hale. Don't get excited if you've missed this.*

THE VICE SQUAD. *Paramount.* Paul Lukas plays a stool pigeon—and how he plays it! Good story and fine acting by Kay Frances, Paul and Helen Johnston.*

THREE WHO LOVED. *Radio.* A good mystery drama with lots of suspense and potent love interest by Conrad Nagel, Betty Compson and Robert Ames.

TRANSGRESSION. *Radio.* A most implausible story but a grand cast including Ricardo Cortez, Nance O'Neil, Paul Cavanaugh and lovely Kay Francis giving a gorgeous fashion show.*

TWO GUN MAN. *Tiffany.* Peppy western with Ken Maynard as the hard-riding two-gun man. Lucille Powers is the girl.

UP FOR MURDER. *Universal.* A murder drama with a newspaper background. Lew Ayres, Genevieve Tobin and Frank McHugh work hard but the picture lacks punch.*

WHITE SHOULDERS. *Radio.* A weak melodrama with Jack Holt as a caveman, Ricardo Cortez, a *gig*, and Mary Astor, a chorus girl.*

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS. *Fox.* Once again Sergeant Quirt steals Captain Flagg's girl friends. You'll laugh—but leave the kiddies at home.*

Short Features:

A CLEANUP ON THE CURB. *Radio.* Roscoe Ates, as a stuttering gigolo, hands out plenty of laughs. Lots of action and comedy.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT. NO. 9. *Vitaphone.* More Ripley oddities. The subjects are entertaining and worthwhile.

BIMBO. *Max Fleischer Talkartoon.* A clever and original animated cartoon with Bimbo as a detective.



How is your astronomy? Here's Frances Starr, Broadway stage star, who plays in "Five Star Final" and "The Star Witness." My stars!

CHECK AND RUBBER CHECK. *Columbia.* A good comedy skit. Eddie Buzzell tries to run faster than his creditors. Good dialogue.

DIAMOND EXPERTS. *Van Beuren.* For the baseball fan. This Grantland Rice Sportlight offers exhibitions by Ty Cobb, Dazzy Vance and Jack Coombs.

HATS OFF. *Fox.* A pictorial education. This one traces the history of our country from Betsy Ross through Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, West Point and Annapolis. Good stuff.

I'M TELLING YOU. *Paramount.* A crisp, wise-cracking short with Eugene and Willie Howard supposedly being interviewed by a newspaper reporter.

KNIGHTS IN KHAKI. Falcon. The first of a series of Boy Scout films. The story is entertaining. The kiddies will enjoy this.

LAUGHING GRAVY. *Roach-Metro.* Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy try to smuggle a dog into a no-dog rooming house. Very funny.

MOVIE-TOWN. *Educational.* The old maestro, Mack Sennett, directs and acts in this one. It contains a nice mixture of comedy material.

STOUT HEARTS AND WILLING HANDS. *RKO-Pathé.* A burlesque on the sob dramas of yesterday put over beautifully by Lew Cody, Laura La Plante, Frank Fay, Mary Carr and Alec B. Francis. See it.

THE FIREMAN. *Universal.* Oswald, the rabbit, and his wife go to the firemen's picnic. Not up to the usual Oswald standard.

THE MEAL TICKET. *Vitaphone.* This isn't a treat—Jack Pearl and his German dialect do not go over with the microphone. Poor gags.

THE REAL ESTATERS. *Paramount.* This one is a howl from start to finish with Smith and Dale, vaudeville team, as partners in real estate.

THE THAYER TRIAL. *Educational.* A William J. Burns detective mystery. Very interesting.

TROUBLE FROM A BROAD. *Radio.* Ford Sterling and Lucien Littlefield leave their fraus at home and attend a reunion of their A. E. F. company and meet *Fifi!* Sure-fire comedy.

UP AND DOWN NEW YORK. *Central Films.* Burton Holmes takes us on a well-laid out tour of New York from the Battery to Washington Heights.



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PAULINE FREDERICK in her present stage success, *Elizabeth the Queen*, transforms her face with the versatility for which she is famous.

"I AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. But who would believe it looking at the recent picture above!

"And I am now realizing that birthdays do not count if a woman keeps her youthful complexion.

"After every performance of my present stage vehicle, *Elizabeth the Queen,* I use Lux Toilet Soap to cleanse my skin of makeup. Not only does it remove every trace of grease paint, but it protects my complexion and leaves my face feeling fresh and invigorated.

"For a long period I have used this soap regularly and find that it does wonders for my skin."

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Lux Toilet Soap—10¢

Keeping Your Youthful Beauty—*Continued from page 63*

sake, your mind's sake and your beauty's sake.

In the exercise line and in line with youth, learn some good games. You'll enjoy them now but need them in the future. The big thing about building beauty for the middle years is in also building interests for that time. So if it's possible learn to swim, to play tennis and golf, and such sports. Also if it's possible become expert in at least one of them. It will not only keep you in physical trim but it will give you something to think and talk about, something to get you "invited places."

I think that last is most important, for in this whole article I want to emphasize what I firmly believe—and that is that lasting beauty is founded on personal happiness and contentment. That being true, you can realize the importance of a young girl's finding out for herself things that will make her popular all her life.

Sports are one of those things. A good sportswoman can mingle in any social group. I saw a picture the other day of little Betty Nuthall, the English tennis champion, and Helen Jacobs, our own California tennis player, chatting with the Duchess of York, who is, as you know, the most important woman in the British Empire, next to Queen Mary herself. It must have been a thrill for those two youngsters—a thrill they would never have experienced had they not learned how to bat balls successfully across a net. A Helen Hicks travels all over the world, in the finest social groups, playing golf. A Gertrude Ederle swims herself into fame and fortune. And almost any girl, if she will work hard enough, can do almost as much for herself. Or even if she isn't that ambitious, or hasn't the time and money, she can at least perfect her game, whatever game it is, so that she is the leader among her own group of friends.

After this must come a consistent care of the skin and the hair. For young girls I do not believe in a lot of cosmetics. If you want to buy them and experiment with them, go ahead. It's fun—but the chief thing you need is cleanliness and care. Do learn to make your beauty routine a habit. Remember the necessity of the daily bath. Learn to remove every trace of make-up before retiring and do it so regularly that you think no more of it than you do of taking off your stockings before retiring. Make it just as impossible *not* to do it as it would be *not* to remove those silken hose. Know that it is just as important to keep clean inside as out and so drink lots of water and do not tolerate faulty elimination.

When it comes to your hair, don't torture it with hot irons and bad waves any more than you have to. Learn to brush it and brush it, and then brush it some more. Make this another habit. Don't tolerate dandruff and dullness of color. They are simply indications of a lack of attention—and a good amount of attention will overcome them and finally do away with them completely.

Do these things. Develop your mind. Make good friends and keep them. Keep yourself poised. Try to grow, in wisdom, in appreciation, in loyalties and emotions. Such growth means beauty forever and always.

So much for the youngsters. Now for the oldsters.

No matter what your age, don't think it is too late to improve. No matter what your neglect, don't believe that it can't be corrected. You can not, of course, look as you did at sixteen no matter what you do—but only a very foolish woman would ever want to.

The first thing for you to do is to find out just what is wrong with you. The chances are that you are overweight, that your skin is sagging and dry, and that you have lost your mental pep. Well, none of that's so awfully hard to change.

The first big important thing is to bring your figure back to normal. This does take will-power. You'll have to go on a sensible diet and you'll have to do a lot of gym work. But oh, what zest that will give you and how your whole viewpoint will smarten up.

If you are a big city woman, the smartest thing you could do, in my opinion, would be to indulge yourself in a trip to one of the leading beauty salons, put yourself in the hands of experts, and have a good critical analysis made of all your faults. New York has several such establishments, where you can get anything from scalp treatments to body massage and which make you come out a new woman. They are expensive of course, and therefore not within the reach of every woman but I do believe such beauty courses for the older woman are one of the finest investments she can make. There you can learn the newest tricks of make-up, the finest sets of exercise. There you can have your hair and your skin coaxed back into condition.



Sylvia Ulback, the amazing little woman who keeps the stars in trim, admits to 49 years, but she doesn't look it.

I like this idea, not alone because it is done by experts, but also because it puts you at once into an atmosphere of beauty and luxury. A new atmosphere is chiefly the thing the older woman needs. From twenty-five on, women have much too much tendency to slump. The young married woman is very busy with her home and her babies. She forgets herself in her happiness. The young business woman forgets herself in her job, if she is good at it, or becomes discouraged, if she is not getting ahead quickly enough. Either way the woman in that period is neglectful. And yet there are little guideposts on the way to beauty danger.

The first sign is the gradual drying and ageing of the skin. After twenty-five if you have maintained your diet and exercise, your skin should only require regular attention with cold cream and astringents and an occasional cleansing facial. But do be cautious and continually supply the skin with the oils it is gradually losing, and watch closely that the muscles are not letting down. The astringent will help prevent that.

Somewhere the other day I read a nice phrase, "make-up for the hair." I like that much better than the old phrase "hair-dye" and it indicates a new and more sensible attitude toward hair coloring.

Hair dyes must, of course, be used with discretion. Cheap, harmful dyes are very bad things and should be avoided at all times. The best rule is to buy only the finest brands or to have the hair treated in the finest beauty establishments with an operator whose integrity and skill you can trust.

White hair is very beautiful and it shouldn't be associated with senility, but too often it is. It is associated with age in the mind of the wearer, too, and lots of women begin to droop with their first silvery locks and seem to give up entirely. This is silly. Two of the most beautiful women of my acquaintance have snow-white hair. As they have had the good sense to preserve their figures and their skin and the added intelligence to keep their hair smartly dressed, they present at all times a most sophisticated and delightful appearance. Their white hair makes them much greater personalities than artificially blonde hair would. However, I do think for many women the restoring of the hair to its original color is a very good thing indeed. It makes them feel younger. It gives them more scope in the colors they can wear, and if they learn how to make up properly it can make them appear more beautiful. Dyed hair, however, needs constant care. It must be brushed constantly to avoid its getting that too-dry look that colored hair frequently has. It must be waved with the utmost care and it mustn't be allowed to get all streaked.

It is equally important for the older woman to dress smartly and neither be too



"I've found my double . . . it's a *perfume!*"

says

JEAN HARLOW

"Here's the latest movie gossip . . . a new double's been discovered! A double for *me* . . . quite a thrill! Discovered by myself . . . and recognized at once. Well . . . I won't be mysterious any longer . . . my double's name is Seventeen . . . yes, the Perfume! And why not? This perfume has a character . . . it's tremendously alert . . . a little teasing . . . *quite* youngish. Oh, *you* try Seventeen and see how hard it is to find words to fit this gorgeous perfume!"



Youth-tone Powder, Rouge and Lipstick

. . . bring youth to your complexion, as Seventeen Perfume brings youth to your mood! *Seventeen Powder* is made like two separate shades of powder, then subtly fused, to imitate the changing, transparent coloring of the naturally young complexion. *Seventeen Rouge and Lipstick* come in matching, youth-tone shades. Use these three accessories together, to achieve the delicate complexion tints of youth. Also: Seventeen Perfume, Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Foundation Cream, Astringent, Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, Brillantines (solid and liquid), Sachet, and Talcum.

Seventeen

young nor too old in the models she chooses. Hats should be carefully chosen to avoid any kind of eyestrain that in its turn would make her frown and produce wrinkles. Gowns should suit the figure. Youth can be a little tacky, if it likes. A hem can dangle or a coat collar can be a little dusty and if the girl is young enough and pretty enough she can get away with it. But the older woman should never run such beauty risks.

Remember, beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and if the beholder sees stained dresses, dandruffy collars, torn buttonholes and such, it won't see your lovely eyes and gentle mouth. Chic—real smartness—is sophistication and the knowledge of what is or isn't correct. By the time you have reached maturity you are supposed to know those things. If you show that you know them, you will be honored accordingly. People will say, "What a stunning woman," when it may be your costume that is really stunning. But you have procured an effect—and that is what you want.

Finally, keep your mind fresh. Don't do the same old dull things. Stay stimulating. Learn to talk well. Puppies and kittens and babies—all very young things—can charm us by the mere fact of being. Yet there is nothing more charming than a fine mind and nothing that holds us more than the clever use of words. If you don't believe that think of all the havoc such simple words as "I love you" have wrought in the world.

So learn to let your inner self shine forth to the world. When you can accomplish that you will be like that lovely description that said:

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

Royal Children of Hollywood

Continued from page 53

are accepted quite matter-of-coursely by the other school children, most of whom are very much accustomed to American Royalty and all its ways. Enid Bennett Niblo visits schools often for conferences with the teachers, so the latter tell me, and recently she took the entire fifth grade to see the Mission Play, as a stimulant to their interest in early California history. Gloria Swanson is on the front row of proud mothers when her children are to be on the program and attends P. T. A. as often as she can.

Her daughter, Gloria, is extraordinarily popular with her teachers, being extremely intelligent and beautifully poised. She has lovely eyes, and is dressed always in simple good taste. It seems that she has very formal ideas on propriety, and was much shocked not long ago when an ambitious tourist-mother "Hello dearied" her in the school offices. "Why did she speak to me so?" she asked a teacher in rightfully offended dignity, "I have never been introduced to her."

Joseph, her nine year old brother, is a "regular guy," so testify his baseball playing companions. The children have recently had their portraits painted, although they never allow themselves to be snapped in school pictures. Gloria is bothered with her tonsils, but her mother has not consented to their removal yet for fear the child will regret any bad effects on her voice.

Leatrice Joy the second is the baby vamp of the first grade, her curly hair and huge eyes standing her in good stead. She picks her own boy friends and isn't above doing battle with any lass who dares dispute her claims. Consequently her popularity with first grade femininity is not great. "I'm not shy, because my mother doesn't want me to be," she announced on entering school. And proceeded to prove her statement.

Ann Harding may be a star of brightest to the rest of the world, but at home she gracefully concedes the center of the stage to Jane Bannister, a flower-faced, happy-hearted cherub, almost three. And Jane, with the assurance possessed of all small and only daughters, complacently accepts such tribute from her "dear public." The same being Ann Harding, actress mother, and Harry Bannister, actor father. The supporting cast consists of a household chosen with efficiency a secondary consideration, a love and understanding of children and an ability to let them alone, paramount.

Ann plans to give her daughter freedom in generous quantities. "People can't think and talk at the same time," explains Ann, "so we let Jane play alone, making up her own games, and she is happy as a lark most of the time."

"Have you had any behavior problems yet? Thumb sucking, for instance?"

"Yes. Jane sucked her thumb at night for awhile. And at first I thought, 'Why, bless her little heart, why not?' Then I noticed it was affecting the shape of her mouth, so we just sewed up her nightgown sleeve and it stopped."

"No negativism yet?"

"Oh dear, yes. We were all dreadfully upset when Jane all of a sudden took it into her head to run to her daddy when I called her, and to me when he called. We consulted a baby specialist right away, and my goodness, the solution was so simple."

"Tell me!"

"We were, you see, unwarrantably inter-



Howdy, Buddy! You can call him Harold Lloyd, Jr., if you wish, but he's just "Buddy" to papa Harold and mama Mildred. Little Junior Lloyd hasn't been interviewed so we can't say whether he wants to be a comedian or not; however, his theme song seems to be "Please Go 'Way And Let Me Sleep."

Created to Screen Star Types . . .



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JOAN BLONDELL, First National star, says: "Max Factor's color harmony is 'the discovery' of the day from every woman's viewpoint."



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Light			Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES	Dry	
Medium			SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR	Oily	
Dark			Dry	
Sallow		AGE		
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fering with her life by issuing unnecessary commands. We should not give her the opportunity to refuse if her coming is imperative. Then, you see, negativism doesn't have the chance to take root." (Negativism is called just plain cussedness by those not read in child psychology!)

"Ever spank her?"

"Never! I have placed her on the same basis that life will later. If she cannot be amiable she is left alone. That will be society's punishment, so why not prepare her?"

"I try to be considerate of her rights," Ann continued, "I never make her quit what she is doing without giving her time to adjust herself, and I do not grab her up and squeeze her just to suit my own mood. Consequently I have a very affectionate child."

Just at this perfect moment, as though taking a cue, little blonde curly-headed Jane toddled into the room, and with happy gurgles of "Mummie" appropriated her mother's lap, there to nestle in absorbed adoration until the curtain was rung down on the interview. Ann tried hard, but she wasn't altogether successful in suppressing a look of pleased triumph. And why should she? Not many children are accommodating enough to demonstrate their mother's pet theories. One envies her luck.

"Is it so hard to be patient when you aren't tied to the mothering job all day?"

"Of course it isn't. If I stayed with her all the time I would have to sacrifice my career and that would be putting the baby under too great a debt to me, at least in my mother-mind. It would make me too possessive. When, Heavens above, the child owes me nothing—except my having given her Harry for a father!"

All this time we were pleasantly tea-ing, Jane absorbed in trying on her mother's beads.

"Now let's take allowances and careers."

"Jane can have any career she desires, but I hope she will have fun at it, whatever it is. She must earn her allowance."

"At household tasks?"

"At anything she wants to do. So there will be a spirit of adventure in money-earning from the very first."

Somehow you feel that Jane will never be a child to curtsey, charming affectation though it is. Rather, she will offer a warm, friendly little paw, fearlessly searching your eyes as she does so.

Harold Lloyd, the only comedian ever billed without an aching heart thrown in, doesn't leave his gorgeous sense of humor behind in the studio file cabinets when he goes home. Matter of truth is, he applies it both happily and practically to such domestic matters as the upbringing of his five and six year olders, Peggy and Gloria.

"We ignore all that we can," he was referring to any outcropping of naughtiness on their part, "because we go on the theory that the less emphasis placed on undesirable actions, the quicker forgotten. In more drastic cases, I just jolly them along until their humor brightens."

"So that's what the old wood-shed has come to?"

Harold grinned. "Usually ends up with them telling me all about it, and we talk it over. Isn't that better than sending them away resentfully crying? I respect their confidences, too. Only I try to teach them not to take themselves too seriously. That's why we have decided to retire them a bit from the head-lines. They are reading now, and we don't want them to get the idea they rate a place in the sun without meritorious effort on their part."

The twenty minutes Harold had to spare were up, so I hunted up "the Mrs." and we went into a huddle. How long it was before we discovered that our two daughters were the same age, I will leave you to guess. How far had Gloria read in the first reader? What did I do for croupy cough? How did she get Gloria to share her cherished toys without being crushed when the visitor manhandled them? Did I think that expression lessons made them artificial?

And so on. Two mothers the world over. Only, for business reasons, I had really to listen when her child was to the conversational fore. Mildred and Harold are both impressed with the rights of a child to have brothers and sisters. Some one dear to share with, to compete with, to love, protect, and make-believe with. That is why there is now a son, Harold, Jr., as well as the new sister, Peggy.

When I asked Irene Rich in a come-to-judgment voice how she regulated the conduct of Jane, fourteen, and Frances, twenty, her poise melted into laughing, even guilty confusion. She hadn't. She didn't. That's all. "Oh, yes," triumphantly, "once I did." Then, twinkling naughtily, "When Frances was three she refused point blank to say good morning to a woman friend."

"'Say good-morning, Frances,'" I insisted.

"Silence. (Mothers galore will recognize this.)

"'All right, you can't have breakfast until you do.' More silence. Relieved silence. Where was there any punishment to that?"

So, the lesson having started, it must continue until mother triumphed. Frances spent the day in her room, while mother—very, very young mother—labored, coaxed, berated. Finally, "Well, write it then." Frances was willing, since that meant that mother must do most of the work. Victory at last! Irene congratulating herself on her unrelenting firmness! When a still, small voice piped up, "I don't care, I never said it like you said I must!"

"Ever since then we have just talked things over, and I have tried to point the way, but have not insisted on my advice being taken. After all, who am I to set down certain laws and insist they are right! I make plenty of mistakes yet, and learn thereby; why not let them do the same?"

This system seems to have worked beautifully, for the girls have never assumed that dreaded adolescent superiority, but instead write home to mother twenty-seven page letters several times a week, replete with "I tried to think what you would have done."

A more conventional upbringing is in store for Dolores Ethel May Barrymore. Of course she is under the usual baby specialist, eating and sleeping on schedule and all that sort of thing, but "We don't think it fair to a child to make it responsible for its mistakes," defended Dolores when quizzed on her ideas of freedom in the home, "but of course she will choose her own career."

"Even if she wants to be a dentist?"

Dolores regarded me with sweet compassion. Of course I couldn't possibly realize that I was speaking of an offspring of the famous houses of Costello-Barrymore!

She will be given an allowance in order that she will understand how to take care of the money that will some day be hers. And it's quite likely that she will be educated in a convent. Such is the protective and conservative program planned by that almost erratically unconventional John Barrymore for his daughter!

Sheila and Andrew McLaglen, children of Victor McLaglen, are being given a particularly thoughtful education. They enjoyed the freer type in their more formative years, and now, when sitting still isn't such hard work, the more formal sort. The parents are determined not to ruin the lives of their children by too much dictation. So Sheila may or may not develop her talents for music and art. It's all up to Sheila. And Andrew's education will be directed only to the point of insuring a solid foundation for any life work he may later elect. Explanations and talks take the place of more severe discipline. They are required to eat what they are served without comment, both for the sake of their health and their manners.

Incidentally, Andrew has won his fourth boxing championship at his school, and is being matched against fifteen-year old boys. And he's only ten. Taking after his soldier dad?

Enid Bennett Niblo, of so lovely a mother type that she has recently been induced to return to the screen as the mother of the famous "Skippy," has many different problems occurring simultaneously in her home, for her children are of widely different ages and varying temperaments.

There is Loris, ten, dark, artistic, sensitive, who would like to look upon herself as a very grand princess, so, earnest mother



Director Edgar Selwyn visited his wife, Ruth Selwyn, and Mary Duncan on the "Five and Ten" set where the girls are appearing with Marion Davies in the Fannie Hurst story.

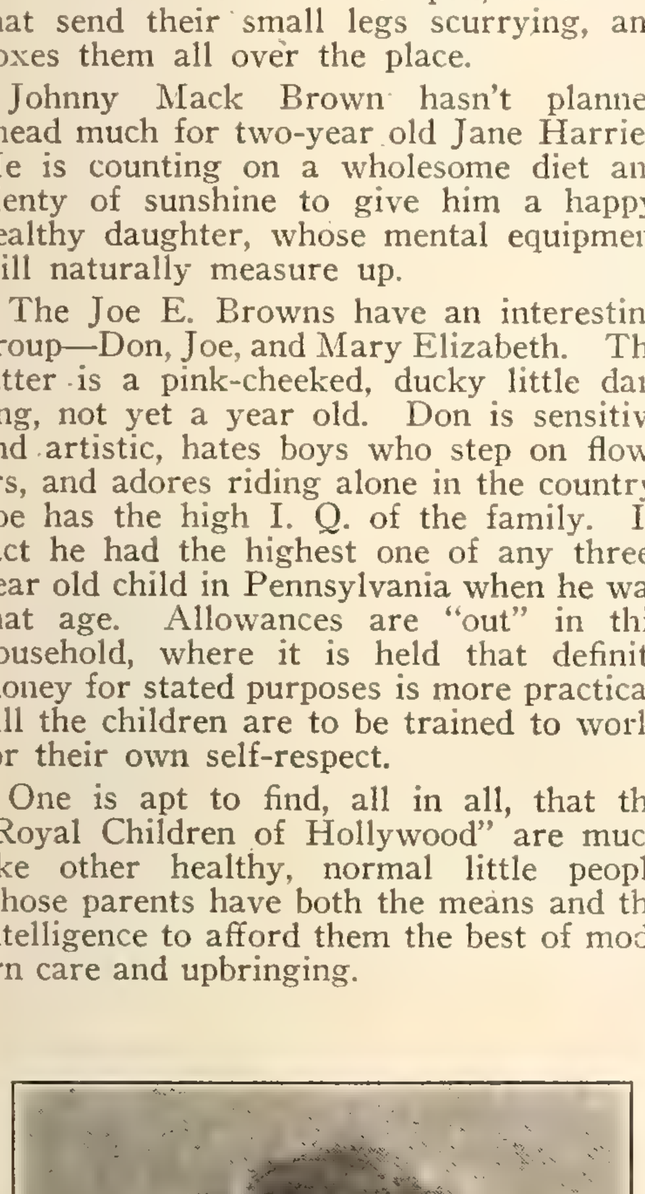
that she is, Enid struggles to keep daughter's feet upon the good old *terra firma.* And public schools are proving a great help. Peter, aged six, having lived aloof upon a hill-top all his life, prefers his own thoughts to those of his fellow creatures, so he could do without school very nicely, thank you. It is reported that recently school actually made him sick at his stomach, and mother Enid hovered near all morning, afraid to go home for fear he was really sick, and loath to give in to any grand-standing. Judith is three, a sunny babe, quite the pet of the family. Just now her main interest is in flowers and crayolas.

Mrs. Buster Keaton has plenty of assistance in bringing up her two boys, Bob, aged six, and Dick, eight. For Aunt Norma, Aunt Constance, and Grandmother Talmadge are always ready to do what they can to see that the boys get the most out of life. The most chocolates! The most toys! The most fun! It's a good thing that Buster understands the proper offsets for too much adoration, for he chases them out into the open, bats balls that send their small legs scurrying, and boxes them all over the place.

Johnny Mack Brown hasn't planned ahead much for two-year old Jane Harriet. He is counting on a wholesome diet and plenty of sunshine to give him a happy, healthy daughter, whose mental equipment will naturally measure up.

The Joe E. Browns have an interesting group—Don, Joe, and Mary Elizabeth. The latter is a pink-cheeked, ducky little darling, not yet a year old. Don is sensitive and artistic, hates boys who step on flowers, and adores riding alone in the country. Joe has the high I. Q. of the family. In fact he had the highest one of any three-year old child in Pennsylvania when he was that age. Allowances are "out" in this household, where it is held that definite money for stated purposes is more practical. All the children are to be trained to work, for their own self-respect.

One is apt to find, all in all, that the "Royal Children of Hollywood" are much like other healthy, normal little people whose parents have both the means and the intelligence to afford them the best of modern care and upbringing.



Sheila McLaglen, daughter of Vic McLaglen, is one of the well-brought-up kiddies of the screen colony. She's to choose her own career.

Motion picture actresses and directors long ago discovered that bright and lustrous hair is one of the most important factors in the success of the stars.

Not every woman will become a movie star through the use of Hennafoam Shampoo but every woman, and child as well, can have just as bright hair as the most beautiful star.

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Garbo Going Legit?—*Continued from page 21*

calls "on fire" Garbo became more nearly the Hollywood star than at any other point in her career. She even went to movie openings. She played tennis at John's house. She went swimming in John's pool. Then the Gilbert affair died, and Greta once more held aloof. She used to go sometimes to see Frances Marion when Frances lived in her magnificent home on a hill. Greta played with Frances' little son —and the horses and dogs that cluttered up the Frances Marion-Fred Thompson estate. Garbo, according to Frances, has a way with children and animals that few can boast. They love her—she loves them. Among her few intimates are the Jaques Feyders and the junior Feyders. Garbo is a kid herself when she romps with these youngsters.

Of course, Garbo is shy. There's no denying that. This writer met her on the occasion of her brief stop in New York several years ago on her return from her vacation in Sweden. And was amazed at her friendliness, her simplicity,—and her beauty. Such a complexion! You'll be pleased to know that Garbo, off screen, looks at least five years younger than she does on. That day she was wearing the plainest of tailored suits. Her hair—lovely, pale gold hair—her fine, fair skin—her disarming grin—for the real Garbo does not smile slowly, or studiedly; she *grins!*—were most endearing. She chose her words with care. She spoke slowly, almost hesitantly. And—there's no getting around it—she was a little nervous. She didn't pretend to know what magazine I represented. She had consented to see just two press people —the motion picture editor of *The New York Times,* and myself. And she was not to be quoted. I think now that this refusal to answer questions for publication is a wise one. Because Garbo is not articulate —except for her art. She is not a conversationalist. She seems not to be at ease with words. She—feels. She expresses herself in her acting.

"What magazine?" she asked.

I told her: "SCREENLAND."

"Ah, yes. We think a lot of it out there."

I sat beside her on the couch and she seemed to get a little kick out of insisting that I smoke her cigarettes—"my own," she added. But when I tried to draw her out as to just how she felt about this Garbo business—because I saw her as a nice, shy, quiet girl suddenly become rich and successful, while remaining the same, and perhaps a little puzzled by this success—she blushed. I recalled to her the thousands of girls throughout the country going in for Garbo bobs and Garbo necklines. She kept on blushing. And then I asked her which of her own pictures she liked best—and she was so obviously at a loss for an answer that I gave it up, and we just talked. Not Garbo and a reporter. But a nice girl who had just returned from a visit to the home folks in Sweden, and a friend who had dropped in to say hello. Garbo has nice manners. I know little of her family background, but I imagine her mother must have brought her up in the good, old-fashioned way. She said she was glad to be back—that she had missed Hollywood more than she had thought possible—and a flash of humor came when she remarked that when she had been surrounded by crowds in Sweden she had felt like murmuring "I go home!" as she was supposed to have done in Hollywood.

Not a movie queen. Garbo will never be that. She is the most famous girl on the screen, but she spurns the trappings of stardom. Essentially simple and real, she must be true to herself.

And that is why I wonder if she will not, in time, tire of being "a big box office attraction." The lure of American gold is plenty powerful, as so many foreign stars have demonstrated. And Garbo is no exception. She likes success. She enjoys her comfortable home and her name in lights and her own portable dressing room. But also, her tastes are far more simple than most of our own native stars. She can't be bothered much about clothes. She doesn't enjoy parties. She seldom entertains. She goes on an occasional shopping spree, but no one has ever seen her wearing jewels off the screen. No—Garbo despises tinsel. She simply can't be annoyed!

So how long will she be satisfied to be a commercial success? As long as her pictures make money she is secure as a Hollywood personality. But is she developing as an actress? Is she happy playing the rôles assigned to her? Is she proud of her own pictures?

Only Garbo, herself, can answer these questions. And she won't. But we may venture our opinion. And that is—that Garbo is ambitious for a success that Hollywood cannot give her. An artistic triumph. A great rôle in a great play, that will approach the highest critical standards that Europe holds to. The artistic success she probably dreamed about when, a girl in her teens, she studied at the Royal Dramatic School in Sweden. Garbo, if we can believe what we read in her deep eyes, is *not* satisfied. She has received the acclaim of millions, but by her own yardstick—the yardstick by which the real actress must always measure her own portrayals—is she a success? It is in Garbo to prefer the plaudits of a small, select audience to the roars of the crowds.

Can you imagine her—a classic figure in the most beautiful open-air theatre of the modern world—performing under the magic guidance of Max Reinhardt? Remember Stiller, the *Svengali* of her career? He inspired her. May she not need another *Svengali*—Reinhardt, say—to spur her on to greater artistic heights than she has yet achieved?

In the Reinhardt open-air theatre the players and the audience will be surrounded by beauty. Great trees—statues of mythological figures—and a grotto serving as a recreation and refreshment room between acts. The new Reinhardt theatre will have room for only about 200 persons, and the plays will be performed exclusively for invited audiences. The great of Europe and America will be represented. The finest minds, the most exquisite culture will find their way to Leopoldskron. Though the most expensive theatre in the world, the Reinhardt open-air playhouse could hardly afford to pay Garbo's American salary; but the prestige of appearing would be well nigh priceless. A perfect setting for one of the rare women of her time.

Is Garbo a Galatea seeking her Pygmalion? In any event, she is one Hollywood star whose stage may be the world!



Greta Garbo and her new leading man, Clark Gable, in a scene from "Susan Lennox, Her Fall and Rise." Will this be the beginning of a new starring team?

Doug—*Continued from page 26*

appreciation for fine things, a great admiration for the top notchers in any field.

I am always intrigued by his exciting, breathless manner. One feels that he is ever on the verge of doing something tremendously important. He has a habit of saying startling things, which may or may not be true. It's not an attempt to deceive, but a desire to see how much you will "swallow" and how you'll react.

In business arrangements, studio contracts, and living expenses, he is very careful. Budgets are his meat. He likes everything around him to run on a schedule—but doesn't want to be clocked himself. He is more inclined towards saving than extravagance. I think when he becomes wealthy he will spend his money on art treasures and invest it in some form of show business.

For a person who has so much to do, Doug is alone quite a bit. Yet he would rather have company than solitude, and is most democratic. Away from the studios he is quieter than on the sets, where he is likely to be stirring things up. A great sense of humor. But he prefers gags to subtle jokes. He laughs a lot.

Actually very gullible, except in business matters, he is often depressed and then it takes him a long time to recover. This is because he is particularly sensitive to what people think about him. He loves to talk. When he gets started he won't drop a subject until it has been given a thorough treatment!

People older than himself interest him more than those his own age, and he has more men than women friends. Yet he invariably notices how women are dressed and wants them to be in the latest mode. Personally, he used to affect the Barrymore mode of sloppiness, but now he has outgrown that and has gone stylish. Doug is very imitative. He used to go over to John Barrymore's dressing room and talk by the hour. He had a regular Barrymore complex.

At school he was always the fellow who got caught for cutting up. If anything went amiss it was "Hey, you, Fairbanks!" who got bawled out. We had to furnish our own athletic equipment, and Doug had the finest football uniform in school. He would trot out optimistically every afternoon. But he was too young and too fat to rate with the high school team.

We were going to Harvard School in Los Angeles then. I used to spend my week-ends at his home. Doug's mother was renting Ethel Clayton's house which adjoined the Hollywood High School athletic field. Though we were still in the grammar grades, we used to go over and try to play baseball with the older fellows. When we found that we weren't much good we formed an exclusive secret-society-for-two and made a clubhouse out of an old store-room in his back yard.

The incident that stands out most from those days is the time he tried to ride his father's horse. Doug, Sr. was making "The Mark of Zorro" and staged a rodeo for Doug's benefit. The horse in question was a very spirited one, but Doug thought he could ride it if his father could. After the horse kicked him off, a hospital housed him for a week!

Doug always has admired his father tremendously, and when he was a kid wanted to be as athletic as his dad. When the time came for him to start high school, he went to Europe and studied in Paris under a tutor for several years. So, after he returned at the age of 15, he was no longer the fat little boy I had known. He had grown almost a foot, was slender, and had a peach of a build.

And he had a tuxedo! That was the blow that almost ruined my young life—until I talked my folks into buying me one, too.

Those years abroad had little effect on Doug. He learned to speak French and a little German, and made a warm friend of Maurice Chevalier. Yet he was much the same mentally when he came back to go into pictures. By this time his admiration for Barrymore's type had lessened his interest in athletic acting. Now he is rather a good athlete, but sports have become incidental to other things.

Doug's father let us spend several summers at his beach camp at Laguna. It was on a deserted half-mile cove, and we ran around all day in swimming trunks, trying to get as tan and look as tough as possible Doug took a very imposing tan, while I blistered—and you can bet that riled me.

We took javelins and a discus and had a place marked off to put the shot. Rod la Rocque came down one summer. Doug's companion and tutor, Carleton Hoekstra—"Hooky" for short—was the guiding spirit. He had been captain of the football team in a small Eastern university; incidentally, he is now with Charlie Farrell. There



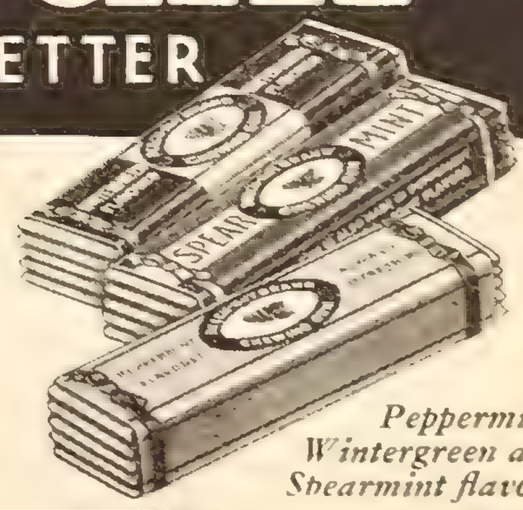
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Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint flavors.

were usually three or four other fellows with us down there. We had seven tents, including a cook-house with a cook to run it. You can imagine what a grand time we had.

In the evenings we would put on sailor pants and sweatshirts and drive into Balboa, where we'd look as hard-boiled as we could. We'd sit around on the curbs chewing tobacco, and rolling cigarettes, and make sarcastic remarks about the dance-hall sheiks who were all slicked up.

One of the boys with us was particularly naïve. He would believe any and every thing, so Doug took great joy in kidding him. The funny part was that Doug himself was equally gullible—with a girl. He believed anything a girl told him.

As we grew older we still took his cousins—Flobelle and Mary Margaret Fairbanks—around with us. Doug's first sweetheart was Betty Bronson. He was a one-woman man from the start, and how Betty used to tease him. He'd get terribly jealous. His mother used to give lots of parties for our crowd, and Doug shone at bridge, ping pong, and such parlor tricks.

No actor in Hollywood is busier than Doug. But he likes to entertain just as in the old days—which sounds as if I were looking back into a dim past, when I mean only a few years ago. Now he prefers to invite a few friends to his home, rather than going out to hotels.

He is just beginning to find himself, after passing through various imitative stages. Lately he has begun to play practical jokes, which shows that he is becoming more like his father. Impetuous, and naturally inclined to do things without worrying about what people will say, he is supremely happy when he has his own way. He is thoughtful of others only to a degree, being mostly concerned with his immediate circle of friends.

The fairly quiet and simple life appeals to him. He and Joan live far out from Hollywood, on the most secluded street in Brentwood, so they can have time for themselves alone. They love to attend premieres and are ardent theatregoers, but at the same time they want a home of their own, free from a crowd, where they can be alone together when they want to be.

For what do I admire Doug most? For his good fellowship. Ours is a friendship based on a perfect understanding of each other. We each know what the other thinks and what his reaction will be. And, I suppose, I like him because he's always been my closest pal. Remember this: your friend is the man who knows all about you and still likes you!

Phil—*Continued from page 27*

friends do the vocalizing and strumming. A subtle flatterer.

He enjoys being more or less in love. Nothing serious has ever hit his heart as yet, but plenty of red lips have tempted him to turn the night into day. Blondes, brunettes, and redheads all take their turn in his date book. He varies widely in his feminine choices. One moment he can stand only the demure kind. Then he becomes muchly intrigued in a *muy caliente* lady. Consequently, his girl friends, who are more apt to be society than picture, are kept guessing. He leaves them while they are still crying for more attention.

Phil is not conceited enough for his own good. He lacked self-confidence when he was a kid. He still is deficient. Perhaps this has been due to the fact that he was never particularly interested in anything special until this past year when he began doing so well in the talkies.

He prefers to mix, rather than to be alone. His natural diffidence and gentlemanliness make some people consider him slightly snobbish, but he really isn't. Being brought up in a well-bred, dignified home does not usually produce a loud speaker.

Not overly fond of dressing up, he manages to look like a *Vanity Fair* fashion plate when he decides to fix up. His suits are always from the finest tailors.

He has traveled a lot and is at home in Paris, London, and New York just as much as he is in Hollywood. Speaks French almost as easily as English. When he came back from Cambridge with a swanky accent we kidded the life out of him until he toned it down. He still retains a little of it, giving the impression that he has been on the stage for a long time.

And stage plays are no novelty to him. He has done juvenile leads in several. His father, Taylor Holmes, gives him invaluable advice, but does not try to coach him too intensively. Phil likes to play on the stage very much. He doesn't do so because he realizes that the talkies offer a greater opportunity. Seeing all the stage productions which come to Los Angeles gives him some consolation. He gets satisfaction from attending premieres and being recognized as a celebrity.

He acts pretty much the same all the time—at the studio, at the beach, and at home. He has his company manners for special occasions, just as we all do. And he can adjust himself miraculously to the time, the place, and the persons. This lightning adaptation to any situation is marvelous to me. If he isn't feeling chipper, he can get into a good humor instantaneously. This looks like a gift of the gods!

As a kid Phil was not as interested in acting as I was. Though his father was a famous star on the stage and in pictures, and Phil hung round watching his father perform during vacations, he thought he would rather be a Wall Street broker or something like that than an actor. That was the Princetonian influence.

When we went to military school together we used to try to see which one of us could stir up the most trouble. Phil was my superior officer, being a year older and a year ahead of me. That used to make me jealous of him.

At the end of my year in this particular school I was ten hours ahead of him in the matter of punishment, so I quit.

Growing older, we would go to country club dances and get into arguments over girls whom, sometimes, we hardly knew. Whenever Phil was invited to a party I'd go along, too, and he'd do the same when I was asked. We used to drink beer during our flaming youth age. The funny thing was that when we'd had a bit too much Phil would get pugilistic while I'd get terribly argumentative. Which prevented any serious fights as we never agreed on how to settle a dispute!



Isn't he cute? That's Phillips Holmes at the age of two before he had any thoughts of becoming a screen sensation.

The lad is death on cars. I guess I'd loan him transportation now. Even last year he wrecked himself, though, so I view with alarm any request of his to drive.

Once when we were together at the beach for the summer Phil had a date. I loaned him my new roadster. He was to meet me in town and bring me home later in the evening. At three A. M. I was still waiting at the village drugstore. Finally the boys who were staying at our camp came in for me in an old Ford. As we were driving down the dark road towards camp we saw a man flagging us. We stopped and it was Phil.

He nonchalantly climbed in—that boy never has to reach for anything smokeable to be at ease!—and, when I insisted upon knowing where the new car was, he said, "Oh, it's down the road a way."

We found it run off an embankment and turned over. We had to go back to town and wake up a garage-man and have him pull it back onto the road. Phil never offered any explanation, merely remarking as an afterthought that the lady of the evening had gone home! Evidently she preferred the walkies to the company of such a devil-may-care motorist.

Another time I recall him driving another fellow's car. Absent-mindedly he ran into a curb and blew out both front tires. After he was hit broadside last year his family decided that a Ford didn't have enough accident resistance. So now he sports a Packard roadster. So far, so good. But I have my doubts as to how long it will remain dentless.

Phil has no complexes. He doesn't read much and so hasn't delved into any peculiar psychologies. He isn't especially athletic, but is proficient enough in common sports. The Beach Club at Santa Monica is proud of having him as one of its most consistent patrons. The society members wait anxiously for him to come out to tan.

He lives at home with his mother and father, high up on the hillside, a half dozen blocks from the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. He has a younger brother and sister who attend private schools and are tremendously impressed by his success.

A swell guy, Phil! He has wonderful potentialities as an actor. I have already discovered his aptitude for friendship. I don't know how clear a picture I've given you of my best friend. He's such a many-sided person. But I honestly think it's a rather rare and grand thing to have a childhood association last the way ours has lasted all these years!

Mrs. Butterworth's Boy—Charles

Continued from page 60

To be frank and shocking about it, "Cholly" is a rounder. "Cholly" is a big time boy, a Broadway stage star famous for his Rotarian speech delivered in "Americana," his rôle in "Sweet Adeline," and his ability to sing two songs as half of a duet with Heywood Broun, said songs being *The Fire of 58,* and *Abraham Brown the Sailor,* the latter being only a disguised *Barnacle Bill.* These are said to be sung exclusively in speakeasies.

There is no one quite like Butterworth. His peculiar brand of humor has been traced to his ancestry, his adolescent environment, and a blow on the head received as a child—but none of these could account for all his characteristics.

Butterworth, along with James Whitcomb Riley, George Ade, J. P. McEvoy and Ring Lardner, is an Indiana boy. When you ask him his birthplace he always mentions that Riley, Ade, etc., were also born there, giving you the impression that his birth there was a tremendous mental feat, for which he deserves sole credit. The town of South Bend claimed Butterworth's presence until high school graduation, from which he matriculated to Notre Dame, twelve miles away. "Cholls" emerged from Notre Dame bearing a parchment entitling him to practice law, an achievement he belittles by saying he thought he was studying medicine. Realize it! Butterworth, the zany, is a lawyer!

He was a newspaper man once himself, and he explains just how good he was by saying that Lardner, McEvoy and he worked on the *South Bend News-Times*—and Lardner was fired. Butterworth was fired, too, but was taken back when it was discovered he was courting the daughter of South Bend's biggest advertiser.

It is interesting to note that even at nineteen years of age a city editor was so appreciative of Butterworth's dead pan that he was assigned to cover the undertaker as his news beat. During the day he attended Notre Dame where he had a scholarship, incidentally, for dramatics, and at night he would go through the pockets of pretty dead strangers to find if, maybe, they were President McKinley or someone equally worthy of two columns in the *News-Times.* He never found anyone important, although he once made the grave mistake (no pun intended) of reporting the death of one of South Bend's leading live citizens. When that gentleman stormed into the *News-Times* office to demand justice, an apology, or a duel, Butterworth offered to correct the mistake by the simple gesture of listing the gentleman in the next day's birth list, thus giving him a new start in life and counter-balancing the poor man's alleged demise. That was when he was fired.

Having been admitted to the Indiana bar —"A word with a nice smack to it," to quote Butterworth—he found he was faced with the necessity of making a living in order to eat. J. C. Nugent, that week, was the headliner at the local vaudeville house. Butterworth told the doorman he was Nugent's brother and got into the great one's dressing room.

Nugent was behind a screen dressing when Butterworth entered. "Mr. Nugent?" said Butterworth. "Yes," said the actor. "J. C.?" asked Butterworth. "Yes," said the voice behind the screen. "I was wondering if you would listen to two monologues I have," said Butterworth, and promptly began his famous *A Day at the*



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Rotary Club. During the entire recitation Nugent remained behind the screen. At its conclusion the actor came out, bearing an envelope. "Here," he said, "it's a letter to an agent in Chicago." Butterworth took it and left for Chicago. And that's how he became an actor.

As a matter of fact, he wasn't really an actor yet. The agent said, "Nugent? who's Nugent?" and threw the letter away, but got him some bookings in what Butterworth refers to as "rat traps." This kept on for a while and Charles got tired of playing to a crowded saloon of four persons mooching free lunch, so he went to New York.

New York, it seemed, has rat traps, too, and while he played in what he believes was the best rat trap in the business, no world beat a path to his door. He tried changing his name to fool the agents but they had seen that trick before.

Finally, in desperation, he changed his beloved monologue act to a pianologue, although his piano playing is confined to a repertoire hardly more extensive than *Chop Sticks* and the first four bars of *My Old Kentucky Home.* This didn't do so well, either. Butterworth says now that he never saw such a collection of dumb agents in all his life.

Butterworth, being old-fashioned and addicted to a habit he picked up in his youth, eating—went back to newspaper reporting, even getting a job on the conservative *New York Times.*

In his spare time he dabbled at writing some new material for himself and finally sent it to J. P. McEvoy. McEvoy was interested to the extent that he hired Butterworth to help him. But this wasn't acting, and he quit a while later to go back to his rat trap investigation.

A few months later he read that McEvoy was putting on his first "Americana," and immediately Charles ran down to recite *A Day at the Rotary Club,* the one show in all the world where the monologue fitted. No P. S. about it, he got the job.

From then on success came pouring in on the defenseless Butterworth head, practically swamping him. The show ran ten months, and Butterworth collected more notices than the rest of the show together. When it closed he presented himself at the agents' offices and admitted he would accept some refined, genteel work.

"Go away," they said, practically. It developed that by some quirk of an agent's mind, probably the same one that made him an agent, the poor demented people thought that Charles was too stereotyped to go into another show. He had a specialty, didn't he? He did it in one show, didn't he? Now he was through, wasn't he? Good bye!

But a little persistence and a lot of walking finally got him another rôle, this time in "Allez Oop," which only ran three months, but which convinced the agent boys he was all, all right. "Good Boy" came next, ran a season, and Charlie was a New York riot. After that came "Sweet Adeline," a still bigger hit, and Charlie was whisked away to Hollywood, where he was put to work in "Life of the Party" and "Illicit." He still had to fill out his stage contract, however, and returned to play in "Sweet Adeline" in Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago, after which he was drafted back to motion pictures with a contract so long it applies to the Butterworth grandchildren. So far he has done "Fame," and "The Mad Genius," and his next picture will be a co-featured part with Winnie Lightner in "The Side Show." You will see a lot of Butterworth now, and something like Cracker Jack, the more you see the more you will want.

Which ends the account of his life except for the inclusion of the important facts that he was once arrested for not returning a library book, he wears a wrist watch with the dial turned in, he parts his hair in the middle, he has a cigarette lighter that doesn't work, he likes breaded veal cutlets about an inch and a half thick, he doesn't want to play "Hamlet" because he says he doesn't look good in a skull, and his hobby, he swears, is watching water go over a dam.



Team work! Buster Keaton tending the Cody mustache while Lew powders the well-known Keaton "deadpan." Just a couple of pals, that's all!

Siren—with freckles

Continued from page 61

which is moderately dark, and her finely moulded, sensitive features. Her nostrils are thin and high arched, like those of a spirited horse, distinguishing marks which give her that "something different" on the screen. Her voice is low and well modulated though not as husky as it registers in the talkies.

We sat in the sunny living room of her home in Beverly Hills, all curled up on opposite ends of a high-backed settle of antique design. The illusion she creates in her screen personality was still further dispelled. Her hair hung loose to her shoulders and her unpowdered face had a profuse sprinkling of freckles! Now who ever heard of a siren with freckles! She was wearing pale green flannel beach trousers and a green sweater open at the throat. Later she was going to the beach. She loves swimming and indulges herself as much as possible when she isn't working—which accounts for the freckles.

Our conversation on this occasion wasn't formal. Myrna was the good comrade rather than the charming temptress. As she regarded the glowing end of her cigarette she talked quietly, with an air of detachment almost as though she was thinking aloud. I learned that her mother was a musician, had studied for the concert stage but that marriage had cut her career short. Perhaps that is why she never hindered Myrna, the child, but helped and guided her in all ways to do the things she most preferred. If Myrna didn't like a school or the things she was being taught she promptly signified her disapproval and was allowed to change to where she could get the desired subjects. Myrna has always loved beautiful things, things that express dancing, music, good books, all the arts, and these were the things she sought for, the things her soul needed for its growth.

But it is difficult to get her to talk about herself; she has a most inadequately developed sense of ego. She is an excellent conversationalist and she can hold your attention for hours without once mentioning herself. Perhaps that is why so few people really know her.

Myrna isn't a party girl. Hollywood social functions hold almost no interest for her and unless you know her you can meet her on Hollywood Boulevard or buy stockings beside her at Bullock's hosiery counter without once suspecting her identity.

One of the executives in the story department of Warner Brothers is an ardent admirer of Myrna's and when he found I knew her I had difficulty in getting him to talk about anything else. He tells an amusing story about his first meeting with her.

"Myrna Loy was just a name to me," he explained. "I don't recall ever having seen her work. I had just come out from New York and as far as studios were concerned was pretty green. I remember thinking that if I could be the means of discovering someone for Warners who would prove a genuine find it would be a feather in my cap.

"One day during lunch I noticed a girl who seemed to stand out from all the others. 'What an exquisite type!'" I thought, 'she would be 100% in ultra smart society rôles.' I made a mental note to find out more about this extra girl and get a test for her. Perhaps I felt a trifle flattered as I realized she had smiled at me.

"We left the restaurant almost together. As she was paying her check an assistant director rushed up to her. 'Oh, Miss Loy,' he said—I didn't wait to hear any more but beat a hasty and as graceful a retreat as possible. I cannot explain my feelings but I now knew why this girl's personality had impressed me. Warners made a great mistake in letting her go. Their loss was Fox's gain."

Myrna has one consuming hobby but you would never guess what it is. It isn't dogs, or horses or swimming, or golf, or any of



And now it's Tom Thumb elephants! Look out for him, Myrna Loy—he'll never forget you in those pajamas! Notice the beautiful antique bed on which Myrna takes her shut-eye.

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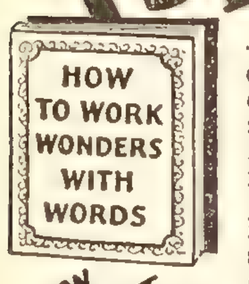
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the things we usually think of as hobbies.

"For," she said, "I cannot understand how people have time enough for pets. I haven't as much time for humans as I need."

Myrna's hobby is David, her nineteen year old brother. Now, David is an artist, a sculptor. Myrna used to do a little sculpturing once but she has decided to keep out since that is David's field.

"I thought he would be a cartoonist when he first left school but he's developing along entirely different lines. Just now he is working at RKO. He came to me and told me he was getting lazy, that he needed to have to get up in the mornings and go to work. He wanted routine, so he went out and got this job. Later he is going to Europe to study.

"Quite recently he has taken up wood carving. And such imagination! I don't know where he gets his ideas but his execution of them is wonderful. I am tremendously keen about David. I feel he is going to do great things."

She talked about David for half an hour and later she brought him in and introduced him with unconcealed, affectionate pride. He is the one subject on which she becomes effusive.

Myrna's code is simple, likewise ages old. She wants to get everything possible from life in her own way.

"Most people haven't the courage to live. Yet it is only through living that we come close to the human heart. But one must be valiant about it and one must fight every minute. This isn't an easy life and it takes its toll in more ways than one.

"I have been called mysterious. I'm not. I was born in Helena, Montana, and there is nothing mysterious or Oriental about me. People used to say I was snobbish because I'd crawl in my shell or sit on the sidelines. It wasn't that I was snobbish, and, do you know, I've only recently figured it out, I haven't had the time before. I'm terribly sensitive and I was afraid, not of others but of myself. Because of that I am 'mysterious'!"

In her work Myrna is the true artist, with an understanding that must delight not only her directors but her co-workers. She yields herself to direction with the same susceptibility that a piece of clay shapes itself into something fine under her brother's clever fingers.

And her graciousness extends to all, extra and star. I heard a negro extra say to her one day on a set:

"'Member me, Miss Loy, from down at Grauman's?" Myrna used to dance at Grauman's Chinese not so far back.

"Oh, yes, of course, I do," and she smiled sweetly.

"Those were certainly the good old days," he continued, "but these are better."

"Yes, you're right," and she smiled again. And I'm sure that negro is quite convinced that there isn't another woman in pictures like Myrna Loy.

This is the real Myrna Loy, a little girl in whose gray-green eyes slumber dreams; a little girl who talks of the future of a kid brother on whose career she is much more keen than even her own, and that's saying a lot; a girl with courage enough to keep her chin up, her mouth shut and her eyes level when things go wrong. She's a fighter, a visionary with a fixed goal, a Spartan.



That light touch! Sessue Hayakawa is giving Anna May Wong all the dope on the new high-power incandescent studio lamp which has taken the place of the old arc lights. Sessue and Anna May are appearing together in "Daughter of the Dragon."

Gibson Girl—1931—*Continued from page 83*

that she was not up to their caliber. So we can't say that Wynne Gibson grew up with the idea of acting in the back of her brain.

Like Nancy Carroll, another Paramount redhead, Wynne Gibson was born in New York City. Incidentally, their lives have much in common. Both attended school in New York and both were students when they started in the choruses of musical productions without their parents' consent.

Wynne attended Wadleigh School for Girls in New York and hadn't thought about the stage. One day on her way to school, she met two of her girl friends. They weren't walking toward school. They were headed for Broadway and careers as actresses. It wasn't the first time the little redheaded girl had played hooky, so she also turned her steps toward Broadway.

The three girls heard that somebody somewhere was casting chorus girls for "Tangerine." They found the theatre, walked in and waited for a few minutes. Now remember, Wynne had never danced in her life, had never sung to speak of, had never even had a relative on the stage. Robert Milton, now a motion picture director and then casting "Tangerine," approached the girls. He pointed to Wynne.

Appraisingly: "Do you want a job?"

Casually: "Yes."

Skeptically: "What can you do?"

Emphatically: "Anything! Sing. Dance. Act. Read lines. Just anything."

Optimistically: "I'll try you out."

He gave her some lines to read. He gave her a song to sing. He had her shown some steps to dance. With her friends astonished in the wings of the theatre and the chorus girls watching for a mistake behind her, Wynne went through the tryout amazingly well. Bob Milton gave her $75 a week, a "bit" as one of the six little wives, and told her that some day she would be a big star. And so Wynne hurdled the years as a chorus girl in one hour and became a specialty girl in "Tangerine." You can only account for it by saying that Wynne Gibson is a "born actress."

At this time Wynne had a beau, who thought all actresses were the worst women in the world. So she didn't tell him of her good fortune. And she didn't tell her parents until dress rehearsal night when she was at the theatre most of the night. Well, they up and said she should never be an actress. They went to Bob Milton the next morning and he convinced them that she would make good on the stage.

Opening night, Wynne's mother and beau came to see the performance much against their wills. Wynne made her first appearance on the stage as one of the high spots of a dancing number in the first act. She did very well. At the finish, she gave an unusually high kick toward the audience. Her ruffled unmentionables showed. Her mother screamed: "Oh Winifred!" and all but passed out. But Wynne was on the stage and there was an audience that applauded in front of her, and at all costs she was determined to stay.

She went from "Tangerine" to "June Love" at $85 a week. One night Ray Raymond came to see the show with the thought of hiring the second leading lady for his act. When he left the theatre, he had a contract signed at the price of $125 a week with the little girl in green with red hair — Wynne Gibson. Lew Fields bought the entire Ray Raymond act a few months later in order to have Wynne Gibson in his revue. Her training was brief and her rise phenomenal. Later, she played the lead in "The Gingham Girl" and "Little Jessie James."

She's had lots of success and also many disappointments. She has been in so many "flop" shows which ended in Boston that she knows the sheriff personally.

The biggest obstacle in Wynne Gibson's career is that producers have always "typed" her. Although she played musical comedy, she had confidence in herself and wanted a chance to do a straight dramatic part. But theatrical producers saw her as a musical comedy girl and never gave her a chance. Finally, she left Broadway for a tour in Europe and when she returned got a dramatic part in "The Clam Diggers." From then on she was "typed" as a dramatic actress and was refused work in musical comedies. One of Miss Gibson's biggest successes in New York was with Richard Bennett in "Jarnegan." After she had been rehearsing several weeks with a



That's preparedness! Janet Currie sports this new wrinkle in umbrellas. There's a built-in mirror in the handle, with a complete portable make-up set. Come on, you thunder showers!

"Nobody Sends Flowers to a FAT GIRL!



REDUCE ...the way I did!"

YOU just CAN'T make a hit with the boy-friends if you're FAT. How they do run away from big hips, thick ankles, and double chins! And how they *do* step out after the slender, graceful dancer—the girl who looks her best in a bathing suit! *I know*, for only four months ago I weighed 167 pounds (30 pounds too much for my height). Believe me! all I got was second-hand romance—watching the *other* girls get bids to dances and parties, and having to hear about their 'crushes' afterwards!

"I was terribly anxious to reduce, but everyone warned me against the ill effects that follow from the use of 'anti-fat' nostrums and violent exercising machines. I was desperate and didn't know what to do.

"Then a kind friend told me of Miss Annette Kellermann and her wonderful reducing methods. Interested at once, I wrote her and soon received her fascinating book, 'The Body Beautiful' and a lovely personal letter, explaining how I could easily reduce six to eight pounds a month—safely. I followed her instructions. In only 4 months I took off 30 whole pounds, and regained my youthful figure. Life is once more worth living and *now* I have the thrill of being run *after*, instead of the sting of being run *away from*."

Simply write to Miss Kellermann for her new book "The Body Beautiful" and you will be told, without obligation, all about methods of reduction in a sane, sensible, beneficial way—the way that will *increase* your vitality and your strength, as it has over 40,000 other overweight women. Send the coupon today. Address Annette Kellermann, Suite 249, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

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Dear Miss Kellermann:
Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book "The Body Beautiful". I am particularly interested in Weight Reducing.

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Grow-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.
I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Heffiefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident In One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.
Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.
Send today. Special Introductory Price only $1.95 NOW! Later $5.00. Order NOW at low price.

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Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
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The standard freckle remover for 40 years . . . satisfaction guaranteed. At your drug store . . . or send 65c for 1 oz. jar or $1.25 for 2 oz. jar, to the Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. SC-9, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Write for Free Beauty Booklet



Lew Cantor show, Wynne had her horoscope read just for a lark one evening. The horoscope said Wynne would soon receive an offer to do a dramatic part and she should accept it no matter what obstacles she had to overcome. Three days later Wynne was offered the part in "Jarnegan" and accepted, although by the theatrical code, she had to pay the producer two weeks' salary to leave the revue.

Just as "Jarnegan" was leaving for an extended run in Philadelphia, Paramount gave Miss Gibson the part of Helen Kane's sister in "Nothing But The Truth." In order to do both "Jarnegan" at night in Philadelphia and "Nothing But The Truth" on Long Island in the daytime, Miss Gibson had no home for ten days. She would catch the midnight train from Philadelphia and sleep on the train in the railroad yards in New York until time to go to the studio. Every evening she caught the 5 o'clock train from New York in order to be in the "Jarnegan" cast by 8:30. Wynne did the part in "Nothing But The Truth" just as an experience, as she never thought of going into motion pictures.

As a result of the picture and her stage work, an agent came to New York and offered to take her to Hollywood and place her in motion pictures. The offer sounded good and Wynne was off to the film colony. She was signed to appear in "Children of Pleasure" and "The Fall Guy." Paramount engaged her for "The Gang Buster" and later signed her to a long term contract.

Wynne now lives by herself in a Hollywood apartment. Her favorite sport is golf. She has a few freckles and doesn't try to cover them up. She drives a Cord car very, very fast. She hates egotism and snobbishness more than anything else. She is very generous. She is a natural comedienne.

With only five Paramount pictures to her credit, Wynne Gibson has become known as a "swell" actress. Around the lot, she's a "swell" person. She knows she's no different from any script girl, stenographer or extra girl in the studio, except that she happened to get a break. The electricians, property men and laborers, who know the difference between the stars who offer synthetic and real friendship, call Wynne Gibson a "honey." Whether or not she knows it she is headed for the title of "the most popular girl in the studio."

During production, Wynne gives all her time to work. When she has to be on the set at 9 the next morning, she is in bed at 9 o'clock the preceding night in order to be at the studio at 6:30, have plenty of time for her make-up and arrangement of her hair. She learns her lines quickly and well. She is always ready. It is this driving force, plus ability, which makes other actors, critics, executives and directors select this pint-sized redhead as one of the coming stars of Hollywood.



Hedda Hopper, a connoisseur of clothes, visits the antique shop of William Haines, who is a connoisseur of art besides being a grand actor. Larry Sullivan, Bill's business manager and secretary, shows Hedda a few of the rare objets d'art.

The Girl Hollywood Fears

Continued from page 34

They're tight. But she gives herself out. No matter what she's doing—if she's only sitting still on a chair—she's giving herself out. If she leaves the room, you can feel it in the air after she's gone—it pulls at you—it makes you feel more alive."

"E-e-die!" A low voice, veiled by a pleasant huskiness, floated out from the bedroom. "E-die!" A voice, unquestionably, that quickened your interest, that made you "feel more alive."

Tallulah was in bed. Her thick, fair hair fell in childish clusters about her pale face. Her heavy-lidded gray eyes and stormy mouth formed a strange contrast to the almost virginal purity of her facial contours.

"Do forgive me, my dear. I know it's loathsome of me, but I'm an abominably lazy person, and besides, I didn't get to sleep until 8 this morning. I was reading a perfectly heavenly book, and I simply had to find out whether he married her after he discovered that she wasn't what you might call a lady. Of course he *did* marry her, the fool—I could have given him some sound advice. Are you going to write something sweet about me? Write whatever you please, darling, only don't say I said anything I didn't say, or I'm likely to put arsenic into your orange juice. I had about as much of that as I could stomach in dear old England. E-e-die! Bring some cigarettes, will you, sweetie, and a coca cola for me. Will you have a coca cola or would you rather have tea? Do have some tea! You must be tired, and now you've got this filthy job ahead of you. I don't know whether I'm sorrier for you or myself. You mustn't mind my nonsense. You see, I'm really shy, believe it or not, and I have to keep talking all the time so people won't notice." She interrupted the easy torrent that flowed from her red, red lips to smile charmingly.

On the dresser stood a photograph of a beautiful child of 17, looking with trustful eyes upon a world that was stuffed with wonders. "That's my mother," said Tallulah. "Isn't she lovely? She died at 23, poor darling—when I was born. It's a strange feeling one has about a mother one's never known. I feel always as if I had to protect her against some awful fate that hangs over her—and there it was, all finished and done with almost before I began to live."

She began to live in a great white house in Alabama, the idol of her grandfather, who was a United States Senator, and of the grandmother from whom she inherited her lilting and rarely appropriate name, which means in the language of the Indians, "love-maiden."

She adored her father, but in those early days it was her grandmother who was the center of her existence. She would crawl into bed at night, and sob in terror at the thought that her grandmother might die.

"I was an unaccountable little brat," she says. "One minute I'd be smothering her in a passion of love, and the next minute I'd be shrieking to the heavens in one of my vile tempers. I had an unholy curiosity about grown-ups. I never wanted to go out and play. I much preferred to horn in on the conversation of my elders. I'd knock at the door, and when they'd call it, 'Who is it?' I'd say, 'Tallulah!' in this low, husky voice which amused them so that they always let me in.

"You know, my dear, I've heard the most arrant tripe talked about this voice of mine. I was lunching at a restaurant in London one day, and I heard a woman behind me say: 'Oh yes, my dear, I have it from someone who knows her well. Tallulah Bankhead has spent *thousands,* literally *thousands,* to get her voice into that condition. Such an affectation, don't you think?'

"Well, as a matter of fact, it's not an affectation but an affliction. As a child I was laid low every other week by one throat disease or another—laryngitis, croup, whooping cough, tonsilitis and a dozen others whose names I can't pronounce. With the result that I acquired this treasure of mine at an early age and have never got rid of it since. Not that I *want* to get rid of it now. It's turned into something of an asset. But I *didn't* buy it. And I *didn't* manufacture it. It was God's free gift to Tallulah!"

Though they were not Catholics, she and her sister were sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart to be educated. They had been thoroughly spoiled at home, and were consequently incapable of adapting themselves to the restrictions imposed by school life.

Tallulah hated it at first, and when she felt particularly miserable, she would get back at her family by writing them long, pious letters, assuring them that she was



June McCloy, the beautiful tall blonde you saw in "Reaching For the Moon," is now established as a screen comedienne.



Here is Edwin McTeer (address on request) and some of his work. The crude pen drawing was made before he had any training and the striking story illustration (worth $100) was made after he took the Federal Home Study Course.

He did it—Why don't you?

Edwin McTeer is only one of the hundreds of young men (and young women, too) who are succeeding in commercial art with the help of the practical training offered by the Federal Home Study Course. Well trained artists earn $50, $75, $100, and $150 a week and more.

Success in Commercial Art

begins with a liking for drawing and the ambition to follow through with the right training. Mr. McTeer was thirty years old when he clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this ad, and took up the Federal Course. He progressed rapidly, increasing his earnings each year until at the end of five years he was making around $10,000 a year. Read what he wrote us:

"I was not very talented when I entered this training with you people as you certainly know, and I had not even had high school training and I know any one with a love for the work can accomplish even more than I if they will just let you people, the Federal Schools, help them.

"I suppose you remember I opened my own independent commercial art studio and to make a long story short, my earnings are now at the rate of over $10,000.00 a year."

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finding a haven in the Catholic religion and intended to become a nun. This would so alarm her grandmother that she would write back, imploring her "blessed child" to do nothing rash, and promising to speak to Daddy about letting her leave school. These letters would bring a smirk of satisfaction to the "blessed child's" lips, and her sense of outrage would be soothed by the consciousness that she had made someone else as uncomfortable as she was herself!

However, she and Eugenia managed to struggle along, though they were never destined to win the blue ribbon for good behavior. One of her most poignant memories is of the closing day exercises, when all the parents sat on the platform, and all the children marched down the aisle, draped in sweet white veils and bearing a lily in their hands.

Bringing up the rear of the procession, walked two small sobbing criminals, black-veiled and lilyless—Eugenia and Tallulah Bankhead. It wasn't for themselves that they were weeping. They'd been bad and they were ready to pay for their sins. But there on the platform sat their beloved Daddy, disgraced by his children, probably shuddering in humiliation at the sight of those two black-veiled heads.

Tallulah couldn't bear to look, and yet she couldn't bear not to look. She had to see how he was taking it. Bravely she raised her tear-drenched face and met her father's eyes. Slowly, solemnly, he winked at her. "And do you think," she asks, "I was relieved when I saw that angelic wink? Not a bit of it. If he'd played the stern parent, I could have stood it. I'd have probably gone snooty. But his sweetness broke my heart. I lifted up my voice and howled in agony."

When their father was elected to Congress, the girls were transferred to a school in Washington. Tallulah was already stage-struck. She had never thought of being anything but an actress. But she wasn't encouraged. Not that her family objected on principle. They simply didn't take her seriously. Every girl went through the disease sooner or later. It was just that Tallulah had it, as she had everything, in a more violent form than most.

When Rachel Crothers's play, "39 East," came to Washington, Tallulah's grandmother took her to see it. In the car on the way home, the 14-year-old suddenly burst into hysterical tears.

"*Now* what's the matter?" asked her exasperated relative. "I've taken you to luncheon. I've taken you to the matinée. I've bought you chocolates. Five minutes ago you couldn't contain your ecstasy. Will you tell me what under the blue canopy of heaven you're weeping for now?"

"I want to go on the stage," wailed Tallulah. "Everyone's against me. Nobody understands me. I *know* I can act as well as the girl in that play."

A couple of years later one of the fan magazines ran a beauty contest. The twelve winners were to be given jobs in the films. Encouraged by her young stepmother, Tallulah sent in her photograph. Month by month a few of the best photographs were published, and month by month Tallulah's heart sank lower as hers failed to appear.

She had given up hope that glory would come by that path when she went into a drug store one afternoon for a glass of her favorite coca cola. Idly she began looking through the fan magazines, and on the cover of the one that had run the beauty contest she saw in big black letters the words: "Announcement of Winners!"

"Lucky devils!" she sighed as she opened the book to take a critical look at her more fortunate competitors. She pored over picture after picture, trying to discover what these fascinating females had that she lacked.

Having reached the conclusion that No. 3 squinted, and that No. 8's nose was flat and, as for No. 11, well—she was simply an eyesore—Tallulah turned the page. Next moment a wild shriek rang through the store, bringing its terrified occupants to the side of a white-faced girl whose blazing eyes were riveted on a photograph of herself in a fan magazine, above which ran in startling type the legend: WHO IS SHE?

Next Month: How Tallulah Made a Little Noise in New York and a Big One in London.

WHOSE EYES? LOOK AGAIN!



These tragic blue eyes belong to a youthful RKO-Pathe star who is rapidly gaining fame as a dramatic actress. She has flaming red hair, is 5 ft., 5 in. tall, and weighs 120 lbs. Name below*.

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If your annual hay fever attack is accompanied by itching, burning, watering eyes, here's welcome news for you. All you need do to gain relief is apply a few drops of soothing *Murine* from time to time. Almost immediately the irritation will cease, and before long your eyes will stop watering. This widely-used formula of a veteran eye specialist costs only 60c at all drug and department stores.

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At ease! Isn't it nice and restful just to look at her? It's Mae Clarke in an informal moment in "The Good Bad Girl."

How to Keep $1,000,000 in Hollywood

Continued from page 23

know about business," is the tribute Walter Morosco pays to his wife. Corinne, like Mary and Ruth Roland, has from the very beginning of her movie star career saved more than three-fourths of her salary.

Ruth Roland probably devotes the most time to keeping her money. "I have always worked towards a definite financial goal," she says in explaining her business success.

"When I got my first job in pictures my life ambition was to save three hundred dollars. When I got that much in the bank I decided I'd better have six hundred, then a thousand. Our tastes naturally grow as we make more money.

"But remember this: your salary stops as soon as you stop working, but your income from investments goes on forever. There is a decided difference between a weekly salary and a real income. This is what most actresses forget. They think they will go on earning their big salaries forever.

"My advice to picture girls who want to have some money when they retire from contract work in pictures is to economize and learn how to invest their money."

Most of Ruth's investments are in real estate. She is called the real estate queen of Los Angeles.

"Above all else—avoid high-pressure salesmen, men who insist that unless you buy immediately you will miss a big profit. Anything worth buying is worth investigating and can stand your closest scrutiny. It is better to lose the get-rich-quick 'fortune' and save your money.

"Don't go into debt unless for an investment in property that is a sure thing. Don't go in debt just to buy a new car if your old one will serve just as well. Don't spend your money on non-essentials."

Ruth has a lot of bonds, but she says they are the kind that are so solid that if they go wrong the country will, too. She never plays the stock market.

"Don't let anyone else handle your money unless you have the most absolute faith in them," she told me when I asked what she thought of so many actresses turning their checks over to managers. "An actress cannot attend to every detail of her investments, but she can develop a knowledge of business. The more she deals with business men the more efficient she will become. I didn't know a thing about finance when I started to save on my forty-dollars-a-week salary. But I grasped every opportunity to talk to men whose judgment I respected. I listened to their advice and tried to profit by their experiences."

Newspaper accounts of Broadway beauties who die in poorhouses had a tremendous effect upon Ruth Roland. She very early determined that no such future awaited her. Like Mary and Corinne she advocates saving a nucleus for investment.

"Most actresses spend everything they make and all they can borrow," Ruth emphasizes. "They foolishly mortgage their future. I never have done that. And now, though I have most every material thing I want, I still look forward to Christmas and the future. Life ceases to be worth living when you have no more thrills or rewards ahead. In fact, I'm still not content with my own financial status. I am working for an eight thousand dollar a month steady income from my invested principal."

Incidentally, none of these three business women is a gambler. That is, they don't put much stock in luck. "Even when I go to Agua Caliente," Ruth says, "I definitely limit the amount I will risk and figure what I can afford to lose. I only gamble when I feel I have money to spend without getting any return for it."

Only eight out of the dozen women who have made a million in Hollywood have kept that much. Without an exception they started with nothing. They were all from families of moderate means.

Louise Fazenda, surprisingly enough, for she has never been one of the highest-paid stars, has one of the nicest bank accounts in town.

"My plan has always been to live so that if I never worked another day I could afford to go on living just as I am now," she explained when telling me about her system of handling money.

"Like Ruth Roland, I never considered my weekly salary a regular income. So I regulate my expenses to give myself a nice home, but one that my investments will guarantee permanent. Most girls cannot realize that the grand salaries are going to stop some day. And then, as is so often the case, a contract is not renewed and they are left high and dry with bills and debts galore."

It is so easy to buy this and charge that when you are a popular woman star. Ermine coats, butlers, and gold service plates are thrust into your eager hands. To say nothing of fraudulent stocks and bonds and oil and real estate risks.

A thousand and one "propositions" beckon to the owner of even a moderate amount of wealth—and most of them are worthless. The great problem that the high-salaried woman star has to face is not how to spend her income, but how not to spend it.

You'll find all kinds of people to tell you how to spend your Hollywood million—after you've made it! But you'd better make an appointment to talk during their business hours with the eight oh-so-wise! brainy beauties—Mary, Corinne, Ruth, Norma, Marion, Colleen, Bebe, and Betty—and learn how to keep it.

They know best!



Safety first! Eddie Cantor is sure of his money—he carries a safe with him. His latest comedy is "Palmy Days"



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Koremlu is a delightfully fragrant quick-drying cream, applied to the skin and left on all night. The Koremlu Cream Method may be used with positive effectiveness on the face, legs, arms, and underarm.

The Koremlu Cream Method is not to be confused with temporary correctives, nor is it to be confused with any other method. The Koremlu Method gives *permanent* results. It *removes* the hairs by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, so that they are most easily lifted out. A number of applications definitely destroys the growth of hair. The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period as directed, is guaranteed by a signed, money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—*the complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair.*

Rejoice that you can now be forever rid of all unwanted hair. Send the coupon today for our booklet containing full details of The Koremlu Cream Method.

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The Stage in Review

Continued from page 65

Aristophanic tradition and the Molière tradition. You will look in vain for an imperfection in this musical comedy. It is a laughing wasp.

Ah, those Young Men of the eighties and nineties, those *Francesca da Rimini* young men, those aesthetic young men, those transcendental sissies, those *je-ne-sais-quoi* young men! How Gilbert and Sullivan have forever embalmed them in their irreverent smiles and exquisite lyrics! And all these persons—*Bunthorne, Archibald the Allright, Patience* and *Lady Angela*—are as alive today as they were in the last century because they are types of immortal humbugs, the paste culture-hounds and æsthetic bolony-and-buncombe" Modernists" of today.

The Civic Light Opera Company jammed the house again with "Patience." Frank Moulan as *Bunthorne* was rather elderly and o'erdone, but he got many laughs out of his audience. Vivian Hart was a dainty and *chic* dairy-maid and Joseph Macaulay easily walked off with the show as *Archibald the Allright.*

"Ebb-Tide"

The Mandarin, a sea-going hulk, sends hundreds of orange-colored boxes ashore, down Maryland way, which are received by the folk thereabouts. What's in them yar boxes? You get one guess.

Mr. Harvey Chapman Ford, the author of "Ebb-Tide," has tried to do a play depicting the lives and what-have-you of these Chesapeake Bay men and women. There are the basin-folk and the hill-folk, and some of the acting depicting these Crô-Magnons of Mencken's State is fairly good. Mr. Ford in his play aimed at something, but this something wabbles away from him. They also spoke a dialect which hain't heered much in Mr. Walter Winchell's town, tellin' yer that!

Adele Carpell, Marjorie Main, Sidney Eliot and William Castle were among those working.



Roberta Robinson, who sings so charmingly in "The Band Wagon," has also been seen on the screen.

What'll You Bet

Continued from page 25

"Oh!" Julie looked wildly about for the porter or some one who could eject the maniac from her section.

"Here, let me show you the picture. It was taken at the wedding!"

As Julie searched again for the porter, he drew from the wallet a snap-shot, post-card size, and laid it on her palm. The girl glanced down at it. Her mouth and eyes got like little circles.

It was a photograph of a boy about ten, in a miniature dress suit; and a girl a year or so younger, wearing a bridal costume of white.

"That's me on this side," he said, pointing.

Julie looked up at Wally's grinning face.

"Why—you can't be—Wally Lindsay!"

"Who says I can't?"

"But you're—you're so big—and good-looking!" Her features were alight as she glanced at the snap-shot again.

"That Tom Thumb wedding!" There was a lovely gurgle of mirth. "My goodness! I'd almost forgotten it!"

Wally grinned.

"And—do I win my bet?"

Her cheeks turned quite pink.

"I'm—I'm afraid you do!" she murmured.

And that, as any mathematician could figure out, required two kisses.

Have you entered the SCREENLAND Star Shadow Contest?
How good is your memory? How well do you know your favorite stars?
See Page 68 in this issue!
Back copies of our July and August issues, each containing a set of Star Shadows, are available.

Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 97

A COMPLAINT

Clothes may not make the man, but they certainly are a redeeming feature to many of the male actors on the talking screen; in fact, if it were not for the sartorial splendor of many of them, they would otherwise be a flop.

When you consider the galaxy of beautiful women on the stage and their remarkable acting, it is a disappointment that there are so many unattractive men playing opposite them. Many a good picture in recent months has been in a great measure spoiled by the lack of good looks on the part of the hero. In many cases it is not a lack of histrionic ability, but a lover worthy of the beauty of most of the actresses would make the pictures more satisfying.

Let's have more of the "he-man" type. Give us some square-shouldered, smooth-shaven, handsome men like the writers picture in fiction.

Martin Smith
Mount Vernon,
Indiana.

COLLEGIATE RELAXATION

Since the perfection of the talkie a marked increase in the interest of the thousands of men and women attending American schools and universities has become evident. Time was when the mention of the word "movie" was synonymous with a form of unintelligent entertainment. Nowadays, the high degree of technical and artistic efficiency has converted even the most exacting. With the general trend toward the talking picture as the most successful medium of enjoyment has gone the student who seeks relaxation after a grind for an exam, oblivion before one, or just an evening of pleasant inactivity. He has the widest imaginable range of choice, from the voice of Tibbett to the hiccough of Chaplin. He finds all kinds of plays and players. Above all, he goes to admire his chosen star. These are just a few of the reasons why the college man prefers the movies!

Ellis Jandron,
20 Randolph,
Harvard College,
Cambridge, Mass.

SHE COMES TO PRAISE

It seems to me too much is said about the faults of the movies and not enough about the good points. It is evident that many directors struggle to do wonders with bad stories and temperamental stars, and sometimes their work is ill-appreciated.

The year 1930 saw many good pictures—some very fine musical talkies and for some reason the public did not take to these and gave the producers such headaches that they started producing old silents into talkies.

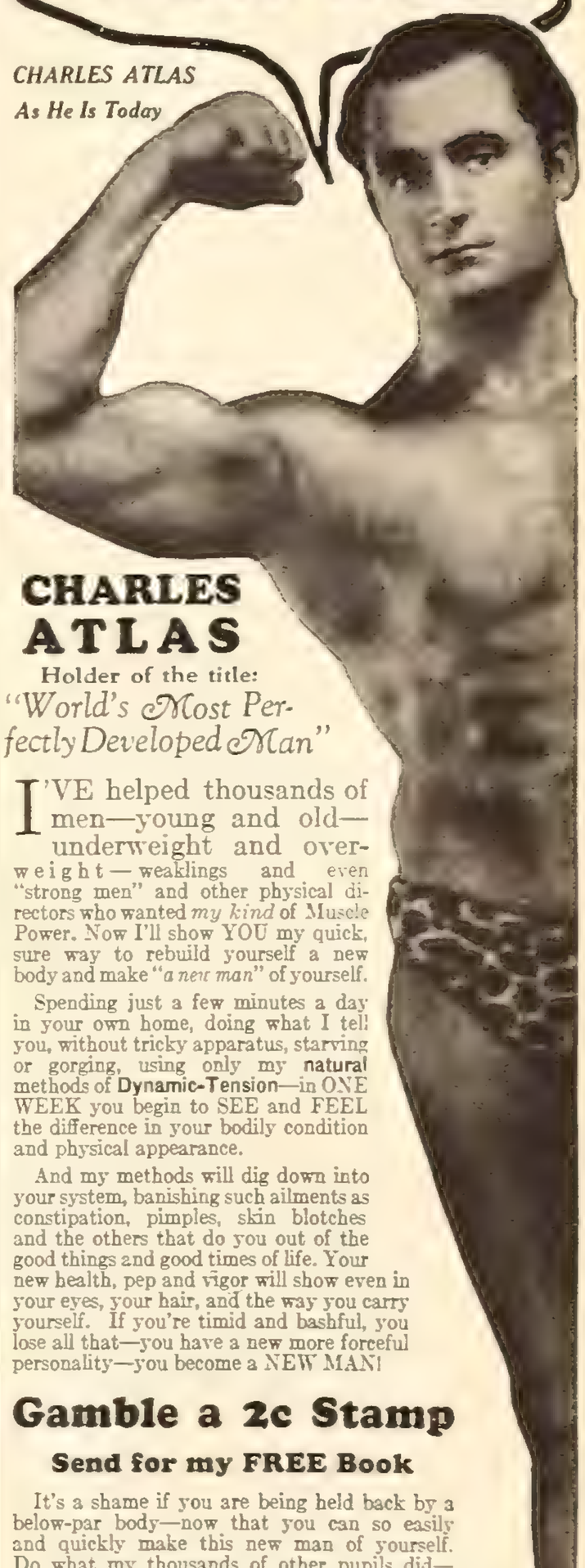
Most of the folks who are starring bring



Why, Ronnie! But it's all for art. This scene with Estelle Taylor and Ronald Colman is from "The Unholy Garden." Estelle also has one of the most important rôles in "Street Scene."

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us youth and give us much entertainment—the few who get into jams do not concern us. On the whole, we are given a good deal for our money 8 times out of 10 and I can truthfully say, I like all the stars and most of the pictures.

Henrietta M. Saul,
5979-A Park Ave.,
Montreal, Que.

A TRIBUTE TO CLARA

If the producers will give Clara Bow a chance she will come through again. If they put her in a worthwhile picture people will stop slamming her, I'm sure. They'll talk about her no doubt, but it will be about her great performance and not her latest escapade.

Don't think that I am a Clara Bow fan —because I'm not—but I do feel sorry for her and I think she can act, if given the opportunity.

Angela Lang,
209 Bay State Road,
Boston, Mass.

LISTEN, PRODUCERS!

I believe the reason for the failure of many talking pictures with singing in them lies in the fact that the songs introduced are just incidental. In the audience the feeling is: "Well, well! We never thought So-and-So could sing." At that, we weren't far wrong.

Why not more all-music shows, with real stars warbling in their best manner? Seems to me a performance of "Carmen" would be gorgeous on the screen; and wouldn't it be fine to resurrect some Gilbert and Sullivan operas?

I'm sure film versions of these and other old favorites would make good listening, as well as seeing . . . provided there was not too much we-learned-to-sing-quick work among the stars.

There are millions of us music-lovers. We're all counting more and more on motion picture houses for entertainment. Can't we have some all-music shows, well sung?

Mildred Macmorine,
938 S. Arapahoe St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

UNTOUCHED SOURCES OF LITERATURE

The amazing fact, relative to the screen industry's labored, ill-advised endeavors to satisfy the public taste, is that so many rich sources for true intellectual entertainment have been ignored. I am, of course, expressing the viewpoint of that vast reserve audience which the Hollywood panjandrums must inevitably turn to with deeper concern.

The immortal stories of Dickens, for example, unexcelled in engrossing character portrayal and unique setting; Scott's colorful, romantic tales (Kenilworth and Ivan-



Anita faces the music. Master Jackie Cooper is trying to serenade his way into Anita Page's heart—and doesn't Anita look completely conquered?



Taking him for a ride! Mrs. Ken Maynard is about to go off on a canter with Ken—and he can't show her a thing about horsemanship—neigh, neigh!

hoe in particular) or Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" with its striking dramatic sequence and *Becky Sharp's* dominating personality.

Speed the day when those in control of moviedom's destinies shall forsake inane domestic entanglements and wearying gunmen imbroglios for these more inspiring studies of character found in our modern Literature.

P. M. Stone,
12 Lexington Terrace,
Waltham, Mass.

MEMORIES

I'm all set and ready to go back to Europe after staying in this country for five years. But one thing worries me—how am I going to live in my little village without being able to see the movies?

Of course, they make pictures in my country, too, but my, what pictures! After seeing the wonders of American films, the pioneer work of my own country will be shocking, I know. And even this, I won't be able to see because there is not a single theatre in that village.

Well, what am I going to do about it? I guess I will take all the pictures of my favorite players with me, so that when I get lonely, I may look at them and remember the good times I had, watching their enchanting figures flashing across the silver screen.

Stella Gutowski,
1600 Tennessee St.,
Gary, Indiana.

MOVIE MUSINGS

I wonder—

If Will Rogers will continue to be humorous as long as he lives.

Why we all couldn't have been born as beautiful as Billie Dove.

Why we can't see Mary Brian as much as we please.

If Greta Garbo could laugh out loud.

If Clara Bow has been on a recent diet.

If Loretta Young is as sweet and innocent as she appears.

Why we all can't be in the movies, even to play as maids or butlers.

Mrs. J. S. Hamilton,
709 Algregg Street,
Houston, Texas.

WANTS 'EM CLEAN

Doesn't good, clean comedy (and I mean real comedy) draw crowds just as large as, and larger than, sexy pictures? Doesn't exciting dramas, doesn't a mystery picture, doesn't a kid picture—don't they all please the public in a big way? Certainly such pictures have a better moral influence on individuals.

J. Thos. Johnson,
2913 Parkwood Ave.,
Richmond, Va.

OUCH!

I like Gary Cooper and Ronald Colman and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. best of the male actors because they don't sing.

Mrs. J. A. McCullough,
Alda, Nebraska.

DOWN WITH CRIME!

Just keep on making more pictures like "Skippy," "The Millionaire," "Daddy Long Legs," and oh! so many others of the restful pictures. What a relief for us grown-ups after reading all the grief in the newspapers, to go to the movies and not have a "Scandal Sheet" review glare at us from the screen.

We go to the movies to relax and to be amused, and like children enjoy being transported to realms where crude realities of life do not seem to exist. So give us more of the Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, George Arliss and Harold Lloyd type of pictures. Is that asking too much?

Anna H. Prochnow,
4003 Park Avenue,
Tacoma, Wash.

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For My Favorite—Lew Ayres.

Mrs. Leon Willard,
Grundy Center, Iowa.

A WHOOP FOR "WHOOPEE"

While reading the letters written by the readers of this magazine I find that very few if any are about Eddie Cantor. I think Eddie Cantor is a "swell guy" and I wish he would give us another picture like "Whoopee." "Whoopee" was absolutely the best picture I've ever seen. A picture like that is a sure cure for the blues. In these times of depression when so many people are blue and unhappy the colorful gaiety of "Whoopee" cheers us while these numerous gangster pictures just remind us of the terrible crime wave that is sweeping our country. I'm sure the fans would rather look at Ziegfeld's beautiful glorified girls than the mean, ugly looking men of "The Secret Six."

Ernest Carpenter,
Helena, Missouri.

UNSOPHISTICATED MARY

I'm not wise in the ways of the world yet, but please let me say a few things con-



The movies seem to agree with little Helen Hayes. She's all set to match her long-standing stage reputation with an equally high one on the screen. You'll see her in "Lullaby."

cerning my favorite star.

Could anyone be sweeter than Mary Brian? I was never really interested in actresses, but after seeing Mary I wanted to read about her. Please don't make our Mary sophisticated—though I doubt whether anyone could. She is just about the only sweet but very peppy girl in Hollywood! We need her for refreshing our minds after the very sophisticated pictures.

Lillian Curry,
Rt. 5, Box 28,
Salem, Ore.

STAR-GAZING

Below are the six great unknowns who will eventually win their way to stardom in the near future on the screen:

1. Clark Gable. Like the late Valentino, he will some day gain a part like *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen" and become the screen's leading personality.

2. Sally Eilers. Just as potent as the great Norma Shearer, yet producers do not recognize her true worth. Relegated to small parts, at last Miss Eilers shines brilliantly as the gangster's moll in "Quick Millions."

3. Karen Morley. Surprisingly great as the suicide in Garbo's last picture "Inspiration." A younger Chatterton in the making.

4. Don Cook. A runner-up to James Cagney in the perfect gangster picture, "The Public Enemy."

5. Edward Woods. The bad boy companion of James Cagney in "The Public Enemy." A vast improvement in his acting ability than his overacting part in "Mother's Cry."

6. Last but not least, Anita Louise. Her small, inconspicuous part in Helen Twelvetrees' "Millie" denoted a not yet mature actress of sensitive qualities, similar to Lillian Gish.

Dick J. Abbate,
630 Mary Street,
Utica, N. Y.

A FOUR-G COMBINATION?

I want to tell you movie managers that you are making a big mistake in not letting Gavin Gordon act with Greta Garbo. Many people are wondering why that wonderful couple aren't acting together again. Here's to Gavin Gordon and Greta Garbo!

V. Pilc,
261 Kurtz Ave.,
York, Pa.

Screen News

Continued from page 91

Winnie Lightner, the lucky girl, went out on the Warner lot recently and found herself the owner of a grand new dressing-room-on-wheels. It's all done in soft brown tones, with wicker furniture, and has a living room, bedroom and kitchen, frigidaire and all, with even a cook on hand to make up Winnie's favorite lunches. Winnie says she's tempted to go in for recipes now.

Evalyn Knapp grew a little alarmed recently over a loss in weight that has put her in the 100 pound class. So she decided maybe her fellow-player in "Side Show," Ann Magruder, who weighs a mere 580, could tell her what to do about it. But Ann told her the only way to get fat was to eat plenty of potatoes and refuse to work. "Now what kind of advice is that for a lady what's trying to get ahead?" sighs Evalyn disconsolately.

We hope Evalyn's recovery from the effects of her recent accident is going to continue coming along fast.

Novarro can brag of being one of the few continual successes in Hollywood for ten years. Many stars have staged comebacks after intervals of heart-break, but Ramon goes on forever. It was just ten years ago that this young Mexician made his first hit in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Now he both directs and acts, and is a more successful star than ever. Moreover, he is to burst forth as the author of his next picture, which he has been given a four months vacation to write. He has decided upon Europe for this literary interval.

Louise Brooks gave us a flutter by wearing dashing evening pajamas on the dance floor at the Cocoanut Grove recently. Genevieve Tobin wears them for tennis, and pretty well all the stars wear them now for house dresses or home-dinner parties.

Marjorie King, until recently of Broadway, seems to be casting very favorable eyes upon Lawrence Gray. Larry being considered highly eligible. He has a gorgeous singing voice.

Well, that's nice. Dietrich says Garbo is her favorite actress. Garbo says Dietrich is her favorite actress. But still, at this writing, they haven't met.

Pola Negri likewise insists Garbo is her favorite actress. "I knew her first in Hollywood when she was a nobody, taught her screen make-up, and was her first woman friend here, so I feel she is my *protégeé*," says Pola fondly.

Watch out for Nora Gregor! Nora has just made a stage appearance with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. In spite of her Scotch name, which, she smiles, must have come down through some Scotch ancestor, Nora is Austrian. She made a great hit in Max Rienhardt productions in Germany and Austria, and was also a success in Berlin films. Hollywood brought her here a year ago to appear in German versions of films, and then she went back, still not knowing English.

M.G.M. fetched Nora Gregor back for more German pictures, but she stopped off for six weeks in Michigan and learned English—lovely, soft, entrancing English in six weeks! Some of us don't achieve it in years. So directly she arrived, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., selected her as his leading lady for the stage play, "The Man in Possession." Her triumph was instantaneous. She's adorable. Tallish, a dark blonde, not exactly pretty, but brimming with a gay sort of radiance that is better than any beauty. She is married to an orchestra leader in Berlin, and has something of the Garbo-Dietrich effect on one, but is less subtle-looking. Her father was an Austrian landowner, who lost it all to Italy in the war.

"So although my father did not approve of the stage for me, I was the only one who could help support the family," she tells gaily, as though that were the best bit of luck. She is a clever musician, singer,



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dancer, and is about 24 years of age. Her full name is Leanora, hence the Nora. "But Duse has made that name so famous I could not use it, could I?" she asked with pretty *naiveté*. Not a bit up-stage—as yet!

Jack Dempsey is reported to be escorting Pauline Garon around a good deal in Reno these days.

Joan Bennett isn't doing so badly. Of course her pay only amounts to about $2 a minute as against sister Connie's $12, but Richard Bennett's babies are coming along nicely in the business world.

Richard himself manages to have daily arguments with temperamental Connie on the Warner Brothers set of "Bought," in which they both play. They rub each other the wrong way most of the time, and both have well-developed egos. I can remember when Richard used to brag he wasn't "training" his girls at all—thought it best to let 'em train themselves. They have!

Billie Dove has bought an airplane and secured a pilot's license from the U. S. Government. It seems the artful beauty has been taking her lessons secretly, and has already made numerous solo flights. I can remember when Billie drove her brother's old Ford quite dashingly. Billie has just started in on "The Age for Love" with Charles Starrett for her leading man. Eddie Horton is also in it.

Of course the pet song in Billie's hearing these days is "Oh, Had I the Wings of a Dove!"

Clara Bow, just before leaving for Nevada, told us if she ever married anybody it would be Rex Bell, who "is working so hard to make good in pictures." However, Clara added that she isn't engaged to anyone just at present. Her rest did her lots of good. She dyed her hair a pale blonde, and not a soul recognized her when she went shopping on the boulevard. That's all very well—but a blonde Clara just isn't Clara!

While Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck are vacationing in Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter will rent their jolly cottage on the beach at Malibu.

Can you imagine two lovely sirens in mother rôles? Estelle Taylor will be the mother in the picture version of "Street Scene," and Frances Starr is somebody's mother in "Five Star Final." Both girls have no end of fun making all the men on the sets pay them a lot of attention to prove they are as young as they ever were.

Estelle says she has become Hays-conscious. Every time she hears a naughty word on the stage, now, it makes her shudder.

Anna May Wong and Sessue Hayakawa are having some nice arguments over the Chinese film they are being co-starred in. You see, Sessue is Japanese, and so when he appeared in a gorgeous Japanese kimono, Anna said it was very, very beautiful but it wasn't Chinese, and did Sessue remember he was supposed to be a Chinaman in the story? Sessue doesn't like criticism—nay, nay!

Anna's dad has retired from the Chinese laundry but has no intention of living on Anna. So when Anna takes a grand new house, mama, two sisters and four brothers will occupy it with Anna, while Dad will remain aloof. Such a successful daughter proves embarrassing to a good Chinaman who has always ruled his family.

While Bebe Daniels is in retirement awaiting the stork, which is due before very long, she and Ben have gone to Honolulu, where Bebe is working on some original stories for the screen which she has had in mind for years. So if pre-natal influences mean anything, the baby Lyon should have a literary rather than a dramatic trend, eh what?

Walter Huston may live at the grand Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, but he says he has to get up in the morning long before respectable people think of arising to life's tyrannies. By seven he has breakfasted, fussed with the car, and made the long drive to the First National studios, when his dramatic sorrows begin. Worrying about the picture, posing for stills, arguing over diction, placating publicity men with visiting foreign dignitaries, gabbing platitudes to people who don't understand English, acting, rehearsing, rehearsing—and then luncheon, with everybody asking him a million questions. Then back on the set, hanging around for lighting adjustments and so on. If he gets off at 6 P. M. he's lucky. Then dinner, and going over the day's letters with his secretary. Then study for the next day's scenes . . .

"Say, when do people ever have time to make whoopee in Hollywood?" he moans.

Nils Asther has a new job and a new home as well as a new baby, and his mother is visiting him from Sweden. Vivian Duncan and the new baby just arrived to bless the new home.

We all Hailed Columbia when Harry and Jack Cohn, producers, published the statement that they would not reduce salaries or fire employees, but would find other methods of reducing the overhead and fighting the depression."

Anyway, some people are getting salary raises. Six young players who have made good, get brand new contracts with Warner Bros. Marian Marsh, James Cagney, Loretta Young, Donald Cook and Polly Walters, having all been extra bright children in recent successes, had the joy of burning their old contracts and starting out on new rich ones.

By the time this appears in print Bill Powell and Carole Lombard should be honeymooning in France. It is confidently stated that the young people can well afford to get married, as Bill is doing so nicely now.

Josephine Dunn and her spouse, Clyde (oil) Greathouse are accusing each other of most unpleasant behavior, even unto making rude remarks about each other's religion. And, if you please, Josephine managed to look absurdly like Garbo in court, and many fans mistook her for that famous one!

Some husbands like it. Anyway, Lilyan Tashman bought and furnished a new home before Eddie knew a word about it, and he vows it was a delightful surprise.

Norman Taurog, the director, has been telling how he manages all those kids in films like "Skippy." It seems he psyches them and then coaxes or jeers accordingly. But now they know his little tricks, Jackie Searl, Mitzi Green, Bruce Line, *et al*, may start psyching Taurog—and then the beans will be spilled!

Wally Beery has just collected on a note for $10,900, due over two years ago. Can't call that depression. Wally is liable to be touched for some little loan these days.

Ruth Chatterton says she was reduced to her last $8 before she finally secured her

movie opportunity. Darkest before the dawn, eh?

John Barrymore says he's going back to the stage for good, and that his Dolores has definitely quit pictures. Dolores' one picture since the baby was born did not warrant her in anticipating a new picture career.

It looks like a serious romance between Dorothy Jordan and Donald Dillaway.

Polly Moran has acquired a grand new nose, which will make its screen debut in "Guilty Hands." However, that is no implication against the hands of the plastic surgeon, who operated so carefully.

Even if Phillips Holmes *has* left town for a New York vacation, we still insist the romance with Ethel Sutherland remains unimpaired.

Marlene Dietrich has taken Charles Mack's house at Beverly Hills, where her little girl is learning to swim in the pool. It's a modernistic house, even unto pale mauve bed linen.

There's one person who isn't worried about this reported engagement of Charlie Chaplin to a Mary Reeves in France. That's Georgia Hale, who receives cablegrams from Charlie several times a week. Met Georgia at a party last week, looking very sweet. She has a reputation for one of the nicest dispositions in all Hollywood. In a recent cable, Charlie told Georgia he might visit Algiers and other Mediterranean countries before getting back to work.

Fred A. Kelsey says he has made over seven hundred arrests as a screen cop. He says he's been shot at and killed four hundred times—strictly as a screen detective.

So difficult to believe good old Marie Dressler is 60 years of age! You should see how stunning, and positively dignified, she looks in her fancy pajamas! Of course she only wears these 'round the house, but she looks really graceful in them. Such is the value of stage training in movement.

Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, Sr., cashed in on some of the sumptuous hospitality they have entertained their European friends with in Hollywood. While in England they were the house guests of Lord and Lady Mountbatten at their country place. It was there Mary was able to show off the lovely Rolls-Royce Doug had bought for her in England. These two are planning another trip to Norway and Sweden soon, but Mary says she will make another picture first if she can find a good story.

As no one took any hints, Adolphe Menjou presented himself with a handsome cigarette case on his birthday, inscribed, "To Adolphe on his birthday from his greatest admirer, Adolphe Menjou."

A little girl named Helen Johnson was considered a star discovery by Paramount, after her work in "The Vice Squad." Now "Johnson" has little lure in the bright lights, so she was persuaded to change her name to Judith Woods, under which she has been signed for a long term contract. All the same Judith (or Helen) has already had a long career, arriving, on that first upward fight, to the rôle of Conrad Nagel's wife in "Divorcee." Her new career really began with "It Pays to Advertise" when she was the bogus countess; but "The Vice Squad" is the first picture under the new contract terms, made before the picture was released. Judith is also a clever artist, sculptor and designer. And she once toured with Sessue Hayakawa in "Broken Blossoms" in vaudeville.

Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 92

buff your nails, rather than to liquid-polish them, you can have your equipment for $1.35.

The trick of the Culver system is this. After doing the usual shaping of the nails, and removing the old polish, you use the nail liquid to soften the cuticle. It works all by its little self, unassisted by any other whitener, softener, or such, and leaves the cuticle so that all the excess can be readily rubbed off and whitens the nail tips. But the big thing is the way you use that Nail Liquid, and here is where the little Nail Bath (how Cecil De Mille would love that) comes in. The nail bath is really a tiny box of black onyx with a gold metal ring around the top and lined with soft rubber. In the top is a tiny rubber ring that will just fit your fingertips. You pour the nail liquid into the bath through the center of the ring. Then you put in one finger at a time and give them their beauty treatment! Simple, isn't it? Later, of course, you follow the usual routine—rinse the hands, and polish the nails. It's all very nice and very economical.

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Continued from page 96

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr. — Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings — Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell — Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt — Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones — Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase — Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels — Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy — Our Gang
Ed Kennedy — ZaSu Pitts
Mary Kornman — Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe — Eleanor Hunt
Ann Christy — Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde — Daphne Pollard
Harry Gribbon — Lincoln Stedman
Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland — Edward Everett Horton
Eddie Dowling





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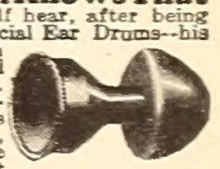
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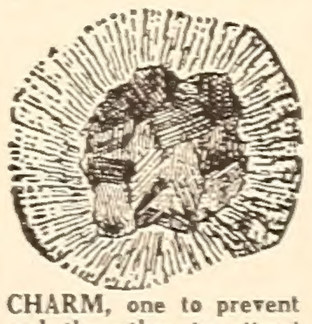
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Baby Veteran

Joan Marsh "comes back"— at eighteen!

By
Betty Boone



At the ripe old age of eight Joan retired from the screen to finish her A B C's. Now that she's grown up (more or less!) she's all set for another career.

WHEN you think of "come-backs" you think of middle-aged persons who have surmounted failure to find success in their mature years, don't you? Well, imagine staging a real come-back at the ripe and glorious age of eighteen!

That's what Joan Marsh is doing. Ten years ago she left the screen, a dimpled, golden-curled, chubby little girl. At the advanced age of eight she turned her little back upon a very real success in order to go to school.

Joan's "come-back" doesn't involve the surmounting of failure. She left the screen at the very peak of her little-girl career. But it does mean the surmounting of a forced retirement. The wisdom of a father and a mother, not the fancy of a fickle public, caused Joan's disappearance from pictures when she was in demand in every studio in Hollywood.

"I was getting smarty and terribly proud of myself," Joan laughed, remembering the little girl whom she had been, "I liked to show off before other children. Being in pictures went completely to my silly little head. So Dad and Mother decided that it was time for me to quit."

Joan's Dad is Charles Rosher, one of the most famous cameramen in Hollywood. So Joan, born Nancy Ann Rosher, was reared almost literally in the shadow of a camera. The studio was her day nursery.

"I made my first picture when I was nine months old," Joan went on. "Dad was the cameraman for the picture and Mother had brought me to the studio to visit him. The director saw me and insisted that I be the baby they needed in the picture. So Dad gave his consent. Because Dad was turning the camera—in those days they didn't have electric ones—I felt at home, I suppose. They say that I laughed and cooed and held out my arms and did everything they wanted me to do. That was the beginning of my first career."

So Joan went from one picture to another. Looking at her today, it is very easy to imagine what a cuddly baby she must have been. She played in many of the Mary Pickford pictures, sometimes being one of the pathetic little ragamuffins, sometimes all dressed up in tiny fur coats and bonnets.

Joan has wanted to be an actress ever since she has been old enough to want anything.

"When I was little, I used to sit and watch Mary Pickford and the other stars and sigh and hope that some day I would be a big star, too. When the children in the neighborhood asked me over to meet their visiting cousins, pointing me out pridefully because I was in pictures, I used to tell myself that some day I would be the famousest actress on the screen!"

Then came the Waterloo of all these childish plans. Down firmly came two parental feet, four in fact, and all requests for Joan's services were refused. Joan was put into school and her picture career, so far as her parents were concerned, was ended, finished, completed!

"But I didn't lose hope, not for one moment," Joan laughed, "I had to obey Mother and Dad and give it up, but I knew that I would come back to it some day."

That chance for which she was waiting came a little more than a year ago, when she had finished high school. Joan faced the issue with her parents and won. The main reason for her winning was not the force of her arguments but the very important fact that she went out and got herself a job! "After eight years away from it all I was scared to death," she says. "And talking pictures were all new to me. Everything was changed and different. My first real job in my 'come-back' was posing for publicity pictures and posters. While I was doing that, I used to drift around to the various stages and watch the companies working. They gave me a special pass so that I might do it. And, believe me, I learned a lot."

Now Joan has signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her second career is well started. The first step is finished and she is ready to start on the second. She's Culver City's prize new blonde!



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